



Vermeil. S.



Verdug. S.

The DRAMATICK
WORKS
Terry O F *Straggon*

John Dryden, Esq;

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

CONTAINING,

SECRET LOVE: *Or,*
The MAIDENQUEEN.

Sir MARTIN MAR-
ALL: *Or, The Feign'd*
Innocence.

The TEMPEST: Or,
The Enchanted Island.

EVENING'S LOVE:
Or, The MOCK
ASTROLOGER.

TYRANNICK LOVE:
Or, The ROYAL
MARTYR.

L O N D O N:

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THE DRAUGHT

W. G. R. S.

1890

John D. Smith

V. L. Smith

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12. The Draught

SECRET LOVE;

OR, THE

Maiden-Queen.

As it is Acted at the

THEATER - ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTY'S Servants.

*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.*

Horace.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

SECRET LOVE

OR THE

Maiden Queen

AS WRITTEN BY

THE AUTHOR OF

THE MAIDEN QUEEN

AND THE MAIDEN QUEEN

Printed in the Year MDCCXVII



T H E
P R E F A C E.

IT has been the ordinary Practice of the *French* Poets, to dedicate their Works of this Nature to their King, especially when they have had the least Encouragement to it, by his Approbation of them on the Stage.

But I confess, I want the Confidence to follow their Example, though perhaps I have as specious Pretences to it for this Piece, as any they can boast of: It having been own'd in so particular a Manner by His Majesty, that he has grac'd it with the Title of His Play, and thereby rescued it from the Severity (that I may not say Malice) of its Enemies. But, though a Character so high and undeserv'd has not rais'd in me the Presumption to offer such a Trifle to his most serious View, yet I will own the Vanity to say, That after this Glory which it has receiv'd from

P R E F A C E.

a Sovereign Prince, I could not send it to seek Protection from any Subject. Be this Poem then sacred to him without the tedious Form of a Dedication, and without presuming to interrupt those Hours which he is daily giving to the Peace and Settlement of his People.

For what else concerns this Play; I would tell the Reader that it is regular, according to the strictest of Dramatick Laws, but that it is a Commendation which many of our Poets now despise, and a Beauty which our common Audiences do not easily discern. Neither indeed do I value my self upon it, because with all that Symmetry of Parts, it may want an Air and Spirit (which consists in the Writing) to set it off. 'Tis a Question variously disputed, whether an Author may be allowed as a competent Judge of his own Works. As to the Fabrick and Contrivance of them certainly he may, for that is properly the Employment of the Judgment; which, as a Master-builder, he may determine, and that without Deception, whether the Work be according to the Exactness of the Model; still granting him to have a perfect Idea of that Pattern by which he works; and that he keeps himself always constant to the Discourse of his Judgment, without admitting Self-love, which is the false Surveyer of his Fancy, to intermeddle in it. These Qualifications granted (being such as all sound Poets are presupposed to have within them) I think all Writers, of what kind soever, may infallibly judge of the Frame and Contexture of their Works. But for the Ornament of Writing, which is greater, more various and
bizarre

P R E F A C E.

bizarre in Poesie than in any other kind, as it is properly the Child of Fancy, so it can receive no measure, or at least but a very imperfect one, of its own Excellencies or Failures from the Judgment. Self-love (which enters but rarely into the Offices of the Judgment) here predominates: And Fancy (if I may so speak) judging of it self, can be no more certain or demonstrative of its own Effects, than two crooked Lines can be the adæquate Measure of each other. What I have said on this Subject may, perhaps, give me some credit with my Readers, in my Opinion of this Play, which I have ever valued above the rest of my Follies of this kind: Yet not thereby in the least dissenting from their Judgment, who have concluded the Writing of this to be much inferior to my *Indian Emperor*. But the Argument of that was much more Noble, not having the Allay of Comedy to depress it: Yet if this be more perfect, either in its kind, or in the general Notion of a Play, 'tis as much as I desire to have granted for the Vindication of my Opinion, and, what as nearly touches me, the Sentence of a Royal Judge. Many have imagin'd the Character of *Philocles* to be faulty; some for not discovering the Queen's Love, others for his joining in her Restraint. But though I am not of their Number, who obstinately defend what they have once said, I may with modesty take up those Answers which have been made for me by my Friends; namely, that *Philocles*, who was but a Gentleman of ordinary Birth, had no Reason to guess so soon at the Queen's Passion, she being a Person so much above him, and by the Suffrages of all her People, already destin'd to *Lyfimantes*:

A 5

Besides,

P R E F A C E.

Besides, that he was preposseſſed, (as the Queen ſomewhere hints it to him) with another Inclination which rendred him leſs clear-ſighted in it, ſince no Man, at the ſame time, can diſtinctly view two different Objects; and if this, with any ſhew of Reaſon, may be defended, I leave my Maſters, the Criticks, to determine, whether it be not much more conducing to the Beauty of my Plot, that *Philocles* ſhould be long kept ignorant of the Queen's Love, than that with one leap he ſhould have entred into the Knowledge of it, and thereby freed himſelf, to the diſguſt of the Audience, from that pleaſing Labyrinth of Errors which was prepar'd for him. As for that other Objection, of his joining in the Queen's Imprifonment, it is indifputably that which every Man, if he Examines himſelf, would have done on the like Occaſion. If they answer, that it takes from the height of his Character to do it; I would enquire of my over-wiſe Cenſors, who told them I intended him a perfect Character, or indeed what neceſſity was there he ſhould be ſo, the Variety of Images being one great Beauty of a Play? It was as much as I deſign'd, to ſhew one great and abſolute Pattern of Honour in my Poem, which I did in the Perſon of the Queen: All the Defects of the other Parts being ſet to ſhow, the more to recommend that one Character of Virtue to the Audience. But neither was the Fault of *Philocles* ſo great, if the Circumſtances be conſider'd, which, as moral Philoſophy aſſures us, make the eſſential Differences of good and bad; he himſelf beſt explaining his own Intentions in his laſt Act, which was the Reſtauration of his Queen; and even before that, in the honeſty of his
his

P R E F A C E.

his Expressions, when he was unavoidably led by the Impulsions of his Love to do it. That which with more reason was objected as an Indecorum, is the Management of the last Scene of the Play, where *Celadon* and *Florimel* are treating too lightly of their Marriage in the Presence of the Queen, who likewise seems to stand idle, while the great Action of the *Drama* is still depending. This I cannot otherwise defend, than by telling you, I so design'd it on purpose to make my Play go off more smartly; that Scene being, in the Opinion of the best Judges, the most divertising of the whole Comedy. But though the Artifice succeeded, I am willing to acknowledge it as a Fault, since it pleas'd His Majesty, the best Judge, to think it so. I have only to add, that the Play is founded on a Story in the *Cyrus*, which he calls the Queen of *Corinth*; in whose Character, as it has been affirm'd to me, he represents that of the famous *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*. This is what I thought convenient to write by way of Preface to the *Maiden-Queen*; in the reading of which, I fear you will not meet with that Satisfaction which you have had in seeing it on the Stage; the chief Parts of it, both serious and comick, being performed to that height of Excellence, that nothing but a Command which I could not handsomely disobey, could have given me the Courage to have made it publick.

P R O.



PROLOGUE.

HE who writ this, not without Pains and Thought,
From French and English Theaters has brought
Th' exactest Rules by which a Play is wrought.

II.

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled Chime
Of Johnson's Humour, with Corneille's Rhyme.

III.

But while dead Colours he with Care did lay,
He fears his Wit, or Plot he did not weigh,
Which are the living Beauties of a Play.

IV.

Plays are like Towns, which howe'er fortify'd
By Engineers, have still some weaker side
By the o'er-seen Defendant unesty'd.

V.

And with that Art you make Approaches now;
Such skilful Fury in Assaults you show,
That every Poet without shame may bow.

VI.

Ours therefore humbly would attend your Doom,
If Soldier-like, he may have Terms to come
With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum.

The Prologue goes out, and stays while a Tune is play'd,
after which he returns again.



Second PROLOGUE.

I Had forgot one half, I do protest,
And now am sent again to speak the rest.

He

P R O L O G U E.

*He bows to every great and noble Wit,
 But to the little Heesters of the Pit
 Our Poet's sturdy, and will not submit.
 He'll be before-hand with 'em, and not stay
 To see each peevish Critick stab his Play:
 Each puny Censor, who his Skill to boast,
 Is cheaply witty on the Poet's Cost.
 No Critick's Verdict should, of right, stand good,
 They are excepted all as Men of Blood:
 And the same Law shall shield him from their Fury,
 Which has excluded Butchers from a Fury.
 You'd all be Wits———
 But Writing's tedious, and that way may fail;
 The most compendious Method is to rail:
 Which you so like, you think your selves ill us'd
 When in smart Prologues you are not abus'd.
 A civil Prologue is approv'd by no Man;
 You hate it as you do a civil Woman:
 Your Fancy's pall'd, and liberally you pay
 To have it quicken'd e'er you see a Play.
 Just as old Sinners worn from their Delight,
 Give Money to be whip'd to Appetite.
 But what a Pox keep I so much ado
 To save our Poet? He is one of you;
 A Brother Judgement, and as I hear say,
 A curs'd Critick as e'er damn'd a Play.
 Good salvage Gentlemen your own Kind spare,
 He is, like you, a very Wolf or Bear;
 Yet think not he'll your ancient Rights invade,
 Or stop the Course of your free damning Trade.
 For he, (he Vows) at no Friend's Play can sit,
 But he must needs find Fault to shew his Wit:
 Then, for his sake, ne'er stint your own Delight;
 Throw boldly, for he sits to all that write;
 With such he ventures on an even lay,
 For they bring ready Money into Play.
 Those who write not, and yet all Writers nick,
 Are Bankrupt Gamesters, for they damn on Tick.*

Dramatis

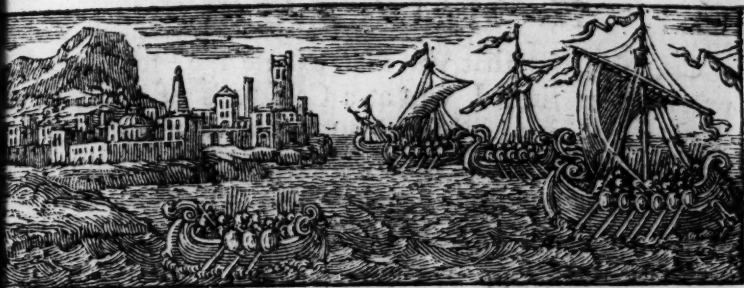
Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Queen of Sicily.</i>	<i>Mrs. Marshall.</i>
<i>Candiope, Princess of the Blood.</i>	<i>Mrs. Quin.</i>
<i>Asteria, the Queen's Confident.</i>	<i>Mrs. Knep.</i>
<i>Florimel, a Maid of Honour.</i>	<i>Mrs. Ellen Guyn.</i>
<i>Flavia, another Maid of Honour.</i>	<i>Mrs. F. Davenport.</i>
<i>Olinda, } Sisters.</i>	<i>Mrs. Rutter.</i>
<i>Sabina, }</i>	<i>Mrs. E. Davenport.</i>
<i>Melissa, Mother to Olinda and Sabina.</i>	<i>Mrs. Cory.</i>
<i>Lyfimantes, first Prince of the Blood.</i>	<i>Mr. Burt.</i>
<i>Philocles, the Queen's Favourite.</i>	<i>Major Mohun.</i>
<i>Celadon, a Courtier.</i>	<i>Mr. Hart.</i>

Guards, Pages of Honour, Soldiers.

The SCENE SICILY.

SECRET



SECRET LOVE;

OR, THE

Maiden-Queen.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The SCENE is Walks near the Court.

Enter Celadon, and Asteria, meeting each other, he in riding Habit, they embrace.

C E L A D O N.

HEAR *Asteria!*



Asteria. My dear Brother, welcome; a thousand Welcomes: Methinks this Year you have been absent, has been so tedious! I hope as you have made a pleasant Voyage, so you have brought your good Humour back again to Court.

Cel. I never yet knew any Company I could not be merry in, except it were an old Woman's.

Ast. Or at a Funeral.

Cel

Cel. Nay, for that you shall excuse me; for I was never merrier than I was at a Creditor's of mine, whose Book perished with him. But what new Beauties have you at Court? How do *Melissa's* two fair Daughters?

Ast. When you tell me which of 'em you are in love with, I'll answer you.

Cel. Which of 'em, naughty Sister, what a Question's there? With both of 'em, with each and singular of 'em.

Ast. Bless me! you are not serious!

Cel. You look as if it were a wonder to see a Man in Love: Are they not handsome?

Ast. Ay, but both together——

Cel. Ay, and both asunder; why, I hope there are but two of 'em, the tall singing and dancing one, and the little innocent one?

Ast. But you cannot marry both?

Cel. No, nor either of 'em I trust in Heav'n; but I can keep them Company, I can sing and dance with 'em and treat 'em; and that, I take it, is somewhat better than musty marrying them: Marriage is poor Folks Pleasure, that cannot go to the Cost of variety: But I am out of Danger of that with these two, for I love 'em so equally, I can never make Choice between 'em. Had I but one Mistress, I might go to her to be merry, and she, perhaps, be out of Humour; there were a Visit lost. But here, if one of 'em frown upon me, the other will be the more obliging, on purpose to recommend her own Gaiety, besides a thousand things that I could name.

Ast. And none of 'em to any purpose.

Cel. Well, if you will not be cruel to a poor Lover you might oblige me by carrying me to their Lodgings.

Ast. You know I am always busie about the Queen.

Cel. But once or twice only, 'till I am a little flush'd in my Acquaintance with other Ladies, and have learn'd to prey for my self. I promise you I'll make all the haste I can to end the trouble, by being in love somewhere else.

Ast. You would think it hard to be deny'd now.

Cel. And reason good: Many a Man hangs himself for the loss of one Mistress: How do you think then I should bear

near the loss of two; especially in a Court where I think Beauty is but thin sown?

Ast. There's one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward, a new Beauty, as wild as you, and a vast Fortune.

Cel. I am for her before the World: Bring me to her, and I'll release you of your Promise for the other two.

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, the Queen expects you.

Cel. I see you hold her Favour; adieu, Sister; you have a little Emissary there, otherwise I would offer you my Service.

Ast. Farewel, Brother, think upon *Florimel*.

Cel. You may trust my Memory for an handsome Woman, I'll think upon her, and the rest too; I'll forget none of 'em.
[*Exit Asteria.*]

SCENE II.

Enter a Gentleman walking over the Stage hastily: After him Florimel, and Flavia mask'd.

Fla. *Phormio*, *Phormio*, you will not leave us——

Gent. In Faith I have a little Business—— [Exit *Gent.*]

Cel. Cannot I serve you in the Gentleman's room, Ladies?

Fla. Which of us would you serve?

Cel. Either of you, or both of you.

Fla. Who, could you not be constant to one?

Cel. Constant to one! I have been a Courtier, a Soldier, and a Traveller to good Purpose, if I must be constant to one; give me some twenty, some forty, some a hundred Mistresses, I have more Love than any Woman can turn her to.

Flo. Bless us, let us be gone, Cousin; we two are nothing in his Hands.

Cel. Yet for my part, I can live with as few Mistresses as any Man: I desire no Superfluities; only for necessary Change or so; as I shift my Linnen.

Flo. A pretty odd kind of Fellow this: he fits my Humour rarely.—— [Aside.]

Fla. You are as unconstant as the Moon.

Flo.

Flo. You wrong him, he's as constant as the Sun; he would see all the World in twenty four Hours.

Cel. 'Tis very true, Madam; but, like him, I would visit and away.

Flo. For what an unreasonable thing it were to stay long, be troublesome, and hinder a Lady of a fresh Lover.

Cel. A rare Creature this!——Besides, Madam, how like a Fool a Man looks, when after all his eagerness of two Minutes before, he shrinks into a faint Kiss and a cold Complement. Ladies both, into your Hands I commit my self; share me betwixt you.

Flo. I'll have nothing to do with you, since you cannot be constant to one.

Cel. Nay, rather than lose either of you, I'll do more; I'll be constant to an hundred of you: Or, (if you will needs fetter me to one,) agree the Matter between yourselves; and the most handsome take me.

Flo. Tho' I am not she, yet since my Mask's down, and you cannot convince me, have a good Faith of my Beauty, and for once I take you for my Servant.

Cel. And for once, I'll make a blind Bargain with you: Strike Hands; is't a Match, Mistress?

Flo. Done, Servant.

Cel. Now I am sure I have the worst on't: For you see the worst of me, and that I do not of you 'till you shew your Face.——Yet now I think on't, you must be handsome.——

Flo. What kind of Beauty do you like?

Cel. Just such a one as yours.

Flo. What's that?

Cel. Such an oval Face, clear Skin, hazel Eyes, thick brown Eye-brows, and Hair as you have for all the World.

Flo. But I can assure you she has nothing of all this.

Cel. Hold thy peace, Envy; nay, I can be constant and I set on't.

Flo. 'Tis true she tells you.

Cel. Ay, ay, you may slander your self as you please; then you have,——let me see.

Flo.

Fl. I'll swear you sha'not see.

Cel. A turn'd up Nose, that gives an Air to your Face:

Fl. I find I am more and more in love with you! a

full Feather Lip, an Out-mouth, that makes mine water

run. The bottom of your Cheeks a little Blub, and two

Dimples when you smile; for your Stature 'tis well, and

your Wit 'twas given you by one that knew it had

been thrown away upon an ill Face; come, you are

some, there's no denying it.

Fl. Can you settle your Spirits to see an ugly Face,

and not be frightened? I could find in my Heart to lift up

my Mask and disabuse you.

Cel. I defie your Mask, would you would try the Ex-

periment.

Fl. No I won't; for your Ignorance is the Mother

of your Devotion to me.

Cel. Since you will not take the pains to convert me,

I'll make bold to keep my Faith: A miserable Man I am

sure you have made me.

Fl. This is pleasant.

Cel. It may be so to you, but it is not to me; for

ought I see, I am going to the most constant *Maudlin*.—

Fl. 'Tis very well, *Celadon*, you can be constant to

one you have never seen; and have forsaken all you have

seen.

Cel. It seems you know me then: Well, if thou should'st

give one of my cast Mistresses, I would use thee most

damnably, for offering to make me love thee twice.

Fl. You are i'th' right: An old Mistress or Servant is

an old Tune, the pleasure on't is past, when we have

once learn'd it.

Fl. But what Woman in the World would you wish

like?

Cel. I have heard of one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward,

would she were as like her for Beauty, as she is for Hu-

mour.

Fl. Do you hear that, Cousin?

[To *Flor.* *aside*.

Fl. *Florimel's* not handsome: Besides, she's unconstant;

and only loves for some few Days.

Cel.

Cel. If she loves for shorter time than I, she must love by Winter Days and Summer Nights i'faith.

Flo. When you see us together you shall judge: In the mean time adieu sweet Servant.

Cel. Why you won't be so inhuman to carry away my Heart, and not so much as tell me where I may hear News on't?

Flo. I mean to keep it safe for you; for if you lose it, you would bestow it worse: Farewel, I must see my Lady.

Cel. So must I too, if I can pull off your Mask.

Flo. You will not be so rude, I hope.

Cel. By this Light, but I will.

Flo. By this Leg, but you shan't.

[*Exeunt Flo. and Fla. running*]

SCENE III.

Enter Philocles, and meets him going out.

Cel. How! my Cousin the new Favourite!—

Phil. Dear *Celadon*! most happily arriv'd.

I hear y'have been an Honour to your Country
In the *Calabrian Wars*, and I am glad
I have some Interest in it.

Cel. ————— But in you
I have a larger Subject for my Joys:
To see so rare a thing as rising Virtue,
And Merit, understood at Court.

Phil. Perhaps it is the only Act that can
Accuse our Queen of Weakness.

Enter Lyfimantes attended.

Lyf. O, my Lord *Philocles*, well overtaken!
I came to look you.

Phil. Had I known it sooner,
My swift Attendance, Sir, had spar'd your trouble.

————— Cousin, you see Prince *Lyfimantes* [*To Celadon*]
Is pleas'd to favour me with his Commands:
I beg you'll be no Stranger now at Court.

Cel. So long as there be Ladies there, you need
Not doubt me.

[*Exit Celadon*]
Ph.

Phil. Some of them will, I hope, make you a Convert.

Lys. My Lord *Philocles*, I'm glad we are alone;

There is a Business that concerns me nearly,

In which I beg your Love.

Phil. Command my Service.

Lys. I know your Interest with the Queen is great;

Speak not this as envying your Fortune,

But frankly I confess you have deserv'd it.)

Besides, my Birth, my Courage and my Honour,

Are all above so base a Vice——

Phil. I know, my Lord, you are first Prince o'th' Blood;

Your Country's second Hope;

And that the Publick Vote, when the Queen weds,

Designs you for her Choice.

Lys. I am not worthy,

Except Love makes Desert;

But doubtless she's the Glory of her time;

Of faultless Beauty, blooming as the Spring

In our *Sicilian* Groves; matchless in Virtue,

And largely shou'd where-e'er her Bounty gives,

As with each Breath she could create new *Indies*.

Phil. But jealous of her Glory.

Lys. You are a Courtier; and in other Terms,

Would you say she is averse from Marriage,

Least it might lessen her Authority.

But, whensoever she does, I know the People

Will scarcely suffer her to match

With any neighb'ring Prince, whose Power might bend

Our free *Sicilians* to a foreign Yoke.

Phil. I love too well my Country to desire it.

Lys. Then to proceed, (as you well know, my Lord)

The Provinces have sent their Deputies

Humbly to move her she would chuse at home:

And, for she seems averse from speaking with them,

By my Appointment, have design'd these Walks,

Where well she cannot shun them. Now, if you

Will assist their Suit, by joining yours to it,

And by your Mediation I prove happy,

I freely Promise you——

Phil.

Phil. Without a Bribe command my utmost in it;
And yet, there is a thing, which time may give me
The Confidence to name:——

Lys. 'Tis yours whatever:
But tell me true; does she not entertain
Some deep and settled Thoughts against my Person?

Phil. I hope not so; but she of late is froward;
Reserv'd, and sad, and vex'd at little things;
Which her great Soul asham'd of, strait shakes off,
And is compos'd again.

Lys. You are still near the Queen; and all our Affairs
come to Princes Eyes, as they are represented by
that hold the Mirror.

Phil. Here she comes, and with her the Deputies—
I fear all is not right.

*Enter Queen, Deputies after her; Asteria, Guard, Flavia,
Olinda and Sabina. Queen turns back to the Deputies
and speaks entering.*

Queen. And I must tell you,
It is a sawcy Boldness, thus to press
On my Retirements——

1 Dep. Our Business being of no less concern
Than is the Peace and Quiet of your Subjects——
And that delay'd——

2 Dep. —— We humbly took this time
To represent your People's Fears to you.

Queen. My People's Fears! who made them Statesmen—
They much mistake their Business, if they think
It is to govern:——

The Rights of Subjects, and of Sovereigns
Are things distinct in Nature: Theirs, is to
Enjoy Propriety, not Empire.

Lys. If they have err'd, 'twas but an Over-care;
An ill-tim'd Duty——

Queen. Cousin, I expect
From your near Blood, not to excuse, but check 'em
They would impose a Ruler upon their lawful Queen
For what's an Husband else?

Lys. Far, Madam, be it from the Thoughts
Of any, who pretends to that high Honour,

To wish for more than to be reckoned
As the most grac'd, and first of all your Servants.

Queen. These are the insinuating Promises
Of those who aim at Pow'r: But tell me, Cousin;
(For you are unconcern'd, and may be Judge)
Should that aspiring Man compass his Ends,
What Pawn of his Obedience could he give me,
When Kingly Pow'r were once invested in him?

Lys. What greater Pledge than Love? when those fair Eyes
Cast their commanding Beams, he that could be
A Rebel to your Birth, must pay them homage.

Queen. All Eyes are fair
That sparkle with the Jewels of a Crown:
But now I see my Government is odious;
My People find I am not fit to Reign,
Else they would never——

Lys. So far from that, we all acknowledge you
The Bounty of the Gods to *Sicily*:
More than they are, you cannot make our Joys;
Make them but lasting in a Successor.

Phil. Your People seek not to impose a Prince;
But humbly offer one to your free Choice;
And such a one as he is, (may I have leave
To speak some little of his great Deserts.)

Queen. I'll hear no more——
For you, attend to morrow at the Council, [*To the Dep.*
There you shall have my firm Resolves; mean time
My Cousin I am sure will welcome you.

Lys. Still more and more Mysterious: But I have
gain'd one of her Women that shall unriddle it:——
Come, Gentlemen——

All Dep. Heav'n preserve your Majesty.

[*Exeunt Lysimantes and Deputies.*

Queen. *Philocles*, you may stay.

Phil. I humbly wait your Majesty's Commands.

Queen. Yet now I better think on't you may go.

Phil. Madam!

Queen. I have no Commands——or, what's all one,
You, no Obedience.

Phil. How, no Obedience, Madam?

I plead no other Merit; 'tis the Charter
By which I hold your Favour, and my Fortunes.

Queen. My Favours are cheap Blessings, like Rain and
Sun-shine,

For which we scarcely thank the Gods, because
We daily have them.

Phil. Madam, your Breath which rais'd me from the Dust
May lay me there again:

But Fate nor Time can ever make me lose
The Sense of your Indulgent Bounties to me.

Queen. You are above them now, grown Popular:
Ah *Philocles*, could I expect from you
That Usage! no Tongue but yours
To move me to a Marriage?——

[Weep]

The factious Deputies might have some end in't,
And my ambitious Cousin gain a Crown;
But what Advantage could there come to you?
What could you hope from *Lyssimantes* Reign,
That you can want in mine?

Phil. You your self clear me, Madam, had I sought
More Pow'r, this Marriage sure was not the way.
But, when your Safety was in Question,
When all your People were unsatisfied,
Desir'd a King, nay more, design'd the Man,
It was my Duty then——

Queen. Let me be Judge of my own Safety;
I am a Woman,

But danger from my Subjects cannot fright me.

Phil. But *Lyssimantes*, Madam, is a Person——

Queen. I cannot love——

Shall I, I who was born a Sovereign Queen,
Be barr'd of that which God and Nature gives
The meanest Slave, a Freedom in my Love?

——Leave me, good *Philocles*, to my own Thoughts
When next I need your Counsel, I'll send for you——

Phil. I'm most Unhappy in your high Displeasure;
But, since I must not speak, Madam, be pleas'd
To peruse this, and therein read my Care.

[He plucks out a Paper, and presents it to her; but drops
unknown to him, a Picture. Exit *Philocles*.]

Queen

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Queen reads. A Catalogue of such Persons——

What's this he has let fall? *Asteria:* [*Spies the Box.*

Ast. Your Majesty——

Queen. Take that up, it fell from *Philocles.*

[*She takes it up, looks on it, and smiles.*

Queen. How now, what makes you merry?

Ast. A small Discovery I have made, Madam.

Queen. Of what?

Ast. Since first your Majesty grac'd *Philocles*,
I have not heard him nam'd for any Mistress,
But now this Picture has convinc'd me——

Queen. Ha! let me see it—— [*Snatches it from her.*
Candiope, Prince *Lysimantes*' Sister!

Ast. Your Favour, Madam, may encourage him——
And yet he loves in a high Place for him:
A Princess of the Blood, and what is more,
Beyond Comparifon the fairest Lady
Our Ile can boast.

Queen. How! she the fairest
Beyond Comparifon! 'Tis false, you flatter her;
She is not fair——

Ast. I humbly beg Forgiveness on my Knees,
If I offended you: But next yours, Madam,
Which all must yield to——

Queen. I pretend to none.

Ast. She passes for a Beauty.

Queen. Ay, she may pass—— But why do I speak of her?
Dear *Asteria* lead me, I am not well o' th' sudden——

[*She faints.*

Ast. Who's near there? help the Queen.

[*The Guards are coming.*

Queen. Bid 'em away, 'twas but a Qualm,
And 'tis already going——

Ast. Dear Madam, what's the matter!
You're of late so alter'd, I scarce know you.
You were gay humour'd, and you now are pensive,
Once calm, and now unquiet;
Pardon my Boldness, that I press thus far
To your secret Thoughts: I have at least
Subject's share in you.

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B

Queen.

Queen. Thou hast a greater,
That of a Friend; but am I froward, say'st thou!

Ast. It ill becomes me, Madam, to say that.

Queen. I know I am: Prithee forgive me for it.
I cannot help it, but thou hast
Not long to suffer it.

Ast. Alas!

Queen. I feel my Strength each Day and Hour consume.
Like Lillies wasting in a Lymbeck's Heat.

Yet a few Days——
And thou shalt see me lye all damp and cold,
Shrowded within some hollow Vault, among
My silent Ancestors.

Ast. O dearest Madam!
Speak not of Death, or think not, if you die,
That I will stay behind.

Queen. Thy Love has mov'd me, I for once will have
The Pleasure to be pitied; I'll unfold
A thing so strange, so horrid of my self——

Ast. Bless me, sweet Heav'n!
So horrid, said you, Madam?

Queen. That Sun, who with one Look surveys the Globe
Sees not a Wretch like me: And could the World
Take a right Measure of my State within,
Mankind must either pity me, or scorn me.

Ast. Sure none could do the last.

Queen. Thou long'st to know't;
And I to tell thee, but Shame stops my Mouth.
First promise me thou wilt excuse my Folly,
And next be secret——

Ast. —— Can you doubt it, Madam!

Queen. Yet you might spare my Labour;
Can you not guess——

Ast. Madam, please you, I'll try.

Queen. Hold, *Asteria*:

I would not have you guess, for should you find it,
I should imagine that some other might,
And then I were most wretched;
Therefore, though you should know it, flatter me:
And say you could not guess it——

Asf. Madam, I need not flatter you, I cannot—and yet,
Might not Ambition trouble your Repose?

Queen. My *Sicily*, I thank the Gods, contents me.
But since I must reveal it, know 'tis Love:
I who pretended so to Glory, am
Become the Slave of Love——

Asf. I thought your Majesty had fram'd Designs
To subvert all your Laws; become a Tyrant,
Or vex your Neighbours with injurious Wars;
Is this all, Madam?

Queen. Is not this enough?
Then, know, I love below my self; a Subject;
Love one who loves another, and who knows not
That I love him.

Asf. He must be told it, Madam.

Queen. Not for the World, *Asteria*:
Whene'er he knows it, I shall die for shame.

Asf. What is it then that would content you?

Queen. Nothing, but that I had not lov'd.

Asf. May I not ask without Offence who 'tis?

Queen. Ev'n that confirms me I have lov'd amiss;
Since thou canst know I love, and not imagine
It must be *Philotes*.

Asf. My Cousin is indeed a most deserving Person;
Valiant and wise; and handsome, and well-born.

Queen. But not of Royal Blood:
I know his Fate unfit to be a King.
To be his Wife, I could forsake my Crown; but not my
Glory:

Yet——would he did not love *Candiope*;
Would he lov'd me——but knew not of my Love,
O'er'er durst tell me his.

Asf. In all this Labyrinth,
I find one Path conducing to your Quiet.

Queen. O tell me quickly then.

Asf. *Candiope*, as Princess of the Blood,
Without your Approbation cannot marry:
First break his Match with her, by Vertue, of
Your Sovereign Authority.

Queen. I fear that were to make him hate me.
Or, what's as bad, to let him know I love him:
Could you not do it of your self?

Ast. I'll not be wanting to my Pow'r:
But if your Majesty appears not in it;
The Love of *Philocles* will soon surmount
All other Difficulties.

Queen. Then, as we walk, we'll think what means are
best,
Effect but this, and thou shar'st half my Breast. [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Queen's Apartment.*

Asteria sola.

Nothing thrives that I have plotted:
For I have sounded *Philocles*, and find
He is too constant to *Candiope*:
Her too I have assaulted, but in vain,
Objecting want of Quality in *Philocles*.
I'll to the Queen, and plainly tell her
She must make use of her Authority
To break the Match.

SCENE II.

Enter Celadon looking about him.

Brother! what make you here
About the Queen's Apartments?
Which of the Ladies are you watching for?

Cel. Any of 'em that will do me the good Turn
make me soundly in Love.

Ast. Then I'll bespeak you one, you will be despi-
ly in Love with; *Florimel*: So soon as the Queen
you were return'd, she gave you her for Mistress.

Cel. Thank her Majesty; but to confess the Truth, my Fancy lyes partly another way.

Asf. That's strange: *Florimel* vows you are already in Love with her.

Cel. She wrongs me horribly, if ever I saw or spoke with this *Florimel*——

Asf. Well, take your Fortune, I must leave you.

[Exit *Asteria*.]

SCENE III.

Enter Florimel, sees him, and is running back.

Cel. Nay i'faith I am got betwixt you and home, you are my Pris'ner, Lady Bright, till you resolve me one Question. [*She makes signs she is dumb.*] Pox; I think she's dumb: What a Vengeance dost thou at Court, with such a rare Face, without a Tongue to answer to a kind Question? Art thou dumb indeed? then thou canst tell no Tales——

[Goes to kiss her.]

Flo. Hold, hold, you are not mad!

Cel. Oh, my Miss in a Mask! have you found your Tongue?

Flo. 'Twas time, I think; what had become of me, if I had not?

Cel. Methinks your Lips had done as well.

Flo. Ay, if my Mask had been over 'em, as it was when you met me in the Walks.

Cel. Well; will you believe me another time? Did not I say you were infinitely handsome: They may talk of *Florimel*, if they will, but i'faith she must come short of you.

Flo. Have you seen her, then?

Cel. I look'd a little that way, but I had soon enough of her, she is not to be seen twice without a Surfeit.

Flo. However you are beholden to her, they say she loves you.

Cel. By Fate she shan't love me: I have told her a piece of my Mind already: Pox o' these coming Women: They set a Man to Dinner before he has an Appetite.

[*Flavia at the Door.*]

Flo. *Florimel*, you are call'd within. ——— [Exit,

Cel. I hope in the Lord you are not *Florimel*.

Flo. Ev'n she, at you Service; the same kind and coming *Florimel*, you have describ'd.

Cel. Why then we are agreed already: I am as kind and coming as you for the Heart of you: I knew at first we two were good for nothing but one another.

Flo. But, without railery, are you in Love?

Cel. So horribly much, that contrary to my own Maxims, I think in my Conscience I could marry you.

Flo. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet; But if you are really in love, you have done me the greatest Pleasure in the World.

Cel. That Pleasure, and a better too I have in store for you.

Flo. This Animal, call'd a Lover, I have long'd to see these two Years.

Cel. Sure you walk'd with your Mask on all the while; for if you had been seen, you could not have been without your Wish.

Flo. I warrant you mean an ordinary whining Lover; but I must have other Proofs of Love e'er I believe it.

Cel. You shall have the best that I can give you.

Flo. I would have a Lover, that if need be, should hang himself, drown himself, break his Neck, poison himself, for very Despair: He that will scruple this, is an impudent Fellow, if he says he is in love.

Cel. Pray, Madam, which of these four things would you have your Lover do? For a Man's but a Man, he cannot hang, and drown, and break his Neck, and poison himself, all together.

Flo. Well then, because you are but a Beginner, and I would not discourage you, any of these shall serve your turn in a fair way.

Cel. I am much deceiv'd in those Eyes of yours, if a Treat, a Song, and the Fiddles, be not a more acceptable proof of Love to you, than any of those Tragical ones you have mentioned.

Flo. However you will grant it is but decent you should be pale, and lean, and melancholick, to shew you are

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are in Love: And that I shall require of you when I see you next.

Cel. When you see me next? Why you do not make a Rabbet of me, to be lean at twenty four Hours warning? In the mean while we burn Day-light, lose Time and Love.

Flo. Would you marry me without Consideration?

Cel. To chuse, by Heav'n, for they that think on't, twenty to one would never do it; hang forecast; to make sure of one good Night is as much in reason as a Man should expect from this ill World.

Flo. Methinks a few more Years and Discretion would do well: I do not like this going to Bed so early; it makes one so weary before Morning.

Cel. That's much as your Pillow is laid, before you go to sleep.

Flo. Shall I make a Proposition to you? I will give you a whole Year of Probation to love me in; to grow reserv'd, discreet, sober and faithful, and to pay me all the Services of a Lover,——

Cel. And at the end of it you'll marry me?

Flo. If neither of us alter our Minds before.——

Cel. By this Light a necessary Clause.—— But if I pay in all the foresaid Services before the Day, you shall be oblig'd to take me sooner into Mercy.

Flo. Provided if you prove unfaithful, then your time of a Twelve-month to be prolong'd; so many Services, I will bate you so many Days or Weeks; so many Faults, I will add to your 'Prentiship so much more: And of all this I only to be Judge.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Philocles and Lyfimantes.

Lyf. Is the Queen this way, Madam?

Flo. I'll see, so please your Highness: Follow me, Captive.

Cel. March on Conqueror—— [*She pulls him.*]

[*Exeunt Cel. Flo.*]

Lyf. You're sure her Majesty will not oppose it?

Phil. Leave that to me, my Lord.

Lys. Then, tho' perhaps my Sister's Birth might challenge
An higher Match,
I'll weigh your Merits on the other side,
To make the Ballance even.

Phil. I go, my Lord, this Minute.

Lys. My best Wishes wait on you. [*Exit Lyfimantes.*]

SCENE V.

Enter the Queen and Asteria.

Queen. Yonder he is; have I no other way?

Ast. O Madam, you must stand this brunt:
Deny him now, and leave the rest to me:
I'll to *Candiope's* Mother,
And under the pretence of Friendship, work
On her Ambition to put off a Match.
So mean as *Philocles*.

Queen. You may approach, Sir:
We two discourse no Secrets.

[*To Phil*]

Phil. I come, Madam, to weary out your Royal Bounty

Queen. Some Suit I warrant for your Cousin *Celaden*.
Leave his Advancement to my Care.

Phil. Your Goodness still prevents my Wishes.—
Yet I have one Request,
Might it not pass almost for Madness, and
Extream Ambition in me.—

Queen. You know you have a favourable Judge;
It lies in you not to ask any thing
I cannot grant.

Phil. Madam, perhaps you think me too faulty:
But Love alone inspires me with Ambition,
Tho' but to look on fair *Candiope* were an Excuse for both

Queen. Keep your Ambition, and let Love alone;
That I can cloy, but this I cannot cure.
I have some Reasons (invincible to me) which must forbid
Your Marriage with *Candiope*.

Phil. I knew I was not worthy.

Queen. Not for that, *Philocles*; you deserve all things
And to show I think it, my Admiral I hear is dead.

His vacant place (the best in all my Kingdom)
I here confer on you.

Phil. Rather take back all you had giv'n before,
Than not give this.

For believe, Madam, nothing is so near
My Soul as the Possession of *Candiope*.

Queen. Since that Belief would be to your disadvantage,
I will not entertain it.

Phil. Why, Madam, can you be thus cruel to me?
To give me all things which I did not ask,
And yet deny that only thing I beg:
And so beg, that I find I cannot live
Without the hope of it.

Queen. Hope greater things;
But hope not this. Haste to overcome your Love;
It is but putting a short-liv'd Passion to a violent Death.

Phil. I cannot live without *Candiope*.
But I can die without a murmur,

Having my Doom pronounc'd from your fair Mouth.

Queen. If I am to pronounce it, live my *Philocles*.
But live without (I was about to say) [Aside:
Without his Love, but that I cannot do;
Live *Philocles* without *Candiope*.

Phil. Madam, could you give my Doom so quickly,
And knew it was irrevocable!

'Tis too apparent
You who alone love Glory, and whose Soul
Is loosen'd from your Senses, cannot judge
What Torments mine of grosser Mould endures.

Queen. I cannot suffer you
To give me Praises which are not my own:
I love like you, and am yet much more wretched
Than you can think your self.

Phil. Weak Bars they needs must be, that Fortune puts
Twixt Sovereign Power, and all it can desire.
When Princes love, they call themselves unhappy;
Only, because the word sounds handsome in a Lover's
Mouth,

But you can cease to be so when you please,
By making *Lyfimantes* fortunate.

Queen. Were he indeed the Man, you had some reason;
But 'tis another, more without my Power,
And yet a Subject too.

Phil. O, Madam, say not so,
It cannot be a Subject, if not he,
It were to be injurious to your self
To make another Choice.

Queen. Yet *Lyfimantes*, set by him I love,
Is more obscur'd than Stars too near the Sun;
He has a Brightness of his own,
Not borrow'd of his Father's, but born with him.

Phil. Pardon if I say, who e'er he be,
He has practis'd some ill Acts upon you, Madam;
For he, whom you describe, I see is born
But from the Lees o'th' People.

Queen. You offend me, *Philocles*.
Whence had you leave to use those insolent Terms
Of him I please to love? One, I must tell you,
(Since foolishly I have gone thus far)
Whom I esteem your Equal,
And far superior to Prince *Lyfimantes*;
One, who deserves to wear a Crown,——

Phil. Whirlwinds bear me hence, before I live
To that detested Day.——That Frown assures me
I have offended, by my Over-freedom;
But yet methinks a Heart so plain and honest
And zealous of your Glory, might hope your Pardon for it.

Queen. I give it you; but
When you know him better
You'll alter your Opinion; he's no ill Friend of yours.

Phil. I well perceive
He has supplanted me in your Esteem;
But that's the least of Ills this fatal Wretch
Has practis'd—Think, for Heav'n's sake, Madam, think
If you have drunk no Philter.——

Queen. Yes, he has given me a Philter;
But I have drunk it only from his Eyes.

Phil. Hot Irons thank 'em for't.——

[Softly, or turning from her]

Queen

Queen. What's that you mutter?

Hence from my sight: I know not whether
I ever shall endure to see you more.

Phil. But hear me, Madam. }

Queen. I say begone.—See me no more this Day.—
I will not hear one word in your Excuse:

Now, Sir, be rude again; *And give Laws to your Queen.*

[*Exit Philocles bowing.*]

Asteria, come hither.

Was ever Boldness like to this of *Philocles*?

Help me to reproach him, for I resolve

Henceforth no more to love him.

Ast. Truth is, I wonder'd at your Patience, Madam:

Did you not mark his Words, his Mien, his Action,

How full of Haughtiness, how small Respect?

Queen. And he to use me thus, he whom I favour'd,
Nay more, he whom I lov'd?

Ast. A Man methinks of vulgar Parts and Presence!

Queen. Or allow him something handsome, valiant;
Or so——Yet this to me!——

Ast. The Workmanship of inconsiderate Favour,

The Creature of rash Love; one of those Meteors

Which Monarchs raise from Earth,

And People wondring how they came so high,

Fear, from their influence, Plagues, and Wars, and Famine.

Queen. Ha!

Ast. One whom instead of banishing a Day,
You should have plum'd of all his borrow'd Honours,

And let him see what abject things they are

Whom Princes often love without Desert.

Queen. What has my *Philocles* deserv'd from thee,

That thou shouldst use him thus?

Were he the basest of Mankind, thou could'st not

Have given him ruder Language.

Ast. Did not your Majesty command me?

Did not your self begin?

Queen. I grant I did, but I have right to do it;

I love him, and may rail;——in you 'tis Malice;

Malice in the most high degree; for never Man

Was more deserving than my *Philocles*.

Or,

Or, do you love him, ha! and plead that Title?
Confess, and I'll forgive you——

For none can look on him, but needs must love.

Asf. I love him, Madam! I beseech your Majesty
Have better Thoughts of me.

Queen. Dost thou not love him then!
Good Heav'n, how stupid, and how dull is she!
How most invincibly insensible!
No Woman does deserve to live
That loves not *Philocles*——

Asf. Dear Madam, recollect your self; alas
How much distracted are your Thoughts, and how
Dis-jointed all your Words——

The Sibyls Leaves more orderly were laid:
Where is that harmony of Mind, that Prudence
Which guided all you did! that Sense of Glory,
Which rais'd you, high above the rest of Kings,
As Kings are o'er the Level of Mankind!

Queen. Gone, gone, *Asteria*; all is gone,
Or lost within me, far from any use.
Sometimes I struggle like the Sun in Clouds,
But straight I am o'er-cast——

Asf. I grieve to see it——

Queen. Then thou hast yet the Goodness
To Pardon what I said——

Alas, I use my self much worse than thee.

Loves rages in great Souls,

For there his Power most Opposition finds;

High Trees are shook, because they dare the Winds.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Court Gallery.*

Philocles solus.

TIS true, she banish'd me but for a Day;
But Favourites, once declining, sink apace:
Yet Fortune, stop——this is the likeliest Place
To meet *Asteria*, and by her convey
My humble Vows to my offended Queen.

Enter Queen and Asteria.

Ha! she comes her self; unhappy Man!

Where shall I hide? ———

[Is going out.]

Queen. Is not that *Philocles*?

Who makes such haste away? *Philocles, Philocles*——

Phil. I fear'd she saw me.

[Coming back.]

Queen. How now, Sir, am I such a Bugbear
That I scare People from me?

Phil. 'Tis true, I should more carefully have shunn'd
The Place where you might be; as, when it thunders
Men reverently quit the open Air,
Because the angry Gods are then abroad:

Queen. What does he mean, *Asteria*!
I do not understand him.

Ast. Your Majesty forgets you banish'd him
Your Presence for this Day.

[To her softly.]

Queen. Ha! banish'd him! 'tis true indeed;
But, as thou say'st, I had forgot it quite.

[To her.]

Ast. That's very strange, scarce half an Hour ago.

Queen. But Love had drawn his Pardon up so soon,
That I forgot he e'er offended me.

Phil. Pardon me, that I could not thank you sooner:
Your sudden Grace, like some swift Flood pour'd in
On narrow Banks, o'er-flow'd my Spirits.

Queen.

Queen. No; 'tis for me to ask your Pardon, *Philocles*,
For the great Injury I did you
In my remembring I was angry with you.
But I'll repair my Fault,
And rowze my Anger up against you yet.

Phil. No, Madam, my Forgiveness was your Act of Grace
And I lay hold of it.

Queen. Princes sometimes may pass
Acts of Oblivion, in their own Wrong.

Phil. 'Tis true, but not recal them.

Queen. But, *Philocles*, since I have told you there is one
I love; I will go on; and let you know
What pass'd this Day betwixt us; be our Judge
Whether my Servant have dealt well with me.

Phil. I beseech your Majesty excuse me:
Any thing more of him may make me
Relapse too soon, and forfeit my late Pardon.

Queen. But you'll be glad to know it.

Phil. May I not hope then
You have some quarrel to him?

Queen. Yes, a great one.
But first to justify me self.
Know, *Philocles*, I have conceal'd my Passion
With such care from him, that he knows not yet
I love, but only that I much esteem him.

Phil. O stupid Wretch,
That by a thousand Tokens could not guess it!

Queen. He Loves elsewhere, and that has blinded him

Phil. He's blind indeed!

So the dull Beasts in the first Paradise
With levell'd Eyes gaz'd each upon their Kind;
There fix'd their Love: And ne'er look'd up to view
That glorious Creature Man, their Sovereign Lord.

Queen. Y'are too severe on little Faults, but he
Has Crimes, untold,
Which will, I fear, move you much more against him.
He fell this Day into a Passion with me,
And boldly contradicted all I said.

Phil. And stands his Head upon his Shoulders yet?
How long shall this most insolent——

Queen. Take heed you rail not,
You know you are but on your good Behaviour.

Phil. Why then I will not call him Traitor——
But only Rude, Audacious and Impertinent,
To use his Sovereign so——I beg your Leave
To wish you have at least imprison'd him.

Queen. Some People may speak ill, and yet mean well:
Remember you were not confin'd; and yet
Your Fault was great. In short, I love him,
And that excuses all; but be not jealous;
His rising shall not be your Overthrow,
Nor will I ever marry him——

Phil. That's some comfort yet,
He shall not be a King.

Queen. He never shall. But you are discompos'd;
Stay here a little; I have somewhat for you
Which shall shew you still are in my Favour.

[*Exeunt Queen and Asteria.*]

Enter to him Candiope weeping.

Phil. How now, in Tears, my fair Candiope?
So through a watry Cloud
The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine.
For what Forefathers Sin do you afflict
Those precious Eyes! For sure you have
None of your own to weep.

Cand. My Crimes both great and many needs must shew,
Since Heav'n will punish them with losing you.

Phil. Afflictions sent from Heav'n without a Cause,
Make bold Mankind enquire into its Laws.
But Heav'n, which moulding Beauty takes such care,
Makes gentle Fates on Purpose for the Fair:
And Destiny that sees them so divine,
Spins all their Fortunes in a silken Twine:
No mortal Hand so ignorant is found
To weave coarse Work upon a precious Ground.

Cand. Go preach this Doctrine in my Mother's Ears.

Phil. Has her Severity produc'd these Tears?

Cand. She has recall'd those hopes she gave before,
And strictly bids me ne'er to see you more.

Phil. Changes in froward Age are Natural;
No hopes for constant Weather in the Fall?

'Tis

'Tis in your Pow'r your Duty to transfer,¹
And place that Right in me which was in her.

Cand. Reason, like foreign Foes, would ne'er o'ercome
But that I find I am betray'd at home.

You have a Friend that fights for you within.

Phil. Let Reason ever lose, so Love may win.

Enter Queen with a Picture in her Hand, and Asteria.

Queen. See there, *Asteria*,

All we have done succeeds still to the worse;
We hindred him from seeing her at home,
Where I but only heard they lov'd; and now
She comes to Court; and mads me with the Sight on't.

Ast. Dear Madam, overcome your self a little,
Or they'll perceive how much you are concern'd.

Queen. I struggle with my Heart——
But it will have some vent.

Cousin, you are a Stranger at the Court.

[To *Cand.*]

Cand. It was my Duty, I confess,
To attend oftner on your Majesty.

Queen. *Asteria*, mend my Cousin's Handkerchief;
It fits too narrow there, and shows too much
The Broadness of her Shoulders——Nay fie, *Asteria*,
Now you put it too much backward, and discover
The bigness of her Breasts.

Cand. I beseech your Majesty
Give not your self this trouble.

Queen. Sweet Cousin, you shall pardon me;
A Beauty such as yours
Deserves a more than ordinary Care,
To set it out.

Come hither, *Philocles*, do but observe,
She has but one gross Fault in all her Shape,
That is, she bears up here too much,
And the malicious Workman has left it
Open to your Eye.

Phil. Where, and 'please your Majesty?
Methinks 'tis very well.

Queen. Do not you see it? Oh how blind is Love!

Cand. And how quick-sighted Malice!

[*Ast.*]

Queen.

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Queen. But yet methinks, those Knots of Sky do not
So well with the dead Colour of her Face.

Ast. Your Majesty mistakes, she wants no red.

[*The Queen here plucks out her Glass, and looks some-
times on her self, sometimes on her Rival.*]

Queen. How do I look to Day, *Asteria*!

Ast. Methinks not well,

Ast. Pardon me, Madam, most victoriously.

Queen. What think you, *Philocles*? come, do not flatter.

Phil. Paris was a bold Man, who presum'd

To judge the Beauty of a Goddess.

Cand. Your Majesty has given the Reason why

He cannot judge; his Love has blinded him.

Queen. Methinks a long patch here beneath her Eye
Might hide that dismal Hollowness.

What think you, *Philocles*?

Cand. Beseech you, Madam, ask not his Opinion:

What my Faults are it is no matter;

He loves me with them all.

Queen. Ay, he may love, but when he marries you,

Your Bridal shall be kept in some dark Dungeon.

Jewel, and think of that, too easie Maid,

I blush thou shar'st my Blood.

[*Exeunt Queen and Asteria.*]

Cand. Inhuman Queen!

Thou canst not be more willing to resign

My part in me, than I to give up mine.

Phil. Love, how few Subjects do thy Laws fulfil,

And yet those few, like us, thou usest ill!

Cand. The greatest Slaves, in Monarchies, are they,

Whom Birth sets nearest to imperial Sway;

While jealous Pow'r does suddenly o'erspy,

And play like Deer within the Lion's Eye.

Would I for you some Shepherdess had been;

And, but each May, ne'er heard the Name of Queen.

Phil. If you were so, might I some Monarch be,

Then, you should gain what now you lose by me:

Then, you in all my Glories should have part,

And Rule my Empire, as you Rule my Heart.

Cand.

Cand. How much our golden Wishes are in vain?
When they are past, we are our selves again.

Enter Queen and Asteria above.

Queen. Look, look *Asteria*, yet they are not gone.
Hence we may hear what they discourse alone.

Phil. My Love inspires me with a gen'rous Thought
Which you unknowing, in those Wishes taught.
Since Happiness may out of Courts be found,
Why stay we here on this enchanted Ground:
And chuse not rather with Content to dwell
(If Love and we can find it) in a Cell? [grat]

Cand. Those who, like you, have once in Courts been
May think they wish, but wish not to retreat.
They seldom go, but when they cannot stay;
As losing Gamesters throw the Dice away:
Ev'n in that Cell, where you Repose would find,
Visions of Court will haunt your restless Mind;
And glorious Dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing Shapes of all you had before.

Phil. He; who with your Possession once is blest,
On easie Terms may part with all the rest.
All my Ambition will in you be crown'd;
And those white Arms shall all my Wishes bound.
Our Life shall be but one long nuptial Day,
And like chaf'd Odours melt in Sweets away;
Soft as the Night our Minutes shall be worn,
And chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn.

Cand. Thus Hope mis-leads it self in pleasant way;
And takes more Joys on trust than Love can pay!
But Love, with long Possession, once decay'd,
That Face which now you Court, you will upbraid.

Phil. False Lovers broach these tenets, to remove
The Fault from them, by placing it on Love——

Cand. Yet grant in Youth you keep alive your Fire,
Old Age will come, and then it must expire:
Youth but a while does at Love's Temple stay,
As some fair Inn to lodge it on the way.

Phil. Your Doubts are kind; but to be satisfy'd
'I can be true, I beg I may be try'd.

Cand. Tryals of Love too dear the making cost;
For if successless, the whole Venture's lost.

What you propose, brings Wants and Care along.

Phil. Love can bear both.

Cand. But is your Love so strong?

Phil. They do not want, who wish not to have more;
Who ever said an Anchoret was poor?

Cand. To answer generously as you have done,
I should not by your Arguments be won:

I know I urge your Ruin by consent;

You love too well that Ruin to prevent.

Phil. Like Water giv'n to those whom Feavers fry:

You kill but him, who must without it die.

Cand. Secure me I may love without a Crime;

Then, for our Flight, appoint both Place and Time.

Phil. Th' ensuing Hour my plighted Vows shall be;

The Time's not long; or only long to me.

Cand. Then, let us go where we shall ne'er be seen:
By my hard Mother.

Phil. Or my cruel Queen. [Exeunt *Phil.* and *Cand.*

Queen above. O *Philocles*, unkind to call me cruel!

So false *Æneas* did from *Dido* fly;

He never branded her with Cruelty.

How I despise my self for loving so!

Phil. At once you hate your self, and love him too.

Queen. No, his Ingratitude has cur'd my Wound:

A sinful Cure indeed!

Phil. And yet not sound.

His Ignorance of your true Thoughts

Excuses this; you did seem cruel, Madam.

Queen. But much of kindness still was mix'd with it.

Could mistake so grossly, not to know

Phil. frowning when he draws his Bow?

Phil. He's going now to smart for his Offence.

Queen. Should he without my Leave depart from hence?

Phil. No matter; since you hate him, let him go.

Queen. But I my Hate by my Revenge will show:

His Head's a forfeit to the State.

Phil. When you take that, I will believe you hate.

Let him possess, and then he'll soon repent:
And so his Crime will prove his Punishment.

Queen. He may repent; but he will first possess.

Ast. O, Madam, now your Hatred you confess:
If his possessing her your Rage does move,
'Tis Jealousie, the Avarice of Love.

Queen. No more, *Asteria*.

Seek *Lyfimantes* out, bid him set his Guards
Through all the Court and City.

Prevent their Marriage first; then stop their Flight.
Some fitting Punishments I will ordain,
But speak not you of *Philocles* again:

'Tis bold to search, and dangerous to find
Too much of Heav'n's, or of a Prince's Mind.

[*Queen descends, and*

As the Queen has done speaking, Flavia is going hastily
the Stage; Asteria sees her.

Ast. *Flavia, Flavia*, whither so fast?

Fla. Did you call, *Asteria*?

Ast. The Queen has business with Prince *Lyfimantes*:
Speak to any Gentleman that's next, to fetch him.

[*Exit Asteria from above*

Fla. I suspect somewhat, but I'll watch you close;
Prince *Lyfimantes* has not chose in me

The worst Spy of the Court——

Celadon! what makes he here!

Enter Celadon, Olinda, and Sabina; they walk over
Stage together, he seeming to court them.

Olind. Nay, sweet *Celadon*——

Sab. Nay, dear *Celadon*.

Fla. O-ho! I see his Business now, 'tis with *Melissa*
two Daughters: Look, look, how he peeps about to
if the Coast be clear; like an Hawk that will not plun-
if she be look'd on. [Exeunt *Cel. Olind. and Sab.*

So——at last he has truss'd his Quarry——

Enter Florimel.

Flo. Did you see *Celadon* this way?

Fla. If you had not ask'd the Question, I should
thought you had come from watching him; he's
gone off with *Melissa's* Daughters.

Flo. *Melissa's* Daughters! he did not Court 'em, I hope?

Fla. So busily, he lost no time: While he was teaching the one a Tune, he was kissing the other's Hand.

Flo. O fine Gentleman!

Fla. And they so greedy of him! did you never see two Fishes about a Bait, tugging it this way and t'other way; for my part, I look'd at least he should have lost a Leg or Arm i'th' Service.——Nay, never vex your self, but e'en resolve to break with him.

Flo. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet; I'll correct him first, and then hope the best from time.

Fla. From time! believe me, there's little good to be expected from him. I never knew the old Gentleman with the Scythe and Hour-glass bring any thing but grey Hair, thin Cheeks, and loss of Teeth: You see *Ce-*
lson loves others.

Flo. There's the more hope he may love me among the rest: Hang't, I would not marry one of these solemn Pops; they are good for nothing but to make Cuckolds: Give me a Servant that is an high Flier at all Games, that is bounteous of himself to many Women; and yet whenever I pleas'd to throw out the lure of Matrimony, should come down with a Swing, and fly the better of his own Quarry.

Fla. But are you sure you can take him down when you think good?

Flo. Nothing more certain.

Fla. What Wager will you venture upon the trial?

Flo. Any thing.

Fla. My Maidenhead to yours.

Flo. That's a good one, who shall take the Forfeit?

Fla. I'll go and write a Letter as from these two Sisters, to summon him immediately; it shall be deliver'd before you. I warrant you see a strange combat betwixt the Flesh and the Spirit: If he leaves you to go to them, you'll grant he loves them better?

Flo. Not a jot the more: A Bee may pick of many flowers, and yet like some one better than all the rest.

Fla. But then your Bee must not leave his Sting behind him.

Flo.

Flo. Well; make the Experiment however: I hear him coming, and a whole noise of Fiddlers at his Heels. Hey-day, what a mad Husband shall I have?—

Enter Celadon.

Fla. And what a mad Wife will he have? Well, I must go a little way, but I'll return immediately and write it: You'll keep him in discourse the while?

[Exit Fla.]

Cel. Where are you, Madam? What do you mean to run away thus? Pray stand to't, that we may dispatch this Business.

Flo. I think you mean to watch me as they do Witches to make me confess I love you. Lord, what a business have you kept this Afternoon? What with eating, singing and dancing, I am so wearied, that I shall not be capable to hear of any more Love this Fortnight.

Cel. Nay, if you surfeit on't before trial, Lord have mercy upon you when I have marry'd you.

Flo. But what King's Revenue do you think will maintain this extravagant Expence?

Cel. I have a damnable Father, a rich old Rogue, if he would once die! Lord, how long does he mean to make it ere he dies!

Flo. As long as ever he can, I'll pass my Word for him.

Cel. I think then we had best consider him as an obstinate old Fellow, that is deaf to the news of a better World; and ne'er stay for him.

Flo. But e'en marry; and get him Grandchildren in abundance, and great Grandchildren upon them, and smother him and shove him out of the World by the very force of new Generations:—if that be the way you must excuse me.

Cel. But dost thou know what it is to be an old Maiden?

Flo. No, nor hope I shan't these twenty Years.

Cel. But when that time comes, in the first place thou wilt be condemned to tell Stories, how many Men thou mightest have had; and none believe thee: Then thou growest froward, and impudently weariest all thy Friends to sollicite Man for thee.

lo. Away with your old Common-place-wit: I am resolv'd to grow fat and look young 'till forty, and then run out of the World with the first Wrinkle, and the Reputation of five and twenty.

el. Well, what think you now of a reckoning between us?

lo. How do you mean?

el. To discount for so many Days of my Year's Service, as I have paid in since Morning.

lo. With all my Heart.

el. *Imprimis*, For a Treat.

Item, For my Glass Coach.

Item, For sitting bare and wagging your Fan.

and lastly, and principally, for my Fidelity to you this Hour and half.

lo. For this I bate you three Weeks of your Service; now hear your Bill of Faults; for your Comfort 'tis a short one.

el. I know it.

lo. *Imprimis*, *Item*, and Sum total, for keeping Company with *Melissa's* Daughters.

el. How the Pox came you to know of that? Gad I believe the Devil plays booty against himself, and tells me of my Sins.

[*Aside.*]

lo. The Offence being so small, the Punishment shall be out proportionable, I will set you back only half a Year.

el. You're most unconscionable: When then do you think we shall come together? There's none but the old Patriarchs could live long enough to marry you at this rate. What do you take me for some Cousin of *Methuselah's*, that I must stay an hundred Years before I come to beget Sons and Daughters?

lo. Here's an impudent Lover, he complains of me without ever offering to excuse himself; *Item*, a Fortnight more for that.

el. So there's another puff in my Voyage has blown me back to the North of *Scotland*.

lo. All this is nothing to your Excuse for the two Months.

Cel.

Cel. 'Faith if ever I did more than kiss 'em, and but once,——

Flo. What could you have done more to me?

Cel. An hundred times more; as thou shalt know a Rogue, at time convenient.

Flo. You talk, you talk; could you kiss 'em, thou but once, and ne'er think of me?

Cel. Nay, if I had thought of thee, I had kiss'd 'em over a thousand times, with the very force of Imagination.

Flo. The Gallants are mightily beholden to you, you have found 'em out a new way to kiss their Mistresses upon other Womens Lips.

Cel. What would you have? You are my Sultana Queen, the rest are but in the nature of your Slaves; they may make some slight Excursions into the Enemy's Country for Forage, or so, but I ever return to my own Quarters.

Enter one with a Letter.

Cel. To me?

Mess. If your Name be *Celadon*. [*Cel. reads*]

Flo. He's swallowing the Pill; presently we shall see the Operation.

Cel. to the Page.] Child, come hither Child; here's money for thee: So, be gone quickly good Child, before any body examines thee: Thou art in a dangerous place Child.——[*Thrusts him out.*] Very good, the Sister will send me word they will have the Fiddles this Afternoon, and invite me to sup there!——Now cannot I forbear and I should be damn'd, tho' I have scap'd scouring so lately for it. Yet I love *Florimel* better than both of 'em together; — there's the Riddle on't: But only for the sweet sake of Variety.——

Well, we must all sin, and we must all repent, and there's an end on't.

Flo. What is it that makes you fidge up and down?

Cel. 'Faith I am sent for by a very dear Friend, and 'tis upon a Business of Life and Death.

Flo. On my Life some Woman?

Cel. On my Honour, some Man; do you think I would do you?

Flo. But you engag'd to sup with me!

Cel. But I consider it may be scandalous to stay late in our Lodgings.

Heu, dear Miss; if ever I am false to thee again.

[Exit Celadon.]

Flo. See what constant Metal you Men are made of! begins to vex me in good earnest. Hang him, let him go and take enough of 'em: And yet methinks I cannot endure he should neither. Lord, that such a cap as I should ever live to be jealous! Must after him.

The Ladies would discard him now, but I

another way for my Revenge will find,

marry him, and serve him in his kind. [Exit Flo.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Walks.*

Melissa, after her Olinda and Sabina.

I Must take this Business up in time: This wild Fellow begins to haunt my House again. Well, be bold to say it, 'tis as easie to bring up a young one, without Mischief, as a Maidenhead of fifteen, to make it tame for an Husband's Bed. Not but that the young Man is handsome, rich and young, and I could be content he should marry one of 'em, but to seduce 'em in this manner.——Well, I'll examine 'em apart, if I can find out which he loves, I'll offer him his choice.——*Olinda*, Come hither Child.——

Olinda. Your pleasure, Madam?

Melissa. Nothing but for your good, *Olinda*; what think you of Celadon?

L. II.

C

Olin.

Olin. Why I think he's a very mad Fellow; but yet have some Obligements to him: He teaches me new Airs of the Guitarre, and talks wildly to me, and I to him.

Mel. But tell me in earnest, do you think he loves you?

Olin. Can you doubt it? There were never two cut out for one another; we both love Singing, Dancing, Treats and Musick. In short, we are each other's counterpart.

Mel. But does he love you seriously?

Olin. Seriously! I know not that; if he did, perhaps should not love him: But we sit and talk, and wrangle and are Friends; when we are together we never hold our Tongues; and then we have always a noise of Fiddles at our Heels; he hunts me merrily as the Hound does the Hare; and either this is Love, or I know it not.

Mel. Well, go back, and call *Sabina* to me.

[*Olinda goes behind*]

This is a Riddle past my finding out: Whether he loves her or no is the Question; but this I am sure of, he loves him:—O my little Favourite, I must ask you a Question concerning *Celadon*: Is he in love with you?

Sab. I think indeed he does not hate me, at least a Man's Word may be taken for it.

Mel. But what Expressions has he made you?

Sab. Truly the Man has done his part: He has spoken civilly to me, and I was not so young but I understood him.

Mel. And you could be content to marry him?

Sab. I have sworn never to marry; besides, he's a young Man; yet to obey you Mother, I would be content to be sacrific'd.

Mel. No, no, we would but lead you to the Altar.

Sab. Not to put off the Gentleman neither; for I have him not, I am resolv'd to die a Maid, that's my Mother:—

Mel. Both my Daughters are in love with him, and cannot yet find he loves either of 'em.

Olin. Mother, Mother, yonder's *Celadon* in the W

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Mel. Peace, Wanton; you had best ring the Bells for my. Well, I'll not meet him, because I know not which to offer him, yet he seems to like the youngest: I'll give him opportunity with her. *Olinda*, do you make haste after me.

Olin. This is something hard though. [Exit *Mel.*

Enter Celadon

Cel. You see, Ladies, the least Breath of yours brings me to you: I have been seeking you at your Lodgings, and from thence came hither after you.

Sab. 'Twas well you found us.

Cel. Found you! half this Brightness betwixt you two is enough to have lighted me; I could never miss my way: Here's fair *Olinda* has Beauty enough for one Family; such a Voice, such a Wit, so noble a Stature, so white a Skin——

Olin. I thought he would be particular at last. [*Aside.*

Cel. And young *Sabina*, so sweet an Innocence, such a life-bud newly blown. This is my goodly Palace of Love, and that my little withdrawing Room——*A*rd, Madam.——

[To *Sab.*

Olin. I like not this—[*Aside.*] Sir, if you are not too busy with my Sister, I would speak with you.

Cel. I come, Madam.——

Sab. Time enough, Sir; pray finish your Discourse.—— as you were a saying, Sir,——

Olin. Sweet Sir.——

Sab. Sister, you forget, my Mother bid you make haste.

Olin. Well, go you and tell her I am coming.——

Sab. I can never endure to be the Messenger of ill news; but if you please, I'll send her word you won't be.——

Olin. Minion, Minion, remember this.—— [Exit *Olin.*

Sab. She's horribly in love with you.

Cel. Lord, who could love that walking Steeple: She's high, that every time she sings to me, I am looking for the Bell that tolls to Church.—— Ha! give me little Fifth-rate that lies so snug.—— She! hang her, such-built Bottom: She's so tall, there's no boarding. But we lose time——Madam, let me seal my

Love upon your Mouth. [*Kiss.*] Soft and sweet by Heav'n! sure you wear Rose-leaves between your Lips.

Sab. Lord, Lord; what's the Matter with me! My Breath grows so short, I can scarce speak to you.

Cel. No matter, give me thy Lips again, and I'll speak for thee.

Sab. You don't love me——

Cel. I warrant thee; sit down by me and kiss again— She warms faster than *Pygmalion's* Image. [*Aside.*]— [*Kiss.*]— Ay marry, Sir, this was the original Use of Lips talking, eating, and drinking came in by the by——

Sab. Nay, pray be civil; will you be at quiet?

Cel. What would you have me sit still, and look upon you like a little Puppy-dog, that's taught to beg with his Fore-leg up?

Enter Florimel.

Flo. *Celadon* the faithful! in good time, Sir——

Cel. In very good time *Florimel*; for Heav'n's sake help me quickly.

Flo. What's the Matter?

Cel. Do you not see! here's a poor Gentlewoman in Swoon! (Swoon away!) I have been rubbing her half Hour, and cannot bring her to her Senses.

Flo. Alas, how came she so?

Cel. Oh barbarous! do you stay to ask Questions, for Charity.

Flo. Help, help, alas poor Lady——

[*Exit Flo.*]

Sab. Is she gone?

Cel. Ay, thanks be to my Wit, that help'd me at Pinch; I thank Heav'n, I never pumpt for a Lie in my Life yet.

Sab. I am afraid you love her, *Celadon*!

Cel. Only as a civil Acquaintance or so; but how to avoid Slander you had best be gone before she comes again.

Sab. I can find a Tongue as well as she——

Cel. Ay, but the Truth is, I am a kind of scandalous Person, and for you to be seen in my Company—— Stay in the Walks, by this Kiss I'll be with you presently——

[*Exit Cel.*]

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Enter Florimel running.

Flo. Help, help, I can find no body.

Cel. 'Tis needless now my Dear, she's recover'd, and me off, but so wan and weakly——

Flo. Umh! I begin to smell a Rat: What was your Business here, *Celadon*?

Cel. Charity, Christian Charity; you saw I was labouring for Life with her.

Flo. But how came you hither? not that I care this——
[Sings.]

Cel. You are jealous, in my Conscience.

Flo. Who, I jealous! then I wish this Sigh may be the
[Sings.]

Cel. But why do you sigh then?

Flo. Nothing but a Cold, I cannot fetch my Breath
ell——But what will you say, if I wrote the Letter
you had, to try your Faith?

Cel. Hey Day! this is just the Devil and the Sinner;
you lay Snares for me, and then punish me for being
then; here's trying a Man's Faith indeed: What, do you
think I had the Faith of a Stock, or of a Stone? Nay,
you go to tantalize a Man——'gad I love upon the
sore, I can endure no tricks to be used to me.

[Olinda and Sabina at the Door peeping.]

Olinda and Sabina. *Celadon! Celadon!*

Flo. What Voices are those?

Cel. Some Camerades of mine that call me to play;—
on 'em they'll spoil all——
[Aside.]

Flo. Pray let's see 'em.

Cel. Hang 'em Tatterdemallions, they are not worth
your Sight; pray, Gentlemen, be gone, I'll be with you
immediately.

Sab. No, we'll stay here for you.

Flo. Do your Gentlemen speak with treble Voices? I
resolv'd to see what company you keep.

Cel. Nay, good my Dear——

*[He lays hold of her to pull her back, she lays hold of
Olinda, by whom Sabina holds; so that he pulling
they all come in.]*

Flo. Are these your Camerades?

[Sings.] 'Tis *Strephon* calls, what would my Love?
 Why do not you roar out like a great Bass-vial, Come
 follow to the *Myrtle-grove*. Pray, Sir, which of these
 fair Ladies is it, for whom you were to do the Courte-
 sie? for it were unconscionable to leave you to 'em both
 what, a Man's but a Man, you know.

Olin. The Gentleman may find an Owner.

Sab. Though not of you.

Flo. Pray agree whose the lost Sheep is, and take him

Cel. 'Slife they'll cry me anon, and tell my Marks.

Flo. Troth I pity your Highness there, I perceive he
 has left you for the little one: Methinks he should have
 been afraid to break his Neck, when he fell so high
 from you to her.

Sab. Well, my drolling Lady, I may be even with
 you——

Flo. Not this ten Years by the growth, yet.

Sab. Can Flesh and Blood endure this!

Flo. How now, my *Amazon in decimo sexto*!

Olin. Do you affront my Sister!——

Flo. Ay, but thou art so tall, I think I shall never
 affront thee——

Sab. Come away Sister, we shall be jeer'd to Death
 else. [Exeunt *Olin*. and *Sab*]

Flo. Why do you look that way? you can't forbear
 leering after the forbidden Fruit——But whene'er
 take a Wencher's word again!——

Cel. A Wencher's word! why should you speak
 contemptibly of the better half of Mankind! I'll stand
 for the Honour of my Vocation.

Flo. You are in no fault I warrant!——'ware
 Busk——

Cel. Not to give a fair Lady the Lie, I am in fault
 ——but otherwise—— Come let us be Friends,
 let me wait on you to your Lodgings.

Flo. This Impudence shall not save you from my
 ble-Book. *Item*, A Month more for this fault——

[They walk to the Door]

1 Sold. *within*. Stand.

2 Sold. Stand, give the Word.

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Cel. Now, what's the meaning of this trow, Guards
at!

1 Sold. Give the word, or you cannot pass; these are
we, Brother; let's in and seize 'em.

The two Soldiers enter.

1 Sold. Down with him.

2 Sold. Disarm him.

Cel. How now Rascals?

[Draws and beats one off, and catches the other.]

Cel. Ask your Life, you Villain.

2 Sold. Quarter, quarter.

Cel. Was ever such an Insolence?

Sold. We did but our Duty; here we were set, to take
Gentleman and Lady, that would steal a Marriage
without the Queen's Consent, and we thought you had
been they. *[Exit Sold.]*

Flo. Your Cousin *Philocles*, and the Princess *Candiope*,
my Life! for I heard the Queen give private Orders
Lysimantes, and name them twice or thrice.

Cel. I know a score or two of Madcaps here hard by,
whom I can pick up from Taverns and Gaming-houses,
and Bordels; those I'll bring to aid him: Now *Florimel*,
there's an Argument for wenching; where would you have
so many honest Men together upon the sudden for a
new Employment?

Flo. You'll leave me then to take my Fortune?

Cel. No; if you will, I'll have you into the Places a-
foresaid, and enter you into good Company.

Flo. Thank you, Sir, here's a Key will let me through
this Back-Door to my own Lodgings.

Cel. If I come off with Life, I'll see you this Even-
ing; if not——Adieu *Florimel*——

Flo. If you come not, I shall conclude you are kill'd,
or taken; to be hang'd for a Rebel to Morrow-morn-
ing——and then I'll Honour your Memory with a Lam-
ent instead of an Epitaph.

Cel. No, no, I trust better in my Fate: I know I am
serv'd to do you a Courtesie. *[Exit Celadon.]*

*[As Florimel is unlocking the Door to go out, Flavia opens
it against her, and enters to her, followed by a Page.]*

Fla. *Florimet*, do you hear the News?

Flo. I guess they are in pursuit of *Philocles*.

Fla. When *Lysimantes* came with the Queen's Orders,
He refused to render up *Candiope*;
And with some few brave Friends he had about him,
Is forcing of his way through all the Guards.

Flo. A gallant Fellow, I'll in, will you with me?
Hark, the Noise comes this way!

Fla. I have a Message from the Queen to *Lysimantes*.
I hope I may be safe among the Soldiers.

Flo. Oh very safe, perhaps some honest Fellow in the
Tumult may take pity of thy Maidenhead, or so—
Adieu.

i Page. The Noise comes nearer, Madam. [*Exit Flo*]

Fla. I am glad on't: This Message gives me the Op-
portunity of speaking privately with *Lysimantes*.

Enter Philocles and Candiope, with three Friends; pursued
by Lysimantes and Soldiers.

Lys. What is it renders you thus obstinate? you have
no hope of flight, and to resist is full as vain.

Phil. I'll die rather than yield her up.

Fla. My Lord!

Lys. How now, some new Message from the Queen
Retire a while to a convenient Distance. [*To the Soldiers*]

[*Lys. and Fla. whisper*]

Lys. O *Flavia* 'tis impossible! the Queen in love with
Philocles!

Fla. I have suspected it before; but now,
My Ears and Eyes are Witnesses—
This Hour I over-heard her to *Asteria*,
Making such sad Complaints of her hard Fate!
For my part I believe you lead him back
But to his Coronation.

Lys. Hell take him first.

Fla. Presently after this she call'd for me,
And bid me run, and with strict Care command you
On Peril of your Life he had no harm:
But, Sir, she spoke it with so great Concernment,
Methought I saw Love, Anger, and Despair
All combating at once upon her Face.

Lys. Tell the Queen—I know not what,
I am distracted so;—

—but go, and leave me to my Thoughts — [Exit Fla.]

As ever such amazing News
Told in so strange and critical a Moment!
What shall I do!

Does she love *Philocles*, who loves not her;
And loves not *Lyssimantes*, who prefers her
Above his Life! what rests, but that I take
This Opportunity, which she her self
Has given me, to kill this happy Rival!
Fare ye well, Soldiers.

Phil. They shall buy me dearly.

Cand. Ah me, unhappy Maid!

Enter Celadon with his Friends, unbutton'd and reeling.

Cel. Courage my noble Cousin, I have brought
A band of Blades, the bravest Youths of *Syracuse*:
Some drunk, some sober, all resolv'd to run
Our Fortune to the utmost. Fall on mad Boys—

Lys. Hold a little;—

I'm not secure of Victory against these desperate Ruffins.

Cel. No, but I'll secure you; they shall cut your Throat
For such another word of 'em. Ruffins quoth a! call
Gamesters, Whore-masters, and Drunkards, Ruffins!

Lys. Pray, Gentlemen, fall back a little—

Cel. O ho, are they Gentlemen now with you!
Speak first to your Gentlemen Soldiers to retire;
And then I'll speak to my Gentlemen Ruffins.

[*Cel. signs to his Party.*

There's your disciplin'd Men now—

[*They sign, and the Soldiers retire on both sides.*

Come, Gentlemen, let's lose no time; while they are
Talking, let's have one merry Main before we die—
For Mortality sake.

1. Agreed, here's my Cloak for a Table.

2. And my Hat for a Box—

[*They lye down and throw.*

Lys. Suppose I kill'd him!

It would but exasperate the Queen the more:

He loves not her, nor knows he she loves him:

A sudden Thought is come into my Head——
 So to contrive it, that this *Philocles*,
 And these his Friends, shall bring to pass that for me
 Which I could never compass——True, I strain
 A point of Honour; but then her Usage to me,——
 It shall be so——

Pray, *Philocles*, command your Soldiers off;
 As I will mine: I've somewhat to propose
 Which you perhaps may like.

Cand. I will not leave him.

Lys. 'Tis my Desire you should not.

Phil. Cousin, lead off your Friends.

Cel. One word in your Ear.—— Couz, let me
 advise you, either make your own Conditions, or never
 agree with him: His Men are poor sober Rogues, they
 can never stand before us.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Lys. Phil. Cand.*]

Lys. Suppose some Friend e're Night,
 Should bring you to possess all you desire;
 And not so only, but secure for ever
 The Nation's Happiness——

Phil. I would think of him,
 As some God or Angel.

Lys. That God or Angel you and I may be to one another
 We have betwixt us
 An hundred Men; the Cittadel you govern:

What were it now to seize the Queen!

Phil. O Impiety! to seize the Queen!

To seize her, said you?

Lys. The word might be too rough, I meant secure her

Phil. Was this your Proposition,
 And had you none to make it to but me?

Lys. Pray hear me out e're you condemn me!
 I would not the least Violence were offer'd
 Her Person; two small Grants is all I ask,
 To make me happy in her self, and you
 In your *Candiopé*.

Cand. And will not you do this, my *Philocles*?

Nay now my Brother speaks but Reason.

Phil. Int'rest makes all seem Reason that leads to it.

Int'rest

Forrest that does the zeal of Sects create,
To purge a Church, and to reform a State.

Lyf. In short, the Queen hath sent to part you two;
What more she means to her, I know not.

Phil. To her! alas! why, will not you protect her?

Lyf. With you I can; but where's my Power alone?

Cand. You know she loves me not: you lately heard her
How she insulted over me: How she

Despis'd that Beauty which you say I have;
See she purposes my Death.

Phil. Why do you fright me with it?

'Tis in your Brother's pow'r to let us 'scape,
And then you run no danger.

Lyf. True, I may;

But then my Head must pay the Forfeit of it.

Phil. O wretched *Philocles*, whither would Love
Hurry thee headlong!

Lyf. Cease these Exclamations.

There's no Danger on your side; 'tis but to
Live without my Sister, resolve that
And you have shot the Gulf.

Phil. To live without her! is that nothing, think you?
The damn'd in Hell endure no greater Pain,
Than seeing Heav'n from far with hopeless Eyes.

Cand. *Candiope* must die, and die for you;
See it not unreveng'd at least.

Phil. Ha! unreveng'd! on whom should I revenge it?
That yet she dies, and I may hinder it;

'Tis I then murder my *Candiope*:

And yet should I take Arms against my Queen!

That favour'd me, rais'd me to what I am!

Alas it must not be.

Lyf. He cools again, ———

[*Aside.*

True, she once favour'd you;

But now I am inform'd

She is besotted on an upstart Wretch

So far, that she intends to make him Master,

Both of her Crown and Person.

Phil. Knows he that!

Then, what I dreaded most, is come to pass. — [*Aside.*

I am convinc'd of the necessity;
 Let us make haste to raze
 That Action from the Annals of her Reign:
 No Motive but her Glory could have wrought me.
 I am a Traytor to her, to preserve her
 From Treason to her self; and yet Heav'n knows
 With what a heavy Heart
Philocles turns Reformer: But have care
 This Fault of her strange Passion take no air.
 Let not the Vulgar blow upon her Fame.

Lys. I will be careful; shall we go, my Lord?

Phil. Time wastes apace; each first prepare his Men.
 Come, my *Candiope*. ————— [Exeunt *Phil.* *Cand.*

Lys. This ruins him for ever with the Queen;
 Th' Odium's half his, the Profit all my own.
 Those who, like me, by others help would climb,
 To make 'em sure, must dip 'em in their Crime.

[Exit *Lys.*

SCENE II. *The Queen's Apartments.*

Enter Queen and Asteria.

Queen. No more News yet from *Philocles*?

Ast. None, Madam, since *Flavia's* return!

Queen. O my *Asteria*, if you lov'd me, sure
 You would say something to me of my *Philocles*!
 I could speak ever of him.

Ast. Madam, you commanded me no more to name
 him to you.

Queen. Then I command you now speak of nothing else
 I charge you here, on your Allegiance, tell me
 What I should do with him.

Ast. When you gave Orders that he should be taken,
 You seem'd resolv'd how to dispose of him.

Queen. Dull *Asteria*, not to know
 Mad People never think the same thing twice:
 Alas! I'm hurried restless up and down:
 I was in Anger once, and then I thought
 I had put into Shore!
 But now a gust of Love blows hard against me,

And bears me off again.

Asf. Shall I sing the Song you made of *Philocles*,
And call'd it *Secret-love*?

Queen. Do, for that's all Kindness: And while thou
sing'st it, I can think nothing but what pleases me.

S O N G.

Feed a Flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my Heart, and yet contents me:
Such a pleasing Smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.

He for whom I grieve, shall never know it,
My Tongue does not betray, nor my Eyes show it,
Not a Sigh nor a Tear my Pain discloses,
Not they fall silently like Dew on Roses.

Thus to prevent my Love from being cruel,
My Heart's the Sacrifice as 'tis the Fuel:
And while I suffer this to give him quiet,
Faith rewards my Love, though he deny it.

His Eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
While I conceal my Love, no Frown can fright me:
The more Happy I dare not aspire;
Nor can I fall more low, mourning no higher.

Queen. Peace: Methinks I hear the Noise
Of clashing Swords and clatt'ring Arms below.

Enter Flavia.

Now; what News, that you press in so rudely?

Fla. Madam, the worst that can be;
Your Guards upon the sudden are surpriz'd,
Slain, some slain, all scatter'd.

Queen. By whom?

Fla. Prince *Lysimantes*, and Lord *Philocles*.

Queen. It cannot be; *Philocles* is a Prisoner.

Fla. What my Eyes saw——

Queen. Pull 'em out; they are false Spectacles.

Ast. O Virtue, impotent and blind as Fortune!
Who would be good, or pious, if this Queen,
Thy great Example, suffers!

Queen. Peace, *Asteria*, accuse not Virtue;
She has but given me a great Occasion
Of showing what I am when Fortune leaves me.

Ast. *Philocles* to do this!

Queen. Ay, *Philocles*, I must confess 'twas hard!
But there's a Fate in Kindness
Still, to be least return'd where most 'tis given.
Where's *Candiope*?

Fla. *Philocles* was whispering to her.

Queen. Hence Screech-owl; call my Guards quickly the
Put 'em apart in several Prisons.
Alas! I had forgot I have no Guards,
But those which are my Jaylors.
Never 'till now unhappy Queen:
The use of Pow'r, 'till lost, is seldom known;
Now I should strike, I find my Thunder gone.

[*Ex. Queen and Fla.*]

Philocles enters, and meets Asteria going out.

Phil. *Asteria*! Where's the Queen?

Ast. Ah my Lord, what have you done!
I came to seek you.

Phil. Is it from her you come?

Ast. No, but on her behalf: Her Heart's too great,
In this low ebb of Fortune, to intreat.

Phil. 'Tis but a short Eclipse,
Which past, a glorious Day will soon ensue:
But I would ask a Favour too from you.

Ast. When Conquerors petition, they Command:
Those that can captive Queens, who can withstand?

Phil. She, with her Happiness, might mine create;
Yet seems indulgent to her own ill Fate:
But she, in secret, hates me sure; for why
If not, should she *Candiope* deny?

Ast. If you dare trust my knowledge of her Mind,
She has no Thoughts of you that are unkind.

Phil. I could my Sorrows with some Patience bear
Did they proceed from any one but her:

from the Queen! whose Person I adore,
Duty much, by Inclination more.

Alf. He is inclin'd already, did he know

That she lov'd him, how would his Passion grow!

[*Aside.*]

Phil. That her fair Hand with Destiny combines;
She ne'er strikes deep, but when Unkindness joins!

To confess the Secret of my Mind,
Something so tender for the Queen I find,

That ev'n *Candiope* can scarce remove,

Were she lower, I should call it Love.

Alf. She charg'd me not this Secret to betray,

I best serve her if I disobey.

If he loves, 'twas for her Int'rest done;

Not, he'll keep it secret for his own.

[*Aside.*]

Phil. Why are you in obliging me so slow?

Alf. The things of great Importance you would know;

You must first swear Secrecie to all.

Phil. I swear.

Alf. Yet hold; your Oath's too general:

Near that *Candiope* shall never know.

Phil. I swear.

Alf. No not the Queen her self.

Phil. I vow.

Alf. You wonder why I am so cautious grown

Telling what concerns your self alone:

Spare my Vow, and guess what it may be

That makes the Queen deny *Candiope*:

Neither Hate nor Pride that moves her Mind;

Thinks the Riddle is not hard to find.

Phil. You seem so great a Wonder to intend,

As were, in me, a Crime to apprehend.

Alf. 'Tis not a Crime to know; but would be one

To prove ungrateful when your Duty's known.

Phil. Why would you thus my easie Faith abuse!

I cannot think the Queen so ill would chuse.

Stay, now your Imposture will appear;

Has her self confess'd she lov'd elsewhere:

Some ignoble Choice has plac'd her Heart,

Who wants Quality, and more, Desert.

Alf.

As. This, tho' unjust, you have most right to say.
For, if you'll rail against your self, you may.

Phil. Dull that I was!

A thousand things now crowd my Memory
That make me know it could be none but I.
Her Rage was Love: And its tempestuous Flame,
Like Lightning, show'd the Heav'n from whence it came.
But in her Kindness my own Shame I see;
Have I dethron'd her then, for loving me?
I hate my self for that which I have done,
Much more, discover'd, than I did unknown.
How does she brook her strange Imprisonment?

As. As great Souls should, that make their own Condition
The hardest term, she for your Act could find
Was only this, O *Philocles*, unkind!

Then, setting free a Sigh, from her fair Eyes
She wip'd two Pearls, the remnant of wild Show'rs,
Which hung like Drops upon the Bells of Flow'rs:
And thank'd the Heav'ns,
Which better did, what she design'd, pursue,
Without her Crime to give her Pow'r to you.

Phil. Hold, hold, you set my Thoughts so near a Crown
They mount above my reach to pull them down:
Here Constancy, Ambition there does move;
On each side Beauty, and on both sides Love.

As. Methinks the least you can, is to receive
This Love with reverence, and your former leave.

Phil. Think but what Difficulties come between!

As. 'Tis wond'rous difficult to love a Queen.

Phil. For pity cease more Reasons to provide,
I am but too much yielding to your side;
And, were my Heart but at my own dispose,
I should not make a scruple to chuse.

As. Then if the Queen will my Advice approve,
Her Hatred to you shall expel her Love.

Phil. Not to be lov'd by her, as hard would be
As to be hated by *Candiope*.

As. I leave you to resolve while you have time;
You must be guilty, but may chuse your Crime.

[Exit *As.*]

One thing I have resolv'd; and that I'll do
for my Love, and for my Honour too.
then, (Ingratitude and Falshood weigh'd)
now not which would most my Soul upbraid.
shoves me headlong down a rugged Way;
to run, and yet too steep to stay. [Exit Phil.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE the Court.

Florimel in Man's Habit.

Will be rare now, if I can go through with it, to out-
do this mad *Celadon* in all his Tricks, and get both
Mistresses from him; then I shall Revenge my self
all three, and save my own Stake into the Bargain;
find I do love the Rogue in spite of all his Infide-

Yonder they are, and this way they must come—
poathes, and a *bon mien* will take 'em, I shall do't.—
you Monsieur *Florimel*; Faith methinks you are a
witty Fellow *poudré & ajusté* as well as the best of
I can manage the little Comb—set my Hat,
my Garniture, toss about my empty Noddle, walk
a courant Slur, and at every Step peck down my
—If I should be mistaken for some Courtier
pray where's the Difference?

Enter to her, *Celadon, Olinda, and Sabina,*

Never mince the Matter!

You have left your Heart behind with *Florimel*;
now it.

You know you wrong me; when I am with
Florimel, 'tis still your Prisoner, it only draws a longer
after it.

Is it e'en so! then farewell poor *Florimel*, thy
head is condemn'd to die with thee—

Cel.

Cel. But let's leave this Discourse; 'tis all digress that does not speak of your Beauties——

Flo. Now for me in the Name of Impudence!——
[Walks with them.] They are the greatest Beauties I confess that ever I beheld——

Cel. How now, what's the meaning of this your Fellow?

Flo. And therefore I cannot wonder that this Gentleman, who has the Honour to be known to you, should admire you——since I, that am a Stranger——

Cel. And a very Impudent one, as I take it, Sir——

Flo. Am so extremely surpriz'd, that I admire, I am wounded, and am dying all in a Moment.

Cel. I have seen him somewhere, but where I know not! ——Prithee my Friend leave us, dost thou think we do not know our Way in Court?

Flo. I pretend not to instruct you in your Way; I see I do not go before you! but you cannot possibly refuse me the Happiness to wait upon these Ladies;——me, who——

Cel. Thee, who shalt be beaten most unmercifully if thou dost follow them!

Flo. You will not draw in Court, I hope!

Cel. Pox on him, let's walk away faster, and be rid of him——

Flo. O take no care for me, Sir, you shall not lose me, I'll rather mend my Pace, than not wait on you.

Olin. I begin to like this Fellow——

Cel. You make very bold here in my Seraglio, and shall find a time to tell you so, Sir.

Flo. When you find a Time to tell me on't, I shall find a Time to answer you: But pray what do you find in your self so extraordinary, that you should serve the Ladies better than I; let me know what 'tis you value your self upon, and let them judge betwixt us.

Cel. I am somewhat more a Man than you.

Flo. That is, you are so much older than I: Do you like a Man ever the better for his Age, Ladies?

Sab. Well said, young Gentleman.

Pish, thee! a young raw Creature, thou hast ne'er
under the Barber's Hands yet.

No, nor under the Surgeon's neither, as you have

'Slife what wouldst thou be at? I am madder than
art.

The Devil you are; I'll Tope with you, I'll Sing
you, I'll Dance with you——I'll Swagger with

I'll Fight with you.

Out upon fighting; 'tis grown so common a
on, that a modish Man contemns it; a Man of
iture and Feather is above the Dispensation of the
rd.

Uds my Life, here's the Queen's Musick just go-
o us; you shall decide your Quarrel by a Dance.

Who stops the Fiddles?

Base and Treble, by your Leaves, we arrest you
ese Ladies suits.

Come on, Sirs, play me a Jigg, you shall see how
affle him.

DANCE.

Your Judgement, Ladies.

You, Sir; you, Sir: This is the rarest Gentle-
: I could live and die with him——

Lord how he sweats! please you, Sir, to make
of my Handkerchief?

You and I are merry, and just of an Humour,
therefore we two should Love one another.

And you and I are just of an Age, Sir, and there-
methinks, we should not Hate one another.

Then I perceive, Ladies, I am a Castaway, a Re-
ate with you: Why, Faith, this is hard Luck now,
I should be no less than one whole Hour in getting
Affections, and now must lose 'em in a Quarter

No matter, let him rail; does the Loss afflict
Sir?

Cel.

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Cel. No, in Faith, does it not; for if you had not taken me, I had you: So the Willows may flourish, any Branches I shall rob 'em of.

Sab. However, we have the Advantage to have you; not you us——

Cel. That's only a certain nimbleness in Nature, Women have to be first Unconstant: But if you had made the more haste, the Wind was veering too to my Weathercock: The best on't is, *Florimel* is worth both of you.

Flo. 'Tis like she'll accept of their Leavings.

Cel. She will accept on't, and she shall accept on't: think I know more than you of her Mind, Sir.

Enter Melissa.

Mel. Daughters, there's a poor Collation within, waits for you.

Flo. Will you walk, musty Sir?

Cel. No, marry Sir, I wo't not; I have surfeited that old Woman's Face already.

Flo. Begin some Frolick then; what will you do to her?

Cel. Faith, I am no Dog to show Tricks for her: cannot come aloft for an old Woman.

Flo. Dare you kiss her!

Cel. I was never dar'd by any Man—— by your Leave, old Madam—— [*He plucks off her*

Mel. Help, help, do you discover my Nakedness?

Cel. Peace, Tiffany! no harm, [*He puts on the Ruff*]
Now, Sir, here's *Florimel's* Health to you—— [*Kisses*

Mel. Away, Sir:—— A sweet young Man as you are to abuse the Gift of Nature so.

Cel. Good Mother, do not commend me so; I have no Flesh and Blood, and you do not know what you do pluck upon that reverend Person of yours——
Come on, follow your Leader.

[*Gives Florimel the Ruff, she puts it on*]

Flo. Stand fair, Mother——

Cel. What, with your Hat on? lye thou there; and thou too——

[*Plucks off her Hat and Perruke, and discovers Florimel's*

Florimel!

My kind Mistresses, how sorry I am I can do no further Service! I think I had best resign you to you, to make amends for me.

Lord, what a Misfortune it was, Ladies, that the man could not hold forth to you.

We have lost *Celadon* too.

Come away; this is past enduring.

[*Exeunt Mel. and Olin.*]

Well, if ever I believe a Man to be a Man for sake of a Perruke and Feather again——

Come, *Celadon*, shall we make accounts even?

what a Hanging-look was there! Indeed, if you been recreant to your Mistress, or had forsworn Love, that Sinner's Face had been but decent; but the Virtuous, the Innocent, the constant *Celadon*!

This is not very Heroick in you now, to insult a Man in his Misfortunes; but take heed, you have sold me of my two Mistresses; I shall grow desperate, Constant, and all the Tempest of my Love will upon your Head: I shall so pay you——

Who, you pay me! you are a Bankrupt, cast beyond all possibility of Recovery.

If I am a Bankrupt, I'll be a very honest one; I cannot pay my Debts, at least I'll give you up possession of my Body.

No, I'll deal better with you; since you are unable to pay, I'll give in your Bond.

Philocles with a Commander's Staff in his Hand, attended.

Cousin, I am sorry I must take you from your company about an earnest Business.

There needs no Excuse, my Lord, we had dispatched our Affairs, and were just parting.

Will you be going, Sir, sweet Sir, damn'd Sir, I but one Word more to say to you.

As I am a Man of Honour, I'll wait on you some time——

By these Breeches——

Fl.

Flo. Which, if I marry you, I am resolv'd to put that into our Bargain, and so adieu, Sir. [Exit]

Phil. Hark you, Cousin— [They exit]

You'll see it exactly executed; I rely upon you.

Cel. I shall not fail, my Lord; may the Conclusion it prove happy to you. [Exit]

Philocles solus.

Where-e'er I cast about my wandering Eyes,
Greatness lies ready in some Shape to tempt me.
The Royal Furniture in every Room,
The Guards, and the huge waving Crowds of People
All waiting for a sight of that fair Queen,
Who makes a present of her Love to me:
Now tell me Stoick!

If all these with a Wish might be made thine,
Would'st thou not truck thy ragged Virtue for 'em?
If Glory was a Bait that Angels swallow'd,
How then should Souls allay'd to Sense resist it!

Enter Candiope.

Ah poor *Candiope*! I pity her,

But that is all.——

Cand. O my dear *Philocles*!
A thousand Blessings wait on thee!
The hope of being thine, I think, will put
Me past my Meat and Sleep with Ecstasie,
So I shall keep the Fasts of Seraphims,
And wake for joy like Nightingales in May.

Phil. Wake *Philocles*, wake from thy Dream of Gold
'Tis all but shadow to *Candiope*:

Canst thou betray a Love so innocent! [4]

Cand. What makes you melancholick? I doubt
I have displeas'd you.

Phil. No, my Love, I am not displeas'd with you,
But with my self, when I consider
How little I deserve you.

Cand. Say not so, my *Philocles*; a Love so true as
That would have left a Court, and a Queen's Favour
To live in a poor Hermitage with me.——

Phil. Ha! she has stung me to the Quick!
As if she knew the Falshood I intended:

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I thank Heav'n, it has recall'd my Virtue;— [*Aside.*

My Dear, I love you, and you only; [*To her.*

And, I have some Business for a while;

I think Minutes Ages 'till we meet.

And. I knew you had; but yet I could not chuse

to come and look upon you. [*Exit Candiope.*

Phil. What barbarous Man would wrong so sweet a
Virtue!

Enter the Queen in black with Asteria.

Madam, the States are straight to meet; but why

these dark Ornaments will you be seen?

Queen. They fit the Fortune of a captive Queen.

Phil. Deep Shades are thus to heighten Colours set;

Stars in Night, and Diamonds shine in Jet.

Queen. True Friends should so in dark Afflictions shine,

I have no great Cause to boast of mine.

Phil. You may have too much Prejudice for some,

think 'em false before their Tryals come.

Madam, what determine you to do?

Queen. I came not here to be advis'd by you:

I charge you, by that Pow'r which once you own'd,

which is still my Right, ev'n when unthron'd;

that whatsoe'er the States resolve of me,

you never more think of *Candiope*.

Phil. Not think of her! ah, how should I obey!

tyrant Eyes have forc'd my Heart away.

Queen. By Force retake it from those tyrant Eyes,

grant you out my Letters of Reprize.

Phil. She has, too well, prevented that Design,

giving me her Heart in change for mine.

Queen. Thus foolish *Indians* Gold for Glass forego,

was to your loss you priz'd your Heart so low.

at its Value when you were advanc'd,

as my Favours grew, its rate increas'd.

Phil. The rate of Subjects Hearts by yours must go,

Love in yours has set the Value low.

Queen. I stand corrected, and my self reprove,

teach me to repent my low-plac'd Love:

tear me this Passion from my Heart to tear,

now rail on him, and I will sit and hear.

Phil.

Phil. Madam, like you, I have repented too,
And dare not rail on one I do not know.

Queen. This, *Philocles*, like strange Perverseness shew
As if whate'er I said, you would oppose;
How come you thus concern'd for this unknown?

Phil. I only judge his Actions by my own.

Queen. I've heard too much, and you too much have
O Heav'n's, the Secret of my Soul's betray'd!
He knows my Love, I read it in his Face,
And Blushes, conscious of his Queen's Disgrace.—[*L*
Hence quickly, hence, or I shall die with Shame.

Phil. Now I love both, and both with equal Flame
Wretched I came, more wretched I retire:
When two Winds blow it, who can quench the fire!

Queen. O my *Asteria*, I know not whom to accuse
But either my own Eyes or you, have told
My Love to *Philocles*.

Ast. Is't possible that he should know it, Madam!

Queen. Methinks you ask'd that Question guiltily.

[*Lays her Hand on Asteria's Shoulder*
Confess, for I will know, what was the Subject
Of your long Discourse, i'th' Antichamber with him.

Ast. It was Business to convince him, Madam,
How ill he did, being so much oblig'd,
To join in your Imprisonment,

Queen. Nay, now I am confirm'd my Thought was true
For you could give him no such Reason
Of his Obligements, as my Love.

Ast. Because I saw him much a Malecontent,
I thought to win him to your Interest, Madam,
By telling him it was no want of Kindness
Made your refusal of *Candiope*.
And he, perhaps——

Queen. What of him now?

Ast. As Men are apt, interpreted my Words
To all th' advantage he could wrest the Sense,
As if I meant you lov'd him.

Queen. Have I deposited within thy Breast
Dearest Treasure of my Life, my Glory;
Hast thou thus betray'd me!

Why do I accuse thy Female Weakness,
Not my own, for trusting thee!

Happy Queen, *Philocles* knows thy Fondness,
Needs must think it done by thy Command.

Dear Madam, think not so.

Queen. Peace, peace, thou should'st for ever hold thy
Tongue:

It has spoke too much for all thy Life.—— [To her.

Philocles has told *Candiopé*,

Courts her Kindness with his Scorn of me.

Whither am I fallen!

I must rouse my self, and give a stop

To these Ills by headlong Passion caus'd.

Starts resolv'd weak Love is put to flight,

Only Conquers when we dare not Fight.

We indulge our Harms, and while he gains

An Entrance, please our selves into our Pains.

Enter *Lyfimantes*.

Prince *Lyfimantes*, Madam!——

Queen. Come near, you poor deluded Criminal;

How Ambition cheats you:

You thought to find a Prisoner here,

You behold a Queen.

And may you long be so; 'Tis true, this Act

Causes some Wonder in your Majesty.

Queen. None, Cousin, none; I ever thought you

Wicked, proud, designing.

Yet all my Pride, Designs, and my Ambition

Are taught me by a Master

Whom you are not unacquainted, Madam.

Queen. Explain your self; dark Purposes, like yours,

Need an Interpretation.

'Tis Love I mean.

Queen. Have my low Fortunes giv'n thee

Insolence, to name it to thy Queen?

Yet you have heard Love nam'd without Offence.

Which below you as you think my Passion,

I can look down on yours.—

Queen. Does he know it too!

'This is th' extreamest Malice of my Stars!—

Lys. You see, that Princes Faults
(Howe'er they think 'em safe from publick View)
Fly out thro' the dark Crannies of their Closets:
We know what the Sun does,
Ev'n when we see him not, in t'other World.

Queen. My Actions, Cousin, never fear'd the Light

Lys. Produce him then, your Darling of the Dark,
For such an one you have.

Queen. I know no such.

Lys. You know, but will not own him.

Queen. Rebels ne'er want Pretence to blacken King
And this, it seems, is yours: Do you produce him,
Or ne'er hereafter sully my Renown
With this Asperision:—Sure he dares not name him—

Lys. I am too tender of your Fame; or else—
Nor are things brought to that Extremity:
Provided you accept my Passion,
I'll gladly yield to think I was deceiv'd.

Queen. Keep in your Error still; I will not buy
Your good Opinion at so dear a rate,
And my own Misery, by being yours.

Lys. Do not provoke my Patience by such Scorn
For fear I break through all, and name him to you.

Queen. Hope not to fright me with your mighty Love
Know I dare stem that Tempest in your Brow,
And dash it back upon you.

Lys. Spight of Prudence it will out: 'Tis *Philocles*
Now judge, when I was made a Property
To cheat my self, by making him your Prisoner,
Whether I had not right to take up Arms?

Queen. Poor envious Wretch!
Was this the Venome that swell'd up thy Breast?
My Grace to *Philocles* mis-deem'd my Love!

Lys. 'Tis true, the Gentleman is innocent;
He ne'er sinn'd up so high, not in his Wishes;
You know he loves elsewhere.

Queen. You mean your Sister.

7. I wish some Sibyl now would tell me
you refus'd her to him?

Queen. Perhaps I did not think him worthy of her.

7. Did you not think him too worthy, Madam?

is too thin a Vail to hide your Passion;

rove you love him not, yet give her him.

I'll engage my Honour to lay down my Arms.

Queen. He is arriv'd where I would wish— [Aside.

in the Company, and you shall see what I will do.—

Who waits without there?—— [Exit Lyf.

Queen. Now hold, my Heart, for this one Act of Honour,

I will never ask more Courage of thee:

more I have the means to reinstate my self into
my Glory;

my Love to *Philocles* within me

back, and pull back my Heart from this hard tryal,

it must be, when Glory says it must,

As Children wading from some River's Bank

First try the Water with their tender Feet;

Then shuddring up with cold, step back again,

And streight a little further venture on,

Until the last they plunge into the Deep,

And pass at once, what they were doubting long:

make the same Experiment; it shall be done in haste,

For I'll put it past my Pow'r t'undo.

at one Door *Lyfimantes*, at the other *Philocles*, *Cela-*

, *Candiope*, *Florimel*, *Flavia*, *Olinda*, *Sabina*; the

Deputies and Soldiers.

In Arms! is all well, *Philocles*?

No, but it shall be.

Queen. He comes, and with him

Heaven of my Love returns to shake me.

Love is not banish'd from my Soul,

still there, but is chain'd up by Glory.

You've made a noble Conquest, Madam.

Queen. Come hither, *Philocles*: I am first to tell you,

my Cousin are agreed, he has

to lay down Arms.

Phil. 'Tis well for him he has; for all his Party
By my Command already are surpriz'd,
While I was talking with your Majesty.

Cel. Yes 'faith I have done him that Courtesie,
brought his Followers, under pretence of guarding it,
a straight place, where they are all coupt up without
of their Arms, and may be pelted to death by the
Infantry o'er the Town.

Queen. 'Twas more than I expected, or could hope,
Yet still I thought your Meaning honest.

Phil. My Fault was Rashness, but 'twas full of Zeal
Nor had I e'er been led to that Attempt,
Had I not seen it would be done without me:
But by compliance I preserv'd the Pow'r
Which I have since made use of for your Service.

Queen. And which I purpose so to Recompence—

Lys. With her Crown she means; I knew 'twas
come to't. [4]

Phil. O Heav'n's, she'll own her Love!
Then I must lose *Candiope* for ever,
And floating in a vast Abyss of Glory,
Seek and not find my self!—

Queen. Take your *Candiope*; and be as happy
As Love can make you both:—How pleas'd I
That I can force my Tongue
To speak Words so far distant from my Heart!—[4]

Cand. My Happiness is more than I can utter!

Lys. Methinks I could do Violence on my self,
taking Arms

Against a Queen so good, so bountiful:
Give me leave, Madam, in my Ecstasie
Of Joy, to give you Thanks for *Philocles*.
You have preserv'd my Friend, and now he owes me
His Fortunes only to your Favour; but
What's more, his Life, and more than that, his Love
I am convinc'd, she never lov'd him now;
Since by her free Consent, all Force remov'd
She gives him to my Sister.

Flavia was an Impostor, and deceiv'd me. —

Phil. As for me, Madam, I can only say

I beg respite for my Thanks; for on a sudden,
Benefit's so great, it overwhelms me.

Ast. Mark but the Faintness of th' Acknowledgement.

[To the Queen, aside.

Queen to Ast.] I have observ'd it with you, and am pleas'd

seems not satisfy'd; for I still wish

that he may love me.

Phil. I see *Asteria* deluded me

with flattering hopes of the Queen's Love,

only to draw me off from *Lysimantes*: —————

I will think no more on't.

I am going to possess *Candiope*,

I am ravish'd with the Joy on't! ha!

Not ravish'd neither.

What can be more charming than that Queen!

How bold how Night sits lovely on her Eye-brows,

While Day breaks from her Eyes! then a Crown too:

Lost, for ever lost; and now 'tis gone,

How beautiful. —————

[Aside.

Ast. How he eyes you still —————

[To the Queen.

Phil. Sure I had one of the fallen Angel's Dreams;

Alas! Heav'n within this Hour was mine! —————

[Aside.

Cand. What is it that disturbs you, Dear?

Phil. Only the greatness of my Joy:

I am ta'en too strong a Cordial, Love,

I cannot yet digest it.

Queen. 'Tis done! [Clapping her Hand on *Asteria*.

This Pang more, and then a glorious Birth.

The Tumults of this Day, my Loyal Subjects,

Have settled in my Heart a Resolution,

Happy for you, and glorious too for me.

For my Cousin, tho' attempting on my Person,

Has incur'd the danger of the Laws,

I will not punish him.

But You bind me ever to my Loyalty.

Queen. Then that I may oblige you more to it,

I declare you rightful Successor,

Heir immediate to my Crown:

This, Gentlemen——— [To the Deputies]

I hope will still my Subjects Discontents,
When they behold Succession firmly settled.

Dep. Heav'n preserve your Majesty.

Queen. As for my self, I have resolv'd
Still to continue as I am, unmarried:
The Cares, Observances, and all the Duties
Which I should pay an Husband, I will place
Upon my People; and our mutual Love
Shall make a Blessing more than Conjugal.
And this the States shall ratifie.

Lys. Heav'n bear me Witness, that I take no joy
In the Succession of a Crown
Which must descend to me so sad a way.

Queen. Cousin, no more; my Resolution's past,
Which Fate shall never alter.

Phil. Then I am once more Happy:
For since none must possess her, I am pleas'd
With my own Choice, and will desire no more.
For multiplying Wishes is a Curse
That keeps the Mind still painfully awake.

Queen. Celadon,
Your Care and Loyalty have this Day oblig'd me!
But how to be acknowledging I know not,
Unless you give the Means.

Cel. I was in hope your Majesty had forgot
therefore if you please, Madam, I'll only beg a Peace
for having taken up Arms once to Day against you;
I have a foolish Kind of Conscience, which I wish
ny of your Subjects had, that will not let me ask a
compence for my Loyalty, when I know I have been
Rebel.

Queen. Your Modesty shall not serve the Turn;
something.

Cel. Then I beg, Madam, you will command Flo
never to be Friends with me.

Flo. Ask again; I grant that without the Queen:
why are you afraid on't?

Cel. Because I am sure as soon as ever you are,
marry me.

- Do you fear it?
- No, 'twill come with a Fear.
- If you do, I will not stick with you for an Oath.
- I require no Oath till we come to Church; and after the Priest, I hope, for I find it will be my Duty to marry thee.
- If ever I say word after the black Gentleman for the *Celador*—
- Then, I hope, you'll give me leave to bestow a faithful Heart elsewhere.
- Ay, but if you would have one, you must bespeak it, for I am sure you have none ready made.
- What say you, shall I marry *Flavia*?
- No, she'll be too cunning for you.
- What say you to *Olinda* then? she's tall, and fair, and bonny.
- And foolish, and apish, and fickle.
- But *Sabina* there's pretty, and young, and loving, and innocent.
- And dwarfish, and childish, and fond, and flip-sant. If you marry her Sister, you will get May-poles, and if you marry her, you will get Fairies to dance about them.
- Nay, then the case is clear, *Florimel*; if you take all from me, 'tis because you reserve me for yourself.
- But this Marriage is such a Bugbear to me; much to be if we could invent but any way to make it pass.
- Some foolish People have made it uneasy; by tying the Knot faster than they need; but we that are wise will loosen it a little.
- 'Tis true indeed, there's some difference betwixt a Wife and a Halter.
- As for the first Year, according to the laudable custom of new married People, we shall follow one another up into Chambers, and down into Gardens, and so we shall never have enough of one another—'tis pleasant enough, I hope.

Flo. But after that, when we begin to live like Band and Wife, and never come near one another—what then, Sir?

Cel. Why, then our only Happiness must be to have one Mind, and one Will, *Florimel*.

Flo. One Mind if thou wilt, but prithee let us have two Wills; for I find one will be little enough for me alone; but how, if those Wills should meet and clash? *Celadon?*

Cel. I warrant thee for that: Husbands and Wives keep their Wills far enough asunder for ever meeting. One thing let us be sure to agree on, that is, never to be jealous.

Flo. No; but e'en love one another as long as we can; and confess the Truth when we can love no longer.

Cel. When I have been at play, you shall never ask me what Mony I have lost.

Flo. When I have been abroad, you shall never enquire who treated me.

Cel. Item, I will have the Liberty to sleep all Night without your interrupting my Repose for any evil sign whatsoever.

Flo. Item, Then you shall bid me good Night before you sleep.

Cel. Provided always, that whatever Liberties we have with other People, we continue very honest to one another.

Flo. As far as will consist with a pleasant Life.

Cel. Lastly, whereas the Names of Husband and Wife hold forth nothing, but clashing and cloying, and heaviness and faintness in their Signification; they shall be abolish'd for ever betwixt us.

Flo. And instead of these, we will be married by more agreeable Names of Mistress and Gallant.

Cel. None of my Privileges to be infring'd by *Florimel*, under the Penalty of a Month of Fast Nights.

Flo. None of my Privileges to be infring'd by *Celadon*, under the Penalty of Cuckoldom.

Cel. Well, if it be my Fortune to be made a Cuckold,
I had rather thou shouldst make me one than any one in
the world: And for my Comfort, I shall have thee oftner
than any of thy Servants.

Flo. La ye now, is not such a Marriage as good as
winning, *Celadon*?

Cel. This is very good, but not so good, *Florimel*.

Queen. Now set me forward to th' Assembly.

Do you promise, Cousin, your Consent?

Lys. But most unwillingly.

Queen. *Philocles*, I must beg your Voice too.

Phil. Most joyfully I give it.

Lys. Madam, but one Word more; —————

Since you are so resolv'd,

That you may see, bold as my Passion was,

I was only for your Person, not your Crown;

I wear no second Love

Shall violate the Flame I had for you,

But in strict Imitation of your Oath

I live a single Life.

Queen. Now, my *Asteria*, my Joys are full;

[To *Asteria*,

The Pow'rs above, that see

The innocent Love I bear to *Philocles*,

Have giv'n its due Reward; for by this means

The Right of *Lysimantes* will devolve

Upon *Candiope*; and I shall have

This great Content, to think, when I am dead

My Crown may fall on *Philocles* his Head. [Exeunt omnes.





EPILOGUE

Written by a Person of Honour.

OUR Poet, something doubtful of his Fate,
Made choise of me to be his Advocate,
Relying on my Knowledge in the Laws,
And I as boldly undertook the Cause.
I left my Client yonder in a Rant
Against the Envious, and the Ignorant,
Who are, he says, his only Enemies:
But he contemns their Malice, and defies
The sharpest of his Censurers to say
Where there is one gross Fault in all his Play.
The Language is so fitted for each Part,
The Plot according to the Rules of Art;
And twenty other things he bid me tell you,
But I cry'd, e'en go do't your self for Nelly.
Reason with Judges, urg'd in the Defence
Of those they would condemn, is Insolence;
I therefore wave the Merits of his Play,
And think it fit to plead this safer way.
If when too many in the Purchase share,
Robbing's not worth the Danger nor the Care;
The Men of Business must in Policy,
Cherish a little harmless Poetry,
All Wit would else grow up to Knavery.
Wit is a Bird of Musick, or of Prey,
Mourning she strikes at all things in her Way.

EPILOGUE.

his Birdlime once but touch her Wings,
next Bush she sits her down, and sings.
but one Word more; tell me, I pray,
you will get by damming of our Play?
Fanatick, who does not Recant,
by his Brethren call'd a suff'ring Saint;
and by your Hands shou'd this poor Poet die
for he does renounce his Poetry,
Death must needs confirm the Party more
all his scribbling Life could do before:
how much Zeal does in a Sect appear,
to no purpose, 'faith, to be severe.
Every Day I heard this rhiming Fop
Cricks were the Whips, and he the Top;
as a Top spins more, the more you baste her,
every lash you give, he writes the faster.



Si

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Hi

Sir Martin Mar-all;

OR, THE

Feign'd Innocence.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it was Acted at

HIS HIGHNESS the DUKE of
YORK'S THEATER.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

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PROLOGUE.

FOOLS, which each Man meets in his Dish each Day,
Are yet the great Regalio's of a Play;
In which to Poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest which cost them so dear:
Tops in the Town more easily will pass;
The Story makes a statutable Ass:
But such in Plays must be much thicker sown,
Like Folks of Eggs, a dozen beat to one:
When Poets all their Walks invade,
We then watch Woodcocks gliding through a Glade:
And when they have enough for Comedy,
They show their several Bodies in a Pye:
The Poet's but the Cook to fashion it,
Or Gallants, you your selves have found the Wit.
And you welcome would your Bounty wrong,
To welcome those who bring their Chear along.

Dramatis.

Dramatis Personæ

M E N.

Lord *Dartmouth*, in love with Mrs. *Christian*.

Mr. *Moody*, the Swash-buckler.

Sir *Martin Mar-all*, a Fool.

Warner, his Man.

Sir *John Swallow*, a *Kentish* Knight.

W O M E N.

Lady *Dupe*, the old Lady.

Mrs. *Christian*, her young Neice.

Mrs. *Millisent*, the Swash-buckler's Daughter.

Rose, her Maid.

Mrs. *Preparation*, Woman to the old Lady.

Other Servants, Men and Women, a Carrier
Bayliffs.

The SCENE *Covent-Garden*.



Sir Martin Mar-all.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Warner solus.



HERE the Devil is this Master of mine :
he is ever out of the way when he should
do himself good. This 'tis to serve a
Coxcomb, one that has no more Brains
than just those I carry for him. Well !
of all Fops commend me to him for the
greatest ; he's so opinion'd of his own A-

ilities, that he is ever designing somewhat, and yet he
shows his Stratagems so shallow, that every Daw can
pick 'em up : From a plotting Fool, the Lord deliver me.
Here he comes, O ! it seems his Cousin's with him, then
it is not so bad as I imagin'd.

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all, and Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. I think 'twas well contriv'd for your Access,
to lodge her in the same House with you.

Sir Mart. 'Tis pretty well, I must confess.

Warn. Had he plotted it himself, it had been admira-
ble.

[*Aside.*

L. Dupe. For when her Father Moody writ to me to
take him Lodgings, I so order'd it, the Choice seem'd
his, not mine.

Sir

Sir Mart. I have hit of a thing my self sometimes when wiser Heads have miss'd it——But that might be meer luck.

L. Dupe. Fortune does more than Wisdom.

Sir Mart. Nay, for that you shall excuse me; I will not value any Man's Fortune at a Rush, except he have Wit and Parts to bear him out. But when do you expect 'em?

L. Dupe. This Tide will bring them from *Grave-sent*. You had best let your Man go as from me, and wait them at the Stairs in *Durham-yard*.

Sir Mart. Lord, Cousin, what a do is here with your Counsel! as though I could not have thought of that my self. I could find in my Heart not to send him now——stay a little——I could soon find out some other way.

Warn. A Minute's Stay may lose your Business.

Sir Mart. Well, go then——but you must grant, if he had staid, I could have found a better way——you must grant it.

L. Dupe. For once I will not stand with you. [*Exit Warner.*] 'Tis a sweet Gentlewoman this *Mrs. Millington*, if you can get her.

Sir Mart. Let me alone for plotting.

L. Dupe. But by your Favour, Sir, 'tis not so easie, her Father has already promis'd her: And the young Gentleman comes up with 'em: I partly know the Man——but the old Squire is humoursome, he's Stout, and plain in Speech, and in Behaviour; He loves none of the fine Town-tricks of Breeding, but stands up for the old Elizabeth way in all things. This we must work upon.

Sir Mart. Sure you think you have to deal with a Fool, Cousin?

Enter Mrs. Christian.

L. Dupe. O my dear Neice, I have some Business with you. [*Whisper*]

Sir Mart. Well, Madam, I'll take one turn here i'th' *Piazza's*; a thousand things are hammering in this Head; 'tis a fruitful Noddle, though I say it. [*Exit Sir Mart.*]

L. Dupe. Go thy ways for a most conceited Fool——But to our Business, Cousin: You are young, but I am old.

and have had all the Love-experience that a discreet
dy ought to have; and therefore let me instruct you
out the Love, this rich Lord makes to you.

Chr. You know, Madam, he's marry'd, so that we
cannot work upon that Ground of Matrimony.

L. Dupe. But there are Advantages enough for you, if
you will be wise and follow my Advice.

Chr. Madam, my Friends left me to your Care, there-
fore I will wholly follow your Counsel with Secrefie
and Obedience.

L. Dupe. Sweet-heart, it shall be the better for you a-
nother day: Well then, this Lord that pretends to you is
fifty and false, as most Men are, especially in Love;—
therefore we must be subtle to meet with all his Plots,
and have Countermines against his Works to blow him

Chr. As how, Madam?

L. Dupe. Why, Girl, he'll make fierce Love to you, but
you must not suffer him to ruffle you, or steal a Kiss:
that you must weep and sigh, and say you'll tell me on't,
and that you will not be us'd so, and play the Innocent
like a Child, and seem ignorant of all.

Chr. I warrant you I'll be very ignorant, Madam.

L. Dupe. And be sure when he has tows'd you, not to
appear at Supper that Night, that you may fright him.

Chr. No, Madam.

L. Dupe. That he may think you have told me.

Chr. Ay, Madam.

L. Dupe. And keep your Chamber, and say your Head
aches.

Chr. O, most extreamly, Madam.

L. Dupe. And lock the Door, and admit of no Night-
visits: At Supper I'll ask where's my Cousin, and being
asked you are not well, I'll start from the Table to visit
you, desiring his Lordship not to incommode himself;
and I will presently wait on him again.

Chr. But how, when you are return'd, Madam?

L. Dupe. Then somewhat discompos'd, I'll say, I doubt
the Meazles or Small-pox will seize on you, and then
the Girl is spoil'd; saying, Poor thing, her Portion is
her

her Beauty and her Virtue; and often send to see how you do, by Whispers in my Servant's Ears, and have the Whispers of your Health return'd to mine: If his Lordship thereupon asks how you do, I will pretend it was some other thing.

Chr. Right, Madam, for that will bring him further suspense.

L. Dupe. A hopeful Girl! then will I eat nothing this Night, feigning my Grief for you; but keep his Lordship Company at Meal, and seem to strive to put my Passion off, yet shew it still by small Mistakes.

Chr. And broken Sentences.

L. Dupe. A dainty Girl! and after Supper visit you again, with promise to return strait to his Lordship: But after I am gone, send an Excuse, that I have given you a Cordial, and mean to watch that Night in Person with you.

Chr. His Lordship then will find the Prologue of his trouble, doubting I have told you of his ruffling.

L. Dupe. And more than that, fearing his Father should know of it, and his Wife, who is a termagant Lady: But when he finds the Coast is clear, and his ruffling known to none but you, he will be drunk with Joy.

Chr. Finding my simple Innocence, which will inflame him more.

L. Dupe. Then what the Lion's Skin has fail'd him in, the Foxes subtlety must next supply, and that is just Sweet-heart, as I would have it; for crafty Folks Tricks are their Advantage: Especially when his Passion must be satisfy'd at any rate, and you keep Shop for the Price of Love: So now you see the Market is your own.

Chr. Truly, Madam, this is very rational; and by the Blessing of Heav'n upon my poor Endeavours, I do not doubt to play my part.

L. Dupe. My Blessing and my Pray'rs go along with thee.

Enter Sir John Swallow, Mrs. Milliscent, and Rose her Maid.

Chr. I believe, Madam, here is the young Heiress you expect, and with her he who is to marry her.

L. Dupe. Howe'er I am Sir Martin's Friend, I must not be his Enemy.

Sir John. Madam, this fair young Lady begs the Honour to be known to you.

Mill. My Father made me hope it, Madam.

L. Dupe. Sweet Lady, I believe you have brought all the Freshness of the Country up to Town with you.

[They salute.]

Mill. I came up, Madam, as we Country-Gentlewomen use, at an Easter-Term, to the destruction of Tarts and Cheese-cakes, to see a new Play, buy a new Gown, take a Turn in the Park, and so down again to sleep with my Fore-fathers.

Sir John. Rather, Madam, you are come up to the making of many a poor Heart, that like mine will languish for you.

Chr. I doubt, Madam, you are indispos'd with your voyage; will you please to see the Lodgings your Father has provided for you?

Mill. To wait upon you, Madam.

L. Dupe. This is the Door——there is a Gentleman will wait you immediately in your Lodging, if he might resume on your Commands.

[In whisper.]

Mill. You mean Sir Martin Mar-all: I am glad he has trusted his Passion with so discreet a Person.

[In whisper.]

L. Dupe. Sir John, let me intreat you to stay here, that my Father may have Intelligence where to find us.

Sir John. I shall obey you, Madam. [Exe. Women.]

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all.

Sir John. Sir Martin Mar-all! most happily encounter'd! how long have you been come to Town?

Sir Mart. Some three Days since, or thereabouts: But thank God I am very weary on't already.

Sir John. Why, what's the matter, Man?

Sir Mart. My villainous old Luck still follows me in Gaming, I never throw the Dice out of my Hand, but my Gold goes after 'em: If I go to Picquet, though I be but with a Novice in't, he will picque and repicque and Capot me twenty times together: and which madd me, I lose all my Sets when I want but one of up.

Sir John. The pleasure of Play is lost, when one loses at that unreasonable rate.

Sir Mart. But I have sworn not to touch either Cards or Dice this half Year.

Sir John. The Oaths of losing Gamesters are most minded; they forswear Play as an angry Servant does his Mistress, because he loves her but too well.

Sir Mart. But I am now taken up with thoughts of another Nature; I am in love, Sir.

Sir John. That's the worst Game you could have played at, scarce one Woman in an hundred will play with you upon the Square: You venture at more uncertainty than at a Lottery: For you set your Heart to a whole Sex of Blanks. But is your Mistress Widow, Wife, or Maid?

Sir Mart. I can assure you, Sir, mine is a Maid; the Heiress of a wealthy Family, fair to a Miracle.

Sir John. Does she accept your Service?

Sir Mart. I am the only Person in her Favour.

Enter Warner.

Sir John. Is she of Town or Country?

Warn. How's this? [Aside]

Sir Mart. She is of Kent, near Canterbury.

Warn. What does he mean? This is his Rival— [Aside]

Sir John. Near Canterbury say you? I have a small Estate lies thereabouts, and more Concernments than one besides.

Sir Mart. I'll tell you then, being at Canterbury, it was my Fortune once in the Cathedral Church—

Warn. What do you mean, Sir, to intrust this Matter with your Affair thus?—

Sir Mart. Trust him? why, he's a Friend of mine.

Warn. No matter for that; hark you a Word, Sir.—

Sir Mart. Prethee leave fooling:—and as I was
ring—I was in the Church when I first saw
is fair one.

Sir John. Her Name, Sir, I beseech you.

Warn. For Heav'n's sake, Sir, have a care.

Sir Mart. Thou art such a Coxcomb.—Her name's
Millisent.

Warn. Now, the Pox take you, Sir, what do you mean?

Sir John. Millisent, say you? That's the Name of my
mistress.

Sir Mart. Lord! what Luck is that now! well, Sir, it
happen'd, one of her Gloves fell down, I stoop'd to take
up; and in the stooping made her a Complement.—

Warn. The Devil cannot hold him, now will this
nick-skull'd Master of mine tell the whole Story to his
rival—

Sir Mart. You'll say, 'twas strange, Sir; but at the
first Glance we cast on one another, both our Hearts
tap'd within us, our Souls met at our Eyes, and with a
tickling kind of Pain slid to each others Breast, and in
the Moment settled as close and warm, as if they long
had been acquainted with their Lodging. I follow'd
her somewhat at a distance, because her Father was with
her.

Warn. Yet hold, Sir—

Sir Mart. Sawcy Rascal, avoid my Sight; must you
tutor me?—So, Sir, not to trouble you, I enquir'd out
her Father's House, without whose knowledge I did
court the Daughter, and both then and often since com-
ing to Canterbury, I receiv'd many proofs of her Kind-
ness to me.

Warn. You had best tell him too, that I am acquainted
with her Maid, and manage your Love under-hand with
her.

Sir Mart. Well remember'd i'faith, I thank thee for
that, I had forgot it I protest!—My *Valet de Chambre*,
whom you see here with me, grows me acquainted with
her Woman—

Warn. O the Devil—

Sir Mart. In fine, Sir, this Maid being much in the Mistress's Favour, so well sollicitated my Cause, that fine I gain'd from fair Mistress *Millisent* an Assurance of her Kindness, and an Engagement to marry none but me.

Warn. 'Tis very well! you've made a fair Discovery.

Sir John. A most pleasant Relation, I assure you: You are a happy Man, Sir! but, what occasion brought you now to London?

Sir Mart. That was in Expectation to meet my Mistress here; she writ me word from *Canterbury*, she and her Father shortly would be here.

Sir John. She and her Father, said you, Sir?

Warn. Tell him, Sir, for Heav'n's sake tell him all—

Sir Mart. So I will, Sir, without your bidding:—Her Father and she are come up already, that's the Truth of it, and are to lodge by my Contrivance in yon House; the Master of which is a cunning Rascal as any in Town—him I have made my own, for I lodge there.

Warn. You do ill, Sir, to speak so scandalously of my Landlord.

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll break your Fool's Head—So, then, by his Means I shall have free Egress and Regress where I please, Sir——without her Father's Knowledge.

Warn. I am out of Patience to hear this——

Sir John. Methinks you might do well, Sir, to speak openly to her Father.

Sir Mart. Thank you for that i'faith, in speaking to old *Moody* I may soon spoil all.

Warn. So, now he has told her Father's Name, 'tis past Recovery.

Sir John. Is her Father's Name *Moody*, say you?

Sir Mart. Is he of your Acquaintance?

Sir John. Yes, Sir, I know him for a Man who is too wise for you to over-reach; I am certain he will never marry his Daughter to you.

Sir Mart. Why, there's the Jest on't: He shall never know it: 'Tis but your keeping of my Counsel; I'll do as much for you mun——

Sir John. No, Sir, I'll give you better; trouble not yourself about this Lady; her Affections are otherwise engaged.

ged to my Knowledge——hark in your Ear——
 Father hates a Gamester like a Devil: I'll keep your
 sunfel for that too.

Sir Mart. Nay, but this is not all, dear *Sir John*.

Sir John. This is all, I assure you: Only I will make bold
 seek your Mistress out another Lodging. [*Exit Sir John*].

Warn. Your Affairs are now put into an excellent Po-
 re, thank your incomparable Discretion——this was a
 atagem my shallow Wit could ne'er have reach'd, to
 make a Confident of my Rival.

Sir Mart. I hope thou art not in earnest Man! Is he my
 rival?

Warn. 'Slife he has not found it out all this while!
 Well, Sir, for a quick Apprehension let you alone.

Sir Mart. How the Devil cam'st thou to know on't?
 why the Devil didst thou not tell me on't?

Warn. To the first of your Devil's I answer, her Maid
 told me on't: To the second, I wish a thousand
 evils take him that would not hear me.

Sir Mart. O unparallell'd Misfortune!

Warn. O unparallell'd Ignorance! why he left her Fa-
 ther at the Water-side, while he led the Daughter to
 Lodging, whither I directed him; so that if you had
 laboured to the contrary, Fortune had plac'd you in
 same House with your Mistress, without the least
 suspicion of your Rival, or of her Father. But 'tis well,
 I have satisfy'd your talkative Humour: I hope you
 have some new Project of your own to set all right a-
 gain: For my part, I confess all my Designs for you are
 wholly ruin'd; the very Foundations of 'em are blown up.

Sir Mart. Prethée insult not over the Destiny of a poor
 lone Lover, I am punish'd enough for my Indiscreti-
 on in my Despair, and have nothing to hope for now
 Death.

Warn. Death is a Bug-word, things are not brought to
 Extremity, I'll cast about to save all yet.

Enter Lady Dupe.

Dupe. O, *Sir Martin*! yonder has been such a stir
 within; *Sir John*, I fear, smoaks your Design, and by
 means would have the old Man remove his Lodging;
 God your Man has not play'd false.

OL. II.

E

Warn,

Warn. Like enough I have: I am Coxcomb sufficient to do it; my Master knows that none but such a great Calf as I could have done it, such an over-grown Ass, self-conceited Ideot as I——

Sir Mart. Nay, *Warner*,——

Warn. Pray, Sir, let me alone:——what is it to you if I rail upon my self? Now could I break my own Loggar-head.

Sir Mart. Nay, sweet *Warner*.

Warn. What a good Master have I, and I to ruin him O Beast!——

L. Dupe. Not to discourage you wholly, Sir *Martin*, the Storm is partly over.

Sir Mart. As how, dear Cousin?

L. Dupe. When I heard Sir *John* complain of the Lord, I took the first hint of it, and join'd with him saying, if he were such an one, I would have nothing to do with him: In short I rattled him so well, that *John* was the first who did desire they might be lodg'd with me, not knowing that I was your Kinswoman.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, now I think on't, I could have found out this my self.

Warn. Are you there again, Sir?——now as I have Soul——

Sir Mart. Mum, good *Warner*, I did but forget my self a little, I leave my self wholly to you, and my Cousin get but my Mistress for me, and claim whate'er Reward you can desire.

Warn. Hope of Reward will Diligence beget, Find you the Mony, and I'll find the Wit. [Exit]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Dupe, and Mrs. Christian.

Chri. IT happen'd, Madam, just as you said it would, but was he so concern'd for my feign'd Sickness?
L. Dupe

L. Dupe. So much that *Moody* and his Daughter, our new Guests, take notice of the Trouble, but the Cause was kept too close for Strangers to divine.

Chr. Heav'n grant he be but deep enough in Love, and then——

L. Dupe. And then thou shalt distil him into Gold, my Girl. Yonder he comes, I'll not be seen:——you know your Lesson, Child. [Exit.

Chr. I warrant you.

Enter Lord Dartmouth.

Lord. Pretty Mistress *Christian*, how glad am I to meet you thus alone!

Chr. O the Father! what will become of me now?

Lord. No harm I warrant you, but why are you so afraid?

Chr. A poor weak innocent Creature as I am, Heav'n of his Mercy, how I quake and tremble! I have not yet claw'd off your last ill Usage, and now I feel my old fit come again, my Ears tingle already, and my Back shivers and opens; ay, just so it began before.

Lord. Nay, my sweet Mistress, be not so unjust to suspect any new Attempt: I am too penitent for my last fault, so soon to sin again.——I hope you did not tell it to your Aunt.

Chr. The more Fool I, I did not.

Lord. You never shall repent your Goodness to me; but may not I presume there was some little Kindness in it, which mov'd you to conceal my Crime?

Chr. Methought I would not have mine Aunt angry with you, for all this earthly Good; but yet I'll never be alone with you again.

Lord. Pretty Innocence! let me sit nearer to you: You do not understand what Love I bear you. I vow it is so pure——My Soul's not sully'd with one spot of Sin: Were you a Sister, or a Daughter to me, with a more holy Flame I could not burn.

Chr. Nay, now you speak high Words——I cannot understand you.

Lord. The Business of my Life shall be but how to make your Fortune, and my Care and Study to advance and see you settled in the World.

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Chr. I humbly thank your Lordship.

Lord. Thus I would sacrifice my Life and Fortunes, and in return you cruelly destroy me.

Chr. I never meant you any harm, not I.

Lord. Then what does this white Enemy so near me? [*Touching her Hand glov'd.*] Sure 'tis your Champion, and you arm it thus to bid defiance to me.

Chr. Nay, fie my Lord, in faith you are to blame.

[*Pulling her Hand away.*]

Lord. But I am for fair Wars, an Enemy must first be search'd for privy Armour e'er we do ingage.

[*Pulls at her Glove.*]

Chr. What does your Lordship mean?

Lord. I fear you bear some Spells and Charms about you, and, Madam, that's against the Laws of Arms.

Chr. My Aunt charg'd me not to pull off my Glove for fear of Sun-burning my Hand.

Lord. She did well to keep it from your Eyes, but I will thus preserve it.

[*Hugging her bare Hand.*]

Chr. Why do you crush it so? nay, now you hurt me, nay——if you squeeze it ne'er so hard——there's nothing to come out on't——fie——is this loving me——What makes you take your Breath so short?

Lord. The Devil take me if I can answer her a Word, all my Senses are quite imploy'd another way.

Chr. Ne'er stir, my Lord, I must cry out——

Lord. Then I must stop your Mouth——this Ruby for a Kiss——that is but one Ruby for another.

Chr. This is worse and worse.

Lady within. Why Neice, where are you Neice?

Lord. Pox of her old mouldy Chops.

Chr. Do you hear, my Aunt calls? I shall be hang'd for staying with you——let me go, my Lord. [*Gets from him.*]

Enter Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. My Lord, Heav'n blefs me, what makes your Lordship here?

Lord. I was just wishing for you, Madam, your Neice and I have been so laughing at the blunt Humour of your Country-Gentleman——I must go pass an Hour with him.

[*Exit Lord.*]

Chr.

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Chr. You made a little too much haste; I was just exchanging a Kiss for a Ruby.

L. Dupe. No harm done; it will make him come on the faster: Never full-gorge an Hawk you mean to fly: The next will be a Neck-lace of Pearl, I warrant you.

Chr. But what must I do next?

L. Dupe. Tell him I grew suspicious, and examin'd you whether he made not Love; which you deny'd. Then tell him how my Maids and Daughters watch you; so that you tremble when you see his Lordship.

Chr. And that your Daughters are so envious, that they would raise a false Report to ruin me.

L. Dupe. Therefore you desire his Lordship, as he Loves you, of which you are confident, hence-forward to forbear his Visits to you.

Chr. But how, if he should take me at my Word?

L. Dupe. Why, if the worst come to the worst, he leaves you an honest Woman, and there's an end on't: But fear not that, hold out his Messages, and then he'll write, and that is it, my Bird, which you must drive it to: Then all his Letters will be such Ecstasies, such Vows and Promises, which you must answer short and simply, yet still ply out of 'em your Advantages.

Chr. But, Madam! he's i'th' House, he will not write.

L. Dupe. You Fool——he'll write from the next Chamber to you. And rather than fail, send his Page post with it upon a Hobby-horse:——Then grant a meeting, but tell me of it, and I'll prevent him by my being there; he'll curse me, but I care not. When you are alone, he'll urge his Lust, which answer you with scorn and Anger.——

Chr. As thus an't please you, Madam. What? Does he think I will be damn'd for him? Defame my Family, stain my Name, to satisfy his Pleasure?

L. Dupe. Then he will be prophane in's Arguments, break Nature's Laws to you.

Chr. By'r Lady, and those are shrewd Arguments; but I am resolv'd I'll stop my Ears.

L. Dupe. Then when he sees no other thing will move you, he'll sign a Portion to you beforehand: Take hold of that, and then of what you will. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir John, Mrs. Milliscent, and Rose.

Sir John. Now fair Mrs. *Milliscent*, you see your Chamber, your Father will be busie a few Minutes, and in the mean time permits me the Happiness to wait on you.—

Mill. Methinks you might have chose us better Lodgings, this House is full; the other we saw first, was more convenient.

Sir John. For you perhaps, but not for me: You might have met a Lover there, but I a Rival.

Mill. What Rival?

Sir John. You know Sir *Martin*, I need not name it to you.

Mill. I know more Men besides him.

Sir John. But you love none besides him: Can you deny your Affection to him?

Mill. You have vex'd me so, I will not satisfy you.

Sir John. Then I perceive I am not likely to be so much oblig'd to you, as I was to him.

Mill. This is Romance,——I'll not believe a word can't.——

Sir John. That's as you please: However 'tis believ'd, his Wit will not much credit your Choice. Madam, do justice to us both; pay his Ingratitude and Folly with your Scorn; my Service with your Love. By this time your Father stays for me: I shall be discreet enough to keep this Fault of yours from him; the Lawyers wait for us to draw your Jointure: And I would beg your Pardon for my Absence, but that my Crime is punish'd in it self. [*Exit.*]

Mill. Could I suspect this Usage from a favour'd Servant!

Rose. First hear Sir *Martin*, e're you quite condemn him; consider 'tis a Rival who accus'd him.

Mill. Speak not a word in his behalf:——Methought too, Sir *John* call'd him Fool.

Rose. Indeed he has a rare way of acting a Fool, and does it so naturally, it can be scarce distinguish'd.

Mill.

Mill. Nay, he has Wit enough, that's certain.

Rose. How blind Love is!

Enter Warner.

Mill. How now, what's his Business? I wonder after
 a Crime, if his Master has the face to send him to me.

Rose. How durst you venture hither? If either Sir
 John or my old Master see you?

Warn. Pish! they are both gone out.

Rose. They went but to the next Street; ten to one
 that they return and catch you here.

Warn. Twenty to one I am gone before, and save 'em
 labour.

Mill. What says that Fellow to you? What Business
 can he have here?

Warn. Lord, that your Ladyship should ask that Que-
 tion, knowing whom I serve!

Mill. I'll hear nothing from your Master.

Warn. Never breathe, but this Anger becomes your
 Ladyship most admirably; but though you'll hear nothing
 from him, I hope I may speak a word or two to you
 from my self, Madam.

Rose. 'Twas a sweet Prank your Master play'd us: A
 Lady's well helpt up that trusts her Honour in such a
 Rival's Hands: To tell all so,——and to his Rival
 so. Excuse him if thou canst. [*Aside.*]

Warn. How the Devil should I excuse him? Thou
 know'st he is the greatest Fop in Nature——

[*Aside to Rose.*]

Rose. But my Lady does not know it; if she did——

Mill. I'll have no whispering.

Warn. Alas, Madam, I have not the Confidence to
 speak out, unless you can take Mercy on me.

Mill. For what?

Warn. For telling Sir John you lov'd my Master, Ma-
 dam. But sure I little thought he was his Rival.

Rose. The witty Rogue has taken't on himself. [*Aside.*]

Mill. Your Master then is innocent?

Warn. Why, could your Ladyship suspect him guilty?
 May I tell me, do you think him ungrateful, or a Fool?

Mill. I think him neither.

Warn. Take it from me, you see not the Depth of him. But when he knows what Thoughts you harbour of him, as I am faithful, and must tell him—I wish he does not take some pet, and leave you.

Mill. Thou art not mad, I hope, to tell him on't; thou dost, I'll be sworn, I'll forswear it to him.

Warn. Upon Condition then you'll pardon me, I'll do what I can do to hold my Tongue.

Mill. This Evening in St. James's Park I'll meet him. [Knock within]

Warn. He shall not fail you, Madam.

Rose. Some Body knocks—Oh, Madam, what shall we do! 'tis Sir John, I hear his Voice.

Warn. What will become of me?

Mill. Step quickly behind that Door. [Warner goes out]
To them Sir John.

Mill. You've made a quick dispatch, Sir.

Sir John. We have done nothing, Madam, our Man of Law was not within—but I must look some Writings.

Mill. Where are they laid?

Sir John. In the Portmanteau in the Drawing-Room. [Is going to the Door]

Mill. Pray stay a little, Sir—

Warn. [At the Door.] He must pass just by me; and if he sees me, I am but a dead Man.

Sir John. Why are you thus concern'd? why do you hold me?

Mill. Only a Word or two I have to tell you. 'Tis of Importance to you—

Sir John. Give me leave—

Mill. I must not, before I discover the Plot to you.

Sir John. What Plot?

Mill. Sir Martin's Servant, like a Rogue, comes hither to tempt me from his Master, to have met him.

Warn. [At the Door.] Now would I had a good Bag of Gun-powder at my Breech, to ram me into some Hole.

Mill. For my part I was so startled at the Message that I shall scarcely be my self these two Days.

Sir John. Oh that I had the Rascal! I would teach him to come upon such Errands.

Warn.

Warn. Oh for a gentle Composition now! an Arm or Leg I would give willingly.

Sir John. What Answer did you make the Villain?

Mill. I over-reach'd him clearly, by a Promise of an Appointment of a Place I nam'd, where I ne'er meant to come: But would have had the Pleasure first to tell you how I serv'd him.

Sir John. And then to chide your mean Suspicion of me, indeed I wonder'd you should love a Fool. But where did you appoint to meet him?

Mill. In *Grays-Imm Walks*.

Warn. By this Light, she has put the Change upon him! O sweet Woman-kind, how I love thee for that heavenly Gift of Lying!

Sir John. For this Evening I will be his Mistress; he shall meet another *Penelope* than he suspects.

Mill. But stay not long away.

Sir John. You over-joy me, Madam.

[Exit.

Warn. [Entring.] Is he gone, Madam?

Mill. As far as *Grays-Imm Walks*: Now I have time to walk the other way, and see thy Master.

Warn. Rather let him come hither: I have laid a Plot shall send his Rival far enough from watching him e'er long.

Mill. Art thou in earnest?

Warn. 'Tis so design'd, Fate cannot hinder it. Our Landlord where we lie, vex'd that his Lodgings should be so left by *Sir John*, is resolv'd to be reveng'd, and I have found the way. You'll see th' effect on't presently.

Rose. O Heav'n! the Door opens again, and *Sir John* return'd once more.

Enter *Sir John*.

Sir John. Half my Business was forgot; you did not tell me when you were to meet him. Ho! What makes this Rascal here?

Warn. 'Tis well you're come, Sir, else I must have left untold a Message I have for you.

Sir John. Well, what's your Business, Sirrah?

Warn. We must be private first; 'tis only for your ear.

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Rose. I shall admire his Wit, if in this plunge he can get off.

Warn. I came hither, Sir, by my Master's Order,—

Sir John. I'll reward you for it, Sirrah, immediately.

Warn. When you know all, I shall deserve it, Sir; I came to sound the Virtue of your Mistress; which I have done so cunningly, I have at last obtain'd the promise of a Meeting. But my good Master, whom I must confess more generous than wise, knowing you had a Passion for her, is resolv'd to quit: And, Sir, that you may see how much he loves you, sent me in private to advise you still to have an Eye upon her Actions.

Sir John. Take this Diamond for thy good News; and give thy Master my Acknowledgments.

Warn. Thus the World goes, my Masters, he that will cozen you, commonly gets your Good-will into the Bargain. [Aside.]

Sir John. Madam, I am now satisfy'd of all sides; first of your Truth, then of Sir Martin's Friendship. In short, I find you two cheated each other, both to be true to me.

Mill. Warner is got off as I would wish, and the Knight over-reach'd.

Enter to them the Landlord disguis'd like a Carrier.

Rose. How now! what would this Carrier have?

Warn. This is our Landlord whom I told you of; but keep your Countenance. [Aside to her.]

Land. I was looking here-away for one Sir John Smith; they told me I might hear News of him in this House.

Sir John. Friend, I am the Man: What have you to say to me?

Land. Nay, Faith Sir, I am not so good a Schollard to say much, but I have a Letter for you in my Pouch. There's plaguy News in't, I can tell you that.

Sir John. From whom is your Letter?

Land. From your old Uncle Anthony.

Sir John. Give me your Letter quickly.

Land. Nay, soft and fair goes far. Hold you
hold you. It is not in this Pocket.

Sir John. Search in the other then; I stand on Thorns.

Land. I think I feel it now, this should be who.

Sir John. Pluck it out then.

Land. I'll pluck out my Spectacles and see first. *[Reads.]*

To Mr. *Paul Grimbard* ——— Apprentice to ——— No, that's not for you, Sir, ——— that's for the Son of the Brother of the Nephew of the Cousin of my Gossip *Dobson*.

Sir John. Prithee dispatch; do'st thou not know the Contents on't?

Land. Yes, as well as I do my *Pater Noster*.

Sir John. Well, what's the Business on't?

Land. Nay, no great Business; 'tis but only that your Worship's Father's dead.

Sir John. My Loss is beyond Expression! how dy'd he?

Land. He went to Bed as well to see to as any Man in England, and when he awaken'd the next Morning—

Sir John. What then?

Land. He found himself stark dead.

Sir John. Well, I must of necessity take orders for my Father's Funeral, and my Estate; Heav'n knows with what Regret I leave you, Madam.

Mill. But are you in such haste, Sir? I see you take all occasions to be from me.

Sir John. Dear Madam, say not so; a few Days will, I hope, return me to you.

To them Sir Martin.

Noble *Sir Martin*, the welcomest Man alive! let me embrace my Friend.

Rose. How untowardly he returns the Salute! *Warner* will be found out. *[Aside.]*

Sir John. Well Friend! you have oblig'd me to you eternally.

Sir Mart. How have I oblig'd you, Sir? I would have you to know I scorn your Words; and I would I were hang'd, if it be not the farthest of my Thoughts.

Mill. O cunning Youth, he acts the Fool most naturally. Were we alone, how would we laugh together?

[Aside.]

Sir

Sir John. This is a double Generosity, to do me Favours, and conceal 'em from me; but honest *Warner* here has told me all.

Sir Mart. What has the Rascal told you?

Sir John. Your Plot to try my Mistress for me—you understand me, concerning your Appointment.

Warn. Sir, I desire to speak in private with you.

Sir Mart. This impertinent Rascal, when I am most busie, I am ever troubled with him.

Warn. But it concerns you I should speak with you good Sir.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i'faith, thou know'st Breeding well, that I should whisper with a Serving-man before Company.

Warn. Remember, Sir, last time it had been better—

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll make you feel my double Fists; if I don't fright him, the sawcy Rogue will call me Fool before the Company.

Mill. That was acted most naturally again. [Aside.]

Sir John. [To him.] But what needs this dissembling? since you are resolv'd to quit my Mistress to me?

Sir Mart. I quit my Mistress! that's a good one i'faith.

Mill. Tell him you have forsaken me. [Aside.]

Sir Mart. I understand you, Madam, you would save a Quarrel; but i'faith I'm not so base: I'll see him hang'd first.

Warn. Madam, my Master is convinc'd, in Prudence he should say so: But Love o'ermasters him; when you are gone perhaps he may.

Mill. I'll go then: Gentlemen, your Servant; I see my Presence brings constraint to the Company.

[Exeunt *Mill.* and *Rose*.]

Sir John. I'm glad she's gone; now we may talk more freely; for if you have not quitted her, you must.

Warn. Pray, Sir, remember your self; did not you send me of a Message to *Sir John*, that for his Friendship you had left Mistress *Milliscent*.

Sir Mart. Why, what an impudent lying Rogue art thou!

Sir John. How's this! has *Warner* cheated me?

Warn.

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Warn. Do not suspect it in the least: You know, Sir, was not generous before a Lady, to say he quitted her.

Sir John. O! was that it?

Warn. That was all: Say, Yes, good Sir John——

I'll swinge you.

[Aside.

Sir Mart. Yes, good Sir John.

Warn. That's well, once in his Life he has heard good Counsel.

Sir Mart. Heigh, heigh, what makes my Landlord here? he has put on a Fool's Coat, I think, to make us laugh.

Warn. The Devil's in him; he's at it again; his Folly's like a Sore in a surfeited Horse; cure it in one Place, and it breaks out in another.

Sir Mart. Honest Landlord i'faith, and what makes you here?

Sir John. Are you acquainted with this honest Man?

Land. Take heed what you say, Sir. [To Sir Mart. softly.

Sir Mart. Take heed what I say, Sir, why? who should be afraid of? of you, Sir? I say, Sir, I know him, Sir; and I have reason to know him, Sir, for I am sure I lodge in his House, Sir——nay never think to terrify me, Sir; 'tis my Landlord here in *Charles-street*, Sir.

Land. Now I expect to be paid for the News I brought him.

Sir John. Sirrah, did not you tell me that my Father——

Land. Is in very good Health, for ought I know, Sir; beseech you to trouble your self no farther concerning him.

Sir John. Who set you on to tell this Lie?

Sir Mart. Ay, who set you on Sirrah? 'This was a Rogue that would cozen us both; he thought I did not know him: Down on your Marrowbones and confess the Truth: Have you no Tongue, you Rascal?

Sir John. Sure 'tis some silenc'd Minister: He's grown so fat he cannot speak.

Land. Why, Sir, if you would know, 'twas for your sake I did it.

Warn. For my Master's sake! why you impudent Varlet, do you think to 'scape us with a Lye?

Sir John. How was it for his sake?

Warn.

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Warn. 'Twas for his own, Sir; he heard you were th' occasion the Lady lodg'd not at his House, and so he invented this Lye; partly to revenge himself of you; and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once again when you were gone.

Sir John. Fetch me a Cudgel prethee.

Land. O good Sir! if you beat me I shall run into O immediately.

Warn. Hang him Rogue; he's below your Anger; I'll maul him for you——the Rogue's so big, I think 'twill ask two Days to beat him all over. [*Beats him*]

Land. O Rogue, O Villain *Warner*! bid him hold and I'll confess, Sir.

Warn. Get you gone without replying: Must such you be prating? [*Beats him*]

Enter Rose.

Rose. Sir, Dinner waits you on the Table.

Sir John. Friend, will you go along, and take part of bad Repast?

Sir Mart. Thank you; but I am just risen from Table.

Warn. Now he might sit with his Mistress, and he not the wit to find it out.

Sir John. You shall be very welcome.

Sir Mart. I have no Stomach, Sir.

Warn. Get you in with a Vengeance: You have a better Stomach than you think you have. [*Pushes him*]

Sir Mart. This hungry *Diego* Rogue would shame me; he thinks a Gentleman can eat like a Serving-man.

Sir John. If you will not, adieu, dear Sir; in any thing I command me. [*Exit*]

Sir Mart. Now we are alone; han't I carry'd Matter bravely, Sirrah?

Warn. O yes, yes, you deserve Sugar-plums; first for your quarrelling with *Sir John*; then for discovering your Landlord, and lastly for refusing to dine with your Mistress. All this is since the last Reckoning was wiped out.

Sir Mart. Then why did my Landlord disguise himself to make a Fool of us?

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Warn. You have so little Brains, that a Penn'orth of
er melted under 'em, would set 'em afloat: He put
that Disguise to rid you of your Rival.

Mart. Why, was not I worthy to keep your Coun-
then?

Warn. It had been much at one: You would but have
ak the Secret down, and piss'd it out to the next
pany.

Mart. Well, I find I am a miserable Man: I have
my Mistress, and may thank my self for't.

Warn. You'll not confess you are a Fool, I warrant.

Mart. Well I am a Fool, if that will satisfie you:
what am I the nearer for being one?

Warn. O yes, much the nearer; for now Fortune's
nd to provide for you; as Hospitals are built for
e People, because they cannot help themselves. Well;
ave a Project in my Pate.

Mart. Dear Rogue, what is't?

Warn. Excuse me for that: But while 'tis set a work-
you would do well to scrue your self into her Fa-
's good Opinion.

Mart. If you will not tell me, my Mind gives me
shall discover it again.

Warn. I'll lay it as far out of your reach as I can pos-
sibly.

———For Secrets are edg'd Tools,
nd must be kept from Children and from Fools. [*Exe.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Rose and Warner meeting.

*Y*OUR Worship's most happily encounter'd.

Warn. Your Ladyship's most fortunately met.

Rose. I was going to your Lodging.

Warn. My Business was to yours.

Rose. I have something to say to you that——

Warn.

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Warn. I have that to tell you——

Rose. Understand then——

Warn. If you'll hear me——

Rose. I believe that——

Warn. I am of Opinion, that——

Rose. Prithee hold thy Peace a little till I have done

Warn. Cry you Mercy, *Mistress Rose*, I'll not dispute your ancient Privileges of talking.

Rose. My *Mistress*, knowing *Sir John* was to be broad upon Business this Afternoon, has asked leave to a Play: And *Sir John* has so great a Confidence of his Master, that he will trust no Body with her, but

Warn. If my Master gets her out, I warrant her, I shall show her a better Play than any is at either of our Houses——here they are: I'll run and prepare him to wait upon her.

Enter old Moody, Mistress Milliscent, and Lady Dupe.

Mill. My Hoods and Scarfs there, quickly.

L. Dupe. Send to call a Coach there.

Mood. But what kind of Man is this *Sir Martin*, whom you are to go?

L. Dupe. A plain down-right Country Gentleman, assure you.

Mood. I like him much the better for't. For I like one of those you call a Man o'th' Town, one of those empty Fellows of meer Out-side: They've nothing but the true old *English* Manliness.

Rose. I confess, Sir, a Woman's in a sad Condition that has nothing to trust to, but a Peruke above, and well-trim'd Shoe below.

To them Sir Martin.

Mill. This, Sir, is *Sir John's* Friend, he is for your Honour, Sir, he is no Man o'th' Town, but bred up in the old *Elizabeth* way of Plainness.

Sir Mart. Ay, Madam, your Ladyship may say for my Pleasure of me.

To them Warner.

Warn. How the Devil got he here before me! 'Tis very unlucky I could not see him first——

Sir Mart. But, as for Painting, Musick, Poetry, and the like, I'll say this of my self——

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Varn. I'll say that for him, my Master understands
me of 'em, I assure you, Sir.

Sir Mart. You impudent Rascal, hold your Tongue: I
will rid my Hands of this Fellow; the Rogue is ever
crediting me before Company.

Moody. Never trouble your self about it, Sir, for I like
Man that——

Sir Mart. I know you do, Sir, and therefore, I hope,
I'll think never the worse of me for his prating: For,
though I do not boast of my own good Parts——

Varn. He has none to boast of, upon my Faith, Sir.

Sir Mart. Give him not the Hearing, Sir; for, if I may
believe my Friends, they have flatter'd me with an Opi-
nion of more——

Varn. Of more than their Flattery can make good,
——'tis true he tells you, they have flatter'd him;
in my Conscience he is the most downright simple
murd Creature in the World.

Sir Mart. I shall consider you hereafter, Sirrah; but I
assure in all Companies I pass for a *Vertuoso*.

Mood. *Vertuoso*! What's that too? is not *Vertue* enough
without O's?

Sir Mart. You have Reason, Sir!

Mood. There he is again too; the Town Phrase, a
great Compliment I wiss; you have Reason, Sir; that
you are no Beast, Sir.

Varn. A word in private, Sir; you mistake this old
man; he loves neither Painting, Musick, nor Poetry; yet
praise over your self, if you have any Brains. [*Aside to him.*]

Sir Mart. Say you so? I'll bring all about again I war-
rant you——I beg your Pardon a thousand times, Sir;
how to gad I am not Master of any of those Perfecti-
ons; for in fine, Sir, I am wholly ignorant of Painting,
Musick, and Poetry; only some rude escapes——but,
in fine, they are such, that, in fine, Sir——

Varn. This is worse than all the rest. [*Aside.*]

Mood. By Coxbones, one word more of all this Gib-
berish, and old Madge shall fly about your Ears: What
this in fine he keeps such a coil with too?

Mill.

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Mill. 'Tis a Phrase *a-la-mode*, Sir, and is us'd in Conversation now, as a whiff of Tobacco was formerly, in the midst of a Discourse, for a thinking while.

L. Dupe. In plain *English*, *in fine*, is In the end, Sir. *Mood.* But by Coxbones, there is no end on't methinks. If thou wilt have a foolish word to lard thy lean Discourse with, take an *English* one when thou speakest *English*! as, So Sir, And then Sir, And so forth; 'tis more manly kind of Nonsense: And a Pox of *in fine*, I'll hear no more on't.

Warn. He's gravell'd, and I must help him out. [4] Madam, there's a Coach at Door to carry you to the Play.

Sir Mart. Which House do you mean to go to?

Mill. The Duke's, I think.

Sir Mart. It is a damn'd Play, and has nothing in't.

Mill. Then let us to the King's.

Sir Mart. That's e'en as bad.

Warn. This is past enduring. [*Aside.*] There was a Play set up, Sir, on the Posts, but I can assure you the Bills are alter'd since you saw 'em, and now there are two admirable Comedies at both Houses.

Mood. But my Daughter loves serious Plays.

Warn. They are Tragi-Comedies, Sir, for both.

Sir Mart. I have heard her say she loves none but Tragedies.

Mood. Where have you heard her say so, Sir?

Warn. Sir, you forget your self, you never saw her your Life before.

Sir Mart. What not at *Canterbury*, in the Cathedral Church there? This is the impudentest Rascal.

Warn. Mum, Sir.

Sir Mart. Ah Lord, what have I done! As I hope to see day, Sir, it was before I was aware; for if ever I lay my Eyes on her before this Day, I wish.

Mood. This Fellow is not so much Fool, as he makes one believe he is.

Mill. I thought he would be discover'd for a Fool. This 'tis to over-act ones part!

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nd. Come away Daughter, I will not trust you in
lands; there's more in t than I imagin'd.

[Exeunt Moody, Mill. Lady Dupe, and Rose.

Mart. Why do you frown upon me so, when you
your Looks go to the Heart of me? what have I
besides a little *lapsus Lingua*?

rn. Why, who says you have done any thing? You,
er Innocent!

Mart. As the Child's that be born in my Intenti-
if I know how I have offended my self any more
in one word.——

rn. But don't follow me however——I have
ng to say to you.

Mart. I'll follow you to the World's end, 'till you
ve me.

rn. I am resolv'd to lead you a Dance then.

[Exit running.

Mart. The Rogue has no Mercy in him, but I
mollifie him with Money.

[Exit.

Enter Lady Dupe.

Dupe. Truly my little Cousin's the aptest Scholar,
akes out Love's Lessons so exactly that I joy to see it:
has got already the Bond of two thousand Pounds
for her Portion, which I keep for her; a pretty
beginning: 'Tis true, I believe he has enjoy'd her,
o let him; Mark Anthony wooed not at so dear a

Enter to her Christian.

r. O Madam, I fear I am breeding!

Dupe. A taking Wench! but 'tis no matter; have
old any Body?

r. I have been venturing upon your Foundations, a
to dissemble.

Dupe. That's a good Child, I hope it will thrive
thee, as it has with me: Heav'n has a Blessing in
upon our Endeavours.

r. I feign'd my self Sick, and kept my Bed; my
he came to Visit me, and in the End I disclos'd it
in the saddest Passion.

L. Dupe.

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L. Dupe. This frighted him, I hope, into a Study to cloak your Disgrace, lest it should have vent to Lady.

Chr. 'Tis true; but all the while I subtly dropt that he should name you to me as the fittest Instrumēt of the Concealment; but how to break it to you, straggly does perplex him: He has been seeking you all the House; therefore I'll leave your Ladyship, for we should be seen together.

L. Dupe. Now I must play my Part;
Nature, in Women, teaches more than Art.

Enter Lord.

Lord. Madam, I have a Secret to impart. A secret too, and have no Friend to trust but only you.

L. Dupe. Your Lady or your Children sick?

Lord. Not that I know.

L. Dupe. You seem to be in Health.

Lord. In Body, not in Mind.

L. Dupe. Some scruple of Conscience, I warrant; Chaplain shall resolve you.

Lord. Madam, my Soul's tormented.

L. Dupe. O take heed of Despair, my Lord!

Lord. Madam, there is no Medicine for this Sickness but only you; your Friendship's my safe Haven, which I am lost, and Ship-wrack'd.

L. Dupe. Pray tell me what it is.

Lord. Could I express it by sad Sighs and Groans, I should drown it with my self in Seas of Tears, I should be happy, would, and would not tell.

L. Dupe. Command whatever I can serve you, I will be faithful still to all your Ends, provided they be just and virtuous.

Lord. That word has stop't me.

L. Dupe. Speak out, my Lord, and boldly tell what it is.

Lord. Then in Obedience to your Commands; my Cousin is with Child.

L. Dupe. Which Cousin?

Lord. Your Cousin *Christian* here i'th' House.

L. Dupe. Alas then she has stol'n a Marriage, and done her self: Some young Fellow, on my Conscience

a Beggar; Youth will not be advis'd; well, I'll ne-
 ddle more with Girls; one is no more assur'd of
 than Grooms of Mules, they'll strike when least one
 is on't: But pray your Lordship, what is her Choice
 for an Husband?

d. She is not married that I know of, Madam.

Dupe. Not married! 'tis impossible, the Girl does
 abuse you. I know her Education has been such,
 flesh could not prevail; therefore she does abuse you,
 it be so.

d. Madam, not to abuse you longer, she is with
 , and I the unfortunate Man who did this most
 ky Act.

Dupe. You! I'll never believe it.

d. Madam, 'tis too true; believe it, and be serious
 to hide her Shame; I beg it here upon my Knees.

Dupe. Oh, oh, oh—— [She faints away.

d. Who's there? Who's there? help, help, help.

Enter two Women, Rose and Penelope.

Wom. O merciful God, my Lady's gone!

Wom. Whither?

Wom. To Heav'n, God knows, to Heav'n.

Wom. Rub her, rub her; fetch warm Cloaths.

Wom. I say, run to the Cabinet of Quintessence;
 it's Water, Gilbert's Water.

Wom. Now all the good Folks of Heav'n look down
 her.

Wom. Set her in the Chair.

Wom. Open her Mouth with a Dagger or a Key; pour,
 where's the Spoon?

Wom. She stirs, she revives, merciful to us all, what
 was this! speak, Lady, speak.

Dupe. So, so, so.

Wom. Alas, my Lord, how came this Fit?

d. With Sorrow, Madam.

Dupe. Now I am better: *Bess*, you have not seen
 thus.

Wom. Heav'n forefend that I should live to see you
 again.

L. Dupe.

L. Dupe. Go, go, I'm pretty well; withdraw into next Room, but be near I pray, for fear of the
 [They go out.] — My Lord, sit down near me I
 I'll strive to speak a few words to you, and then to
 —nearer, my Voice is faint. — My Lord, He
 knows how I have ever lov'd you; and, is this my
 ward? Had you none to abuse but me in that un-
 nate fond Girl, that you know was dearer to me
 my Life? This was not Love to her, but an inveterate
 lice to poor me. Oh, oh. — [Faints]

Lord. Help, help, help.

All the Women again.

1 Wom. This Fit will carry her: Alas it is a Let

2 Wom. The Balsom, the Balsom!

1 Wom. No, no, the Chymistry Oyl of Roses
 Hold her up, and give her Air.

Mill. Feel whether she breathes, with your Hand
 fore her Mouth.

Rose. No, Madam, 'tis Key-cold.

1 Wom. Look up, dear Madam, if you have any
 of Salvation!

2 Wom. Hold up your Finger, Madam, if you have
 hope of Fraternity. O the blessed Saints that have
 not, take her Mortality to them.

L. Dupe. Enough, so, 'tis well, — withdraw
 let me rest a while; only my dear Lord remain.

1 Wom. Pray your Lordship keep her from sweet

[Exeunt Women]

Lord. Here humbly once again, I beg your pardon
 your help.

L. Dupe. Heav'n forgive you, and I do: Stand up
 Lord, and sit close by me: O this naughty Girl! but
 your Lordship win her soon?

Lord. No, Madam, but with much difficulty.

L. Dupe. I'm glad on't; it shew'd the Girl had
 Religion in her, all my Precepts were not in vain
 you Men are strange Tempters; good my Lord, was
 this wicked Act then first committed?

Lord. In an Out-room upon a Trunk.

Dupe. Poor Heart, what shift Love makes: Oh she love you dearly, tho' to her Ruin! and then what e, my Lord?

Lord. An old waste Room, with a decay'd Bed in't.

Dupe. Out upon that dark Room for Deeds of kness! and that rotten Bed! I wonder it did hold r Lordship's Vigour: But you dealt gently with the Well, you shall see I love you: For I will manage Business to both your Advantages, by the assistance Heav'n I will; good my Lord help, lead me out. [*Exe.*]

Enter Warner and Rose.

Rose. A Mischief upon all Fools! do you think your ter has not done wisely? First to mistake our old s Humour, then to dispraise the Plays; and lastly, to over his Acquaintance with my Mistress: My old ter has taken such a Jealousie of him, that he will er admit him into his sight again.

Warn. Thou mak'st thy self a greater Fool than he, by g angry at what he cannot help——I have been ry with him too; but these Friends have taken up Quarrel.——[*Shews Gold.*] Look you, he has sent e Mediators to mitigate your Wrath: Here are twen- of 'em have made a long Voyage from *Guinea* to kiss r Hands: And when the Match is made, there are an dred more in readiness to be your humble Servants.

Rose. Rather than fall out with you, I'll take 'em; but onfess it troubles me to see so loyal a Lover have Heart of an Emperor, and yet scarce the Brains of a pler.

Warn. Well, what Device can we two beget betwixt to separate Sir *John Swallow* and thy Mistress?

Rose. I cannot on the sudden tell; but I hate him rse than foul Weather without a Coach.

Warn. Then I'll see if my Project will be luckier than ne. Where are the Papers concerning the Jointure I e heard you speak of?

Rose. They lie within in three great Bags, some twen- Reams of Paper in each Bundle, with six Lines in a eet: But there is a little Paper where all the Business

Warn.

Warn. Where is it? Canst thou help me to it?

Rose. By good Chance he gave it to my Custody; fore he set out for *London*. You came in good time here it is, I was carrying it to him; just now he is for it.

Warn. So, this I will secure in my Pocket; when thou art ask'd for it, make two or three bad Faces, and 'twas left behind; By this means he must of Necessity leave the Town, to see for it in *Kent*.

Enter Sir John, Sir Martin, and Mrs. Milliscent.

Sir John. 'Tis no matter, though the old Man be suspicious; I knew the Story all before-hand; and since you have fully satisfy'd me of your true Friendship for me——Where are the Writings? [To Rose]

Rose. Sir, I beg your pardon; I thought I had put 'em up amongst my Lady's things, and it seems in my head I quite forgot 'em, and left 'em at *Canterbury*.

Sir John. This is horribly unlucky! where do you think you left 'em?

Rose. Upon the great Box in my Lady's Chamber; they are safe enough I'm sure.

Sir John. It must be so——I must take Post immediately: Madam, for some few Days I must be absent, and to confirm you, Friend, how much I trust you, I leave the dearest Pledge I have on Earth, my Mistress, to your Care.

Mill. If you lov'd me, you would not take all Occasions to leave me thus!

Warn. [*Aside.*] Do, go to *Kent*, and when you come again, here they are ready for you. [Shows the Papers]

Sir Mart. What's that you have in your Hand there Sirrah?

Warn. Pox, what ill Luck was this! what shall I do?

Sir Mart. Sometimes you've Tongue enough, when are you silent?

Warn. 'Tis an Accompt, Sir, of what Mony you have lost since you came to Town.

Sir Mart. I'm very glad on't: now I'll make you see the Severity of my Fortune——give me the Paper.

Warn. Heav'n! what does he mean to do? It is not writ out, Sir.

Sir John. Besides, I am in haste, another time, Sir—

Sir Mart. Pray, oblige me, Sir——'tis but one Minute: All People love to be pity'd in their Misfortunes, so do I: Will you produce it, Sirrah?

Warn. Dear Master!

Sir Mart. Dear Rascal! am I Master or you? you argue!

Warn. Hold yet, Sir, and let me read it:—you cannot read my Hand.

Sir Mart. This is ever his way to be disparaging me.—I'll let you see, Sirrah, that I can read your Hand better than you your self can.

Warn. You'll repent it, there's a trick in't, Sir—

Sir Mart. Is there so, Sirrah? But I'll bring you out all your Tricks with a Vengeance to you—[Reads.] Now now! What's this? A true Particular of the Estate of Sir John Swallow, Knight, lying and situate in, &c.

Sir John. This is the very Paper I had lost: I'm very content, [Takes the Paper.] it has sav'd me a most uncomfortable Journey—but I will not thank you for Courtesie, which now I find you never did intend—this is Confederacy, I smother it now—

Madam, let me wait on you to your Father.

Will. Well, of a witty Man, this was the foolishhest Part ever I beheld. [Exeunt Sir John, Milliscent and Rose.]

Sir Mart. I am a Fool, I must confess it, and I am the most Miserable one without thy help—but yet it is such a Mistake as any Man might have made.

Warn. No doubt on't.

Sir Mart. Prethee chide me! this Indifference of thine wounds me to the Heart.

Warn. I care not.

Sir Mart. Wilt thou not help me for this once?

Warn. Sir, I kiss your Hands, I have other Business.

Sir Mart. Dear Warner!

Warn. I am inflexible.

Sir Mart. Then I am resolv'd I'll kill my self.

L. II.

F

Warn.

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Warn. You are Master of your own Body.

Sir Mart. Will you let me damn my Soul?

Warn. At your Pleasure, as the Devil and you can agree about it.

Sir Mart. D'ye see the Point's ready? Will you do nothing to save my Life?

Warn. Not in the least.

Sir Mart. Farewel, hard-hearted *Warner*.

Warn. Adieu, soft-headed *Sir Martin*.

Sir Mart. Is it possible?

Warn. Why don't you dispatch, Sir? why all these Proambles?

Sir Mart. I'll see thee hang'd first: I know thou wouldst have me kill'd, to get my Cloaths.

Warn. I knew it was but a Copy of your Countenance; People in this Age are not so apt to kill themselves.

Sir Mart. Here are yet ten Pieces in my Pocket, take 'em, and let's be Friends.

Warn. You know the Easiness of my Nature, and that makes you work upon it so. Well, Sir—for the once I cast an Eye of Pity on you—but I must have ten more in Hand, before I can stir a Foot.

Sir Mart. As I am a true Gamester, I have lost all these—but if thou'lt lend me them, I'll give 'em thee again.

Warn. I'll rather trust you till to morrow; Once more look up, I bid you hope the best. Why should your Folly make your Love miscarry, Since Men first play the Fools, and then they marry?

[Exit



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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all and Warner.

Mart. BUT are they to be married this Day in private, say you?

Warn. 'Tis so concluded, Sir, I dare assure you.

Sir Mart. But why so soon, and in private?

Warn. So soon, to prevent the Designs upon her; and in private, to save the effusion of Christian Mony.

Sir Mart. It strikes to my Heart already; in fine, I am a dead Man.——*Warner.*

Warn. Well, go your ways, I'll try what may be done. Look if he will stir now; your Rival and the old Man will see us together, we are just below the Window.

Sir Mart. Thou can'st not do't.

Warn. On the peril of my twenty Pieces be it.

Sir Mart. But I have found a way to help thee out, without my Wit but once.

Warn. Name your Wit, or think you have the least Grain of Wit once more, and I'll lay it down for ever.

Sir Mart. You are a sawcy masterly Companion;; and I leave you. [Exit.]

Warn. Help, help, good People, Murther, Murther!

Enter Sir John and Moody.

Sir John and Mood. How now, what's the matter?

Warn. I am abus'd, I am beaten, I am lam'd for ever.

Mood. Who has us'd thee so?

Warn. The Rogue my Master.

Sir John. What was the Offence?

Warn. A trifle, just nothing.

Sir John. That's very strange.

Warn. It was for telling him he lost too much at Play; he meant him nothing but well, Heav'n knows, and he in a cursed damn'd Humour would needs revenge his Losses

upon me: A' kick'd me, took away my Mony, and turn'd me off; but if I take it at his Hands——

Mood. By Cox-nowns, it was an ill-natur'd part; nay, I thought no better could come on't, when I heard him at his Vow to gads, and In fines.

Warn. But if I live I'll cry quittance with him: He had engag'd me to get Mrs. *Millisent* your Daughter for him; but if I do not all that ever I can to make her hate him, a great Booby, an over-grown Oaf, a conceited *Bartlemew*.——

Sir John. Prethee leave off thy Choler, and hear me a little: I have had a great mind to thee a long time, if thou think'st my Service better than his, from this Minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my Heart, Sir, and so much the rather that I may spight him with it.—— This was the most propitious Fate——

Mood. Propitious! and Fate! what a damn'd Scanderbag Rogue art thou to talk at this rate! hark you, *Sirrah*, one word more of this Gibberish, and I'll fet you packing from your new Service; I'll have neither Propitious nor Fate come within my Doors.——

Sir John. Nay, pray Father.——

Warn. Good old Sir be pacified, I was pouring out a little of the Dregs that I had left in me of my former Service, and now they are gone, my Stomach's clear of 'em.

Sir John. This Fellow is come in a happy Hour; for now, Sir, you and I may go to prepare the Licence, and in the mean time he may have an Eye upon your Daughter.

Warn. If you please I'll wait upon her 'till she's ready, and then bring her to what Church you shall appoint.

Mood. But, Friend, you'll find she'll hang an Arse, and be very loth to come along with you, and therefore had best stay behind, and bring her my self.

Warn. I warrant you I have a Trick for that, Sir: She knows nothing of my being turn'd away; so I'll come to her as from *Sir Martin*, and under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you.

Sir John. My better Angel ———

Mood. By th' Mefs 'twas well thought on; well Son,
to you before, I'll speak but one word for a Dish or
two at Dinner, and follow you to the Licence-Office.
Sirrah ——— stay you here ——— 'till my return.

[Ex. Sir John and Moody.]

Warn. solus. Was there ever such a lucky Rogue as I!
I had always a good Opinion of my Wit, but could ne-
ver think I had so much as now I find. I have now
gain'd an Opportunity to carry away Mistress Millisent,
or my Master to get his Mistress by means of his Ri-
val, to receive all his Happiness, where he could expect
nothing but Misery: After this Exploit I will have Lilly
draw me in the Habit of a Hero, with a Lawrel on my
temples, and an Inscription below it. *This is Warner the
flower of Serving-men.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Pray do me the favour to help me to the Speech
of Mr. Moody.

Warn. What's your Business?

Mess. I have a Letter to deliver to him.

Warn. Here he comes, you may deliver it your self to
him.

Enter Moody.

Mess. Sir, a Gentleman met me at the Corner of the
next Street, and bid me give this into your own Hands.

Mood. Stay, Friend, 'till I have read it.

Mess. He told me, Sir, it requir'd no Answer.

[Exit Mess.]

Mood. reads. *Sir, permit me, though a Stranger, to give
you Counsel; some young Gallants have had Intelligence, that
this Day you intend privately to marry your Daughter, the rich
Mistress; and in fine, above twenty of them have dispersed
themselves to watch her going out: Therefore put it off, if
you will avoid Mischief, and be advised by*

Your unknown Servant.

Mood. By the Mackings, I thought there was no good
at, when I saw in fine there; there are some Papiſher,

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I'll warrant, that lie in wait for my Daughter, or else they are no *Englismen*, but some of your *French Outalians-Rogues*; I owe him thanks however, this unknown Friend of mine, that told me on't. *Warner*, no Wedding to Day, *Warner*.

Warn. Why, what's the matter, Sir?

Mood. I say no more, but some wiser than some, I'll keep my Daughter at home this Afternoon, and a Fight for all these Outalians. [Exit Moody]

Warn. So, here's another Trick of Fortune as unexpected for bad, as the other was for good. Nothing vexes me, but that I had made my Game Cock-sure, and then to be back-gammon'd: It must needs be the Devil that writ this Letter, he ow'd my Master a spight, and he paid him to the Purpose: And here he comes as merry too, he little thinks what Misfortune has befall'n him, and for my Part I am asham'd to tell him.

Enter Sir Martin laughing.

Sir Mart. *Warner*, such a Jest, *Warner*. [Laughs again]

Warn. What a murrain is the matter, Sir? Where lyes this Jest that tickles you?

Sir Mart. Let me laugh out my Laugh, and I'll tell thee. [Laughs again]

Warn. I wish you may have cause for all this Mirth.

Sir Mart. Hereafter, *Warner*, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be thy May-game: Thou shalt no more dare to tell me, I spoil thy Projects, and discover thy Designs; for I have play'd such a Prize, without thy help, of my own Mother-wit ('tis true I am haughty sometimes, and so do harm; but when I have a Mind to shew my self, there's no Man in *England*, though I say it comes near me as to point of Imagination) I'll make thee acknowledge I have laid a Plot that has a Soul in't.

Warn. Pray, Sir, keep me no longer in Ignorance of this rare Invention.

Sir Mart. Know then, *Warner*, that when I left thee I was possess'd with a terrible Fear, that my Mistress should be married: Well, thought I to my self, and must'ring up all the Forces of my Wit, I did produce such a Stratagem.

Warn.

Warn. But what was it?

Sir Mart. I feign'd a Letter as from an unknown Friend to *Moody*, wherein I gave him to understand, that if his Daughter went out this Afternoon, she would infallibly be snapt by some young Fellows that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Very good.

Sir Mart. That which follows is yet better; for he I sent assures me, that in that very nick of time my Letter came, her Father was just sending her Abroad with a very foolish rascally Fellow that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this a'god's name? Could you do this wonderful Miracle without your Soul to the Devil for his help?

Sir Mart. I tell thee Man I did it, and it was done by the help of no Devil, but this Familiar of my own Brain; how long would it have been e're thou could'st have thought of such a Project? *Martin* said to his Man, *Who's the Fool now?*

Warn. Who's the Fool? why, who uses to be the Fool? He that ever was since I knew him, and ever will be so!

Sir Mart. What a Pox? I think thou art grown Envious, not one word in my Commendations?

Warn. Faith, Sir, my Skill is too little to praise you as you deserve; but if you would have it according to my poor Ability, you are one that had a Knock in your Bridle, a conceited Lack-wit, a designing Ass, a hair-brain'd Fop, a confounded busie Brain, with an eternal Wind-mill in it; this in short, Sir, is the Contents of our Panegyrick.

Sir Mart. But what the Devil have I done, to set you thus against me?

Warn. Only this, Sir: I was the foolish rascally Fellow that was with *Moody*, and your Worship was he to whom I was to bring his Daughter.

Sir Mart. But how could I know this? I am no Witch.

Warn. No, I'll be sworn for you, you are no Conjuror. Will you go, Sir?

Sir Mart. Will you hear my Justifications?

Warn. Shall I see the Back of you? speak not a Word of your Defence.

[Shoves him.
Sir

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Sir Mart. This is the strangest Luck now—— [E

Warn. I'm resolv'd this Devil of his shall never wear me, I will overcome him, I will invent something that shall stand good in spite of his Folly. Let me see——

Enter Lord.

Lord. Here he is——I must venture on him, for the tyranny of this old Lady is unsupportable; since she have made her my Confident, there passes not an Hour but she passes a pull at my Purse-strings; I shall be ruin'd if I do not quit my self of her suddenly: I find now, by sad Experience, that a Mistress is much more chargeable than a Wife, and after a little time too, grows full of dull and insignificant.—*Mr. Warner!* have you a mind to do your self a Courtesie, and me another?

Warn. I think, my Lord, the Question need not be much disputed, for I have always had a great Service to your Lordship, and some little Kindness for my self.

Lord. What, if you should propose Mistress *Christiana* as a Wife to your Master? You know he's never like to compass t'other.

Warn. I cannot tell that, my Lord——

Lord. Five hundred Pounds are yours at the Day of Marriage.

Warn. Five hundred Pounds! 'tis true, the Temptation is very sweet, and powerful; the Devil, I confess, has done his Part, and many a good Murder and Treason have been committed at a cheaper rate; but yet——

Lord. What yet——

Warn. To confess the Truth, I am resolv'd to bestow my Master upon that other Lady (as difficult as your Lordship thinks it) for the Honour of my Wit is engag'd in it: Will it not be the same to your Lordship, were she marry'd to any other?

Lord. The very same.

Warn. Come, my Lord, not to dissemble with you any longer, I know where it is that your Shooe wrings you: I have observ'd something in the House, betwixt some Parties that shall be nameless: And know that you have been taking up Linnen at a much dearer rate, than you might have had it at any Draper's in Town.

Lord. I see I have not danc'd in a Net before you.

Warn. As for that old Lady, whom Hell confound, she the greatest Jilt in Nature, Cheat is her study, all her way to cozen, she loves nothing but her self, and draws Lines to that corrupted Centre.

Lord. I have found her out, though late: First, I'll undertake I ne'er enjoy'd her Neice under the rate of five hundred Pounds a time; never was Woman's Flesh held so high: Every Night I find out for a new Maidenhead, and she has sold it me as often as ever Mother *Simple*, *Bennet*, or *Gifford*, have put off boil'd Capons for Quails and Partridges.

Warn. This is nothing to what Bills you'll have when she's brought to Bed, after her hard Bargain, as they call them cramm'd Capons, Pea-hens, Chickens in the case, Pottages, and Frigacies, Wine from *Shatling*; and *fronds*, with New-River, clearer by Sixpence the pound than ever God Almighty made it; then Midwife

——Dry-Nurse——Wet-Nurse——and all the rest of their Accomplices, with Cradle, Baby-Clouts, and Lining-Cloaths——Poffets, Cawdels, Broth, Jellies, and Gravies; and behind all these, Glisters, Suppositors, and a barbarous 'Pothechary's Bill, more inhuman than a Tailor's.

Lord. I sweat to think on't.

Warn. Well, my Lord! cheer up! I have found a way to show you of it all, within a short time you shall know more; under appears a young Lady whom I must needs speak of, please you go in and prepare the old Lady and our Mistress.

Lord. Good Luck, and five hundred Pounds attend thee.

[Exit.]

Enter Milliscent and Rose above.

Mill. I am resolv'd I'll never marry him!

Rose. So far you are right, Madam.

Mill. But, how to hinder it, I cannot possibly tell; for my Father presses me to it, and will take no denial: Could I knew some way——

Warn. Madam, I'll teach you the very nearest, for I have just now found it out.

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Rose. Are you there, Mr. Littleplot?

Warn. Studying to deserve thee, *Rose*, by my diligence for thy Lady; I stand here, methinks, just like a wooden *Mercury*, to point her out the way to Matrimony.

Rose. Or, Serving-man like, ready to carry up the hot Meat for your Master, and then to fall upon the cold your self.

Warn. I know not what you call the cold, but I believe I shall find warm work on't: In the first place then I must acquaint you, that I have seemingly put off my Master, and enter'd my self into Sir *John's* Service.

Mill. Most excellent!

Warn. And thereupon, but bafe——

Enter Moody.

Mill. Something he would tell us, but see what Luck here!

Mood. How now, Sirrah? Are you so great there already?

Mill. I find my Father's jealous of him still!

Warn. Sir, I was only teaching my young Lady a new Song, and if you please you shall hear it.

S I N G S.

*Make ready fair Lady to Night,
And stand at the Door below,
For I will be there
To receive you with Care,
And to your true Love you shall go.*

Mood. Ods bobs, this is very pretty.

Mill. Ay, so is the Lady's Answer too, if I could but hit on't.

S I N G S.

*And when the Stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the Door will I creep,
To my Love will I flye,
E'er the jealous can spy,
And leave my old Daddy asleep.*

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Mood. Bodikins, I like not that so well, to cozen her old Father; it may be my own Case another time.

Rosé. Oh Madam! yonder's your Persecutor return'd.

Enter Sir John.

Mill. I'll into my Chamber to avoid the sight of him as long as I can; Lord! that my old doating Father should throw me away upon such an *Ignoramus*, and deny me to such a Wit as *Sir Martin*.

[Exeunt Mill. and Rosé from above.]

Mood. O Son! here has been the most villainous Tragedy against you.

Sir John. What Tragedy? Has there been any Blood shed since I went?

Mood. No Blood shed, but, as I told you, a most damnable Tragedy.

Warn. A Tragedy! I'll be hang'd if he does not mean a Stratagem.

Mood. Jack Sawce! if I say it is a Tragedy, it shall be Tragedy in spite of you, teach your Grandam how to piss——what——I hope I am old enough to bout *English* with you, Sir.

Sir John. But what was the reason you came not after me?

Mood. 'Twas well I did not, I'll promise you, there were those would have made bold with Mistress Bride; an' if she had stirr'd out of Doors, there were Whipsters broad i'faith, Padders of Maiden-heads, that would have truss'd her up, and pick'd the Lock of her Affections, ere a Man could have said, what's this: But by good Luck I had warning of it by a Friend's Letter.

Sir John. The remedy for all such Dangers is easie, you may send for a Parson, and have the Business dispatch'd at home.

Mood. A Match, i'faith, do you provide a *Domine*, and I'll go tell her our Resolutions, and hearten her up against the day of Battel. *[Exit.]*

Sir John. Now I think on't, this Letter must needs come from *Sir Martin*; a Plot of his, upon my Life, to hinder our Marriage.

Warn.

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Warn. I see, Sir, you'll still mistake him for a Wife but I am much deceiv'd, if that Letter came not from another hand.

Sir John. From whom, I prithee?

Warn. Nay, for that you shall excuse me, Sir, I do not love to make a Breach betwixt Persons that are to be so near related.

Sir John. Thou seem'st to imply that my Mistress was in the Plot.

Warn. Can you make a doubt on't? Do you not know she ever lov'd him, and can you hope she has so soon forsaken him? You may make your self miserable, if you please, by such a Marriage.

Sir John. When she is once mine, her Virtue will cure me.

Warn. Her Virtue!

Sir John. What, do you make a mock on't?

Warn. Not I, I assure you, Sir, I think it no jesting matter.

Sir John. Why, is she not honest?

Warn. Yes, in my Conscience is she, for Sir Martin's Tongue's no Slander.

Sir John. But does he say to the contrary?

Warn. If one would believe him, which for my Part I do not, he has in a manner confess'd it to me.

Sir John. Hell and Damnation!

Warn. Courage, Sir, never vex your self, I'll warrant you 'tis all a Lie.

Sir John. But, how shall I be sure 'tis so?

Warn. When you are married you'll soon make try whether she be a Maid or no.

Sir John. I do not love to make that Experiment at my own Cost.

Warn. Then you must never marry.

Sir John. Ay, but they have so many Tricks to cheat a Man, which are entail'd from Mother to Daughter through all Generations; there's no keeping a Lock for that Door, for which every one has a Key.

Warn. As for Example, their drawing up their Breasts with Oh! you hurt me, can you be so cruel? then the

at Day she steals a Visit to her Lover, that did you the
Curtessie before-hand, and in private tells him how she
loved you; twenty to one but she takes out another
Man with him to practise the next Night.

Sir John. All this while miserable I must be their May-
pole.

Warn. 'Tis well, if you escape so; for commonly he
takes in with you, and becomes your Friend.

Sir John. Deliver me from such a Friend, that stays be-
hind with my Wife, when I gird on my Sword to go
abroad.

Warn. Ay, there's your Man, Sir; besides he will be
to watch your Haunts, and tell her of them, that if
occasion be, she may have where-withal to recriminate:
at least she will seem to be jealous of you, and who
would suspect a jealous Wife?

Sir John. All manner of ways I am most miserable.

Warn. But, if she be not a Maid when you marry her,
you may make a good Wife afterwards; 'tis but imagin-
ing you have taken such a Man's Widow:

Sir John. If that were all; but the Man will come
and claim her again.

Warn. Examples have been frequent of those that have
been wanton, and yet afterwards take up.

Sir John. Ay, the same thing they took up before.

Warn. The Truth is, an honest simple Girl that's Ig-
norant of all things, maketh the best Matrimony: There
is such Pleasure in instructing her; the best is, there's not
a Duncie in all the Sex; such a one with a good For-
tune

Sir John. Ay, but where is she, *Warner*?

Warn. Near enough, but that you are too far engag'd.

Sir John. Engag'd to one that hath given me the Earn-
est of Cuckoldom before-hand?

Warn. What think you then of Mrs. *Christian* here in
House? There's five thousand Pounds and a better
any.

Sir John. Ay, but is she Fool enough?

Warn. She's none of the wise Virgins, I can assure
you.

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Sir John. Dear *Warner*, step into the next Room, inveigle her out this way, that I may speak to her.

Warn. Remember above all things, you keep this thing secret; if it takes the least Wind, old *Moody* will sure to hinder it.

Sir John. Do'st thou think I shall get her Aunt's Consent?

Warn. Leave that to me.

[Exit *Warn.*]

Sir John. How happy a Man shall I be, if I can but compass this! and what a Precipice have I avoided! then Revenge too is so sweet to steal a Wife under her Mother's Nose, and leave 'em in the Lurch who have seduced me; well, such a Servant as this *Warner* is a Jewel.

Enter Warner and Mrs. Christian to him.

Warn. There she is, Sir, now I'll go to prepare Aunt.

Sir John. Sweet Mistress, I am come to wait upon you.

Chr. Truly you are too good to wait on me.

Sir John. And in the Condition of a Suitor.

Chr. As how, forsooth?

Sir John. To be so happy as to marry you.

Chr. O Lord, I would not marry for any thing!

Sir John. Why? 'tis the honest End of Woman-kind.

Chr. Twenty Years hence, forsooth: I would not lie in Bed with a Man for a World, their Beards will prick me.

Sir John. Pah———What an innocent Girl it is, a very Child! I like a Colt that never yet was back'd; so I shall make her what I list, and mould her as I will. Lord! her Innocency makes me laugh my Cheeks wet——Sweet Lady——

Chr. I'm but a Gentlewoman, forsooth.

Sir John. Well then, sweet Mistress, if I get your Friends Consent, shall I have yours?

Chr. My old Lady may do what she will, forsooth; but by my truly, I hope she will have more care of me than to marry me yet; Lord bless me, what should I do with a Husband?

Sir John. Well, Sweet-heart, then instead of wooing you, I must wooe my old Lady.

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Mr. Indeed, Gentleman, my old Lady is married already: Cry you mercy, forsooth, I think you are a sight.

John. Happy in that Title only to make you Lady.

Mr. Believe me, Mr. Knight, I would not be a Lady, makes Folks proud, and so humorous, and so ill Husbands, forsooth.

John. Pah——she's a Baby, the simplest thing that yet I knew; the happiest Man I shall be in the world; for should I have my Wish, it should be to keep school, and teach the bigger Girls, and here in one my it is absolv'd.

Enter Lady Dupe.

Dupe. By your leave, Sir: I hope this noble Knight make you happy, and you make him——

Mr. What should I make him? *[Sighing.]*

Dupe, Marry, you shall make him happy in a good

Mr. I will not marry, Madam.

Dupe. You Fool!

John. Pray, Madam, let me speak with you, on my 'tis the pretty'st Innocent'st thing in the World.

Dupe. Indeed, Sir, she knows little besides her Work, her Prayers; but I'll talk with the Fool.

John. Deal gently with her, dear Madam.

Dupe. Come, *Christian*, will not you marry this noble Knight?

Mr. Yes, yes, yes *[Sobbingly.]*

Dupe. Sir, it shall be to Night.

John. This Innocence is a Dowry beyond all price.

[Exeunt old Lady, and Mrs. Christian.]

Enter Sir Martin, to Sir John musing.

Mart. You are very melancholy methinks, Sir.

John. You are mistaken, Sir.

Mart. You may dissemble as you please, but Mrs. *sent* lyes at the Bottom of your Heart.

John. My Heart, I assure you, has no room for so a Trifle.

Mart. Sure you think to wheedle me, would you me imagine you do not Love her?

Sir

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Sir John. Love her! why should you think me such a Sot? love a Prostitute, and infamous Person!

Sir Mart. Fair and soft, good *Sir John*.

Sir John. You see I am no very obstinate Rival, I leave the Field free to you: Go on, Sir, and pursue your good Fortune, and be as happy as such a common Creature can make thee.

Sir Mart. This is *Hebrew-Greek* to me; but I must tell you, Sir, I will not suffer my Divinity to be prophesied by such a Tongue as yours.

Sir John. Believe it; whate'er I say, I can quote an Author for.

Sir Mart. Then, Sir, whoever told it you, ly'd in your Throat, d'you see, and deeper than that, d'ye see, in your Stomach, and his Guts d'ye see: Tell me 'tis a common Person! he's a Son of a Whore that said it, I'll make him eat his Words, though he spoke 'em in a Privy-house.

Sir John. What if *Warner* told me so? I hope you will grant him to be a competent Judge in such a Business.

Sir Mart. Did that precious Rascal say it?—No, I think on't, I'll not believe you: In fine, Sir, I'll hold an even Wager he denies it.

Sir John. I'll lay you ten to one, he justifies it to your Face.

Sir Mart. I'll make him give up the Ghost under a Fift, if he does not deny it.

Sir John. I'll cut off his Ears upon the Spot, if he does not stand to't.

Enter Warner.

Sir Mart. Here he comes in Pudding-time to resolve the Question: Come hither, you lying Varlet, hold up your Hand at the Bar of Justice, and answer me to what I shall demand.

Warn. What a Goodier is the matter, Sir?

Sir Mart. Thou Spawn of the old Serpent, fruitful in nothing but in Lies!

Warn. A very fair beginning this.

Sir Mart. Didst thou dare to cast thy Venom upon such a Saint as *Mrs. Milliscent*, to traduce her Virtue, and say it was adulterate?

Yarn. Not guilty, my Lord.

Mart. I told you so.

John. How, Mr. Rascal! have you forgot what I said but now concerning Sir *Martin* and Mrs. *Mitli-*
I'll stop the Lye down your Throat, if you dare
t.

Mart. Say you so! are you there again i'faith?

Yarn. Pray pacifie your self, Sir, 'twas a Plot of my
devising.

Mart. Leave off your winking and your pinking,
in a Horse-pox t'ye, I'll understand none of it; tell
in plain *English* the truth of the Business: For an'
were my own Brother, you should pay for it: Be-
my Mistress! what a Pox d'ye think I have no sense
honour?

Yarn. What the Devil's the matter w'ye? Either be at
t, or I'll resolve to take my Heels, and be gone.

Mart. Stop Thief there! what, did you think to
be the Hand of Justice? [*Lays hold on him.*] The best
is, Sirrah, your Heels are not altogether so nimble
our Tongue. [*Beats him.*]

Yarn. Help! Murder! Murder!

Mart. Confess, you Rogue, then.

Yarn. Hold your Hands, I think the Devil's in you,—
all you 'tis a Device of mine.

Mart. And have you no Body to devise it on but
Mistress, the very Map of Innocence?

John. Moderate your Anger, good Sir *Martin*.

Mart. By your Patience, Sir, I'll chastise him abund-
antly.

John. That's a little too much, Sir, by your Fa-
t, to beat him in my Presence.

Mart. That's a good one i'faith, your Presence shall
der me from beating my own Servant.

Yarn. O Traytor to all Sense and Reason! he's going
discover that too.

Mart. An' I had a mind to beat him to Mummy,
my own, I hope.

John. At present, I must tell you, he's mine, Sir.

Mart. Hey-day! here's fine juggling!

Yarn.

Warn. Stop yet, Sir, you are just upon the Brink Precipice.

Sir Mart. What is't thou mean'st now? ——— a
my Mind mis-gives me I have done some Fault
would I were hang'd if I can find it out.

Warn. There's no making him understand me.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, come what will, I'll not be
down with a Lie; I say he is my Man.

Sir John. Pray remember your self better; did not
turn him away for some Fault lately, and laid a Lie
of black and blue on his Back before he went?

Sir Mart. The Devil of any Fault, or any black and
that I remember: Either the Rascal put some Trick
on you, or you would upon me.

Sir John. O, ho, then it seems the cudgelling and
ing away were pure Invention; I am glad I un-
stand it.

Sir Mart. In fine, it's all so damn'd a Lie ———

Warn. Alas! he has forgot it, Sir; good Wits,
know, have bad Memories.

Sir John. No, no, Sir, that shall not serve your
you may return when you please to your old Master
give you a fair Discharge, and a glad Man I am to be
rid of you: Were you thereabouts i' faith? What a
I had entertain'd into my Bosom? Fare you well,
and lay your next Plot better between you, I advise
[Exit Sir]

Warn. Lord, Sir, how you stand! as you were
i'th' head: Have you done any new piece of Folly,
makes you look so like an Ass?

Sir Mart. Here's three pieces of Gold yet, if I had
Heart to offer it thee. [Holds the Gold afar off trem-]

Warn. Noble Sir, what have I done to deserve so
a Liberality? I confess if you had beaten me for my
Fault, if you had utterly destroyed all my Projects,
it might ha' been expected that ten or twenty
should have been offer'd by way of Recompence or
tisfaction. ———

Mart. Nay, an'you be so full o'your Flouts, your
and Servant; who the Devil could tell the Mean-
of your Signs and Tokens, an'you go to that?

Wm. You are no Asfs then?

Mart. Well, Sir, to do you Service, d'ye see, I am
in a fair way; will that satisfie you?

Wm. For this once produce those three Pieces, I am
anted to receive that inconsiderable Tribute, or make
x, and I'll take the Fault upon my self.

Mart. Are we Friends then? If we are, let me ad-
ou—

Wm. Yet advising—

Mart. For no harm, good *Warner*: But pray next
make me of your Council, let me enter into the
ess, instruct me in every Point, and then if I di-
all, I am resolv'd to give over Affairs, and retire
the World.

Wm. Agreed, it shall be so; but let us now take
a while, then on again.

ough we had the worst, those Heats are past,
whip and spur, and fetch him up at last. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Lord, Lady Dupe, Mistress Christian, Rose,
and Warner.*

YOUR Promise is admirably made good to
me, that Sir *John Swallow* should be this Night
ed to Mrs. *Christian*; instead of that, he is more
y engag'd than ever with old *Moody*.

Wm. I cannot help these ebbs and flows of Fortune.

Dupe. I am sure my Neice suffers most in't, he's
e off to her with a cold Complement of a mistake
s Mistress's Virtue, which he has now found out,
our Master's Folly, to be a Plot of yours to separate

Chr.

Chr. To be forsaken when a Woman has given Consent!

Lord. 'Tis the same Scorn, as to have a Town run up, and afterwards flighted.

Rose. You are a sweet Youth, Sir, to use my Lady when she depended on you; is this the faith of *Val de Chambre*? I would be asham'd to be such a dishonour to my Profession; it will reflect upon us in time, we shall be ruin'd by your good Example.

Warn. As how, my dear Lady Embassadrefs?

Rose. Why, they say the Women govern their Lords and you govern us: So if you play fast and loose, a Gallant will bribe us for our Good-wills; the gentlewoman will now go to the Ordinary, which us'd as dishonour to steal into our Hands at the Stair-foot, as into *Master Stor's* at parting.

Lord. Night's come, and I expect your Promise.

L. Dupe. Fail with me if you think good, Sir.

Chr. I give no more time.

Rose. And if my Mistress go to Bed a Maid to Night.

Warn. Hey-day! you are dealing with me, as they do with the Bankrupts, call in all your Debts together; there's no possibility of Payment at this rate, but I'll come to you all as fast as I can, I assure you.

L. Dupe. But you must not think to pay us with your Money, as you have done hitherto.

Rose. Leave off your Mountebank Tricks with us, and fall to your Business in good Earnest.

Warn. Faith, and I will *Rose*; for to confess the Truth, I am a kind of a Mountebank, I have but one Cure for all your Diseases, that is, that my Master may marry *Mrs. Millisent*, for then *Sir John Swallow* will of him return to *Mrs. Christian*.

Lord. He says true, and therefore we must all be oblig'd to that design.

Warn. I'll put you upon something, give me but a little thinking time. In the first Place, get a Warrant from the Bailiffs to arrest *Sir John Swallow* upon a Promise of Marriage to *Mrs. Christian*.

Lord. Very good.

Dupe. We'll all swear it.

M. I never doubted your Ladyship in the least, Ma-
—for the rest we will consider hereafter.

D. Leave this to us.

[Exit Lord, L. *Dupe.* Mill. and Chr.]

M. *Rose*, where's thy Lady?

L. [above.] What have you to say to her?

M. Only to tell you, Madam, I am going forward
great Work of Projection,

L. I know not whether you will deserve my Thanks
the Work's done.

M. Madam, I hope you are not become indifferent
Master?

L. If he should prove a Fool after all your crying
Wit, I shall be a miserable Woman.

M. A Fool! that were a good Jest i'faith: but how
your Ladyship to suspect it?

L. I have heard, Madam, your greatest Wits have
a touch of Madnes and Extravagance in them, so
ps has he.

M. There's nothing more distant than Wit and
yet like East and West, they may meet in a point,
produce Actions that are but a Hair's breadth from
another,

L. I'll undertake he has Wit enough to make one
at him a whole Day together: He's a most Comi-
erfon.

M. For all this I will not swear he is no Fool; he
will discovered all your Plots.

M. O Madam, that's the common Fate of your
nivilians, they draw their Designs so subtile, that
very fineness breaks them.

M. However, I'm resolv'd to be on the sure side, I
have certain proof of his Wit, before I marry him.

M. Madam, I'll give you one, he wears his Cloaths
a great Sloven, and that's a sure sign of Wit, he neg-
his outward Parts; besides, he speaks *French*, sings,
es, plays upon the Lute.

M. Does he do all this, say you?

M. Most divinely, Madam.

Mill.

Mill. I ask no more, then let him give me a Serenade immediately; but let him stand in the View, I'll not be cheated.

Warn. He shall do't Madam: But how, the Devil knows—for he sings like a Scritch-Owl, and he can't touch'd the Lute.

Mill. You'll see't perform'd?

Warn. Now I think on't, Madam, this will but be our Enterprife.

Mill. Either let him do't, or see me no more.

Warn. Well, it shall be done, Madam; but what will your Father? will not he over-hear it?

Mill. As good hap is, he's below Stairs, talking with a Scaman, that has brought him News from the Indies.

Warn. What concernment can he have there?

Mill. He had a Bastard-Son there, whom he loved very treameily: but not having any News from him these many Years, concluded him dead; this Son he expects to see in these three Days.

Warn. When did he see him last?

Mill. Not since he was seven Years old.

Warn. A sudden thought comes into my Head to let him appear before his Time; let my Master pass him, and by that means he may come into the House unsuspected by her Father, or his Rival.

Mill. According as he performs his Serenade, I'll be with you——make haste——I must retire a little. [Exit *Mill.* from the stage.]

Rose. I'll instruct him most rarely, he shall never be found out; but in the mean time, what wilt thou do for a Serenade?

Warn. Faith, I am a little non-plus'd on the sudden, but a warm Consolation from thy Lips, *Rose*, would set my Wits a working again.

Rose. Adieu, *Warner*.

Warn. Inhuman *Rose*, adieu.——Blockhead *Warn*, into what a Premunire hast thou brought thyself; 'tis to be so forward to promise for another——

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Godfather to a Fool, to promise and vow he should
do any thing like a Christian——

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all.

Mart. Why, how now Bully, in a brown Study?
My good I warrant it; there's five Shillings for thee,
we must encourage good Wits sometimes.

Arn. Hang your white Pelf: Sure, Sir, by your Lar-
you mistake me for *Martin Parker*, the Ballad-maker;
Covetousness has offended my Muse, and quite dull'd

Mart. How angry the poor Devil is? In fine, thou
choleric as a Cook by a Fire-side.

Arn. I am over-heated, like a Gun, with continual
charging my Wit: 'Slife, Sir, I have rarify'd my Brains
you, 'till they are evaporated; but come, Sir, do
something for your self like a Man, I have engag'd you
to give to your Mistress a Serenade in your proper
manner: I'll borrow a Lute for you.

Mart. I'll warrant thee I'll do't Man.

Arn. You never learn'd, I do not think you know
stop.

Mart. 'Tis no matter for that, Sir, I'll play as fast
as I can, and never stop at all.

Arn. Go to, you are an invincible Fool, I see; get up
to your Window, and set two Candles by you, take
the Landlord's Lute in your Hand, and fumble on't, and
make grimaces with your Mouth, as if you sung; in
the mean time, I'll play in the next Room in the dark,
consequently your Mistress, who will come to her
room over against you, will think it to be you; and
at the end of every Tune, I'll ring the Bell that hangs
between your Chamber and mine, that you may know
when to have done.

Mart. Why, this is fair Play now, to tell a Man be-
hind what he must do; Gramercy i'faith, Boy, now
I'll fail thee——

Arn. About your Business then, your Mistress and her
will appear already: I'll give you the Sign with the
bell when I am prepar'd, for my Lute is at hand in the
Landlord's Shop.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mrs. Millisent, and Rose, with a Candle by 'em, ab

Rose. We shall have rare Musick.

Mill. I wish it prove so; for I suspect the Knight can neither play nor sing.

Rose. But if he does, you're bound to pay the Musick Madam.

Mill. I'll not believe it, except both my Ears and Eyes are Witnesses.

Rose. But 'tis Night, Madam, and you cannot see him yet he may play admirably in the dark.

Mill. Where's my Father?

Rose. You need not fear him, he's still employ'd with that same Sea-man, and I have set Mrs. *Christian* to wait on their Discourse, that betwixt her and me *Warner* may have wherewithal to instruct his Master.

Mill. But yet there's fear my Father will find out the Plot.

Rose. Not in the least, for my old Lady has provided two rare Disguises for the Master and the Man.

Mill. Peace, I hear them beginning to tune the Lute.

Rose. And see, Madam, where your true Knight *Martin* is plac'd yonder like *Apollo*, with his Lute in his Hand and his Rays about his Head.

[Sir Martin appears at the adverse Window, and plays the Lute; when it is done, Warner rings, and Sir Martin holds.]

Did he not play most excellently, Madam?

Mill. He play'd well, and yet methinks he held the Lute but untowardly.

Rose. Dear Madam, peace; now for the Song.

THE S O N G,

B LIND Love to this Hour
 Had never like me, a Slave under his Power.
 Then blest be the Dart
 That he threw at my Heart,
 For nothing can prove
 A Joy so great as to be wounded with Love.

My Days, and my Nights,
fill'd to the Purpose with Sorrows and Frights;
From my Heart still I sigh,
And my Eyes are ne'er dry,
So that, Cupid be prais'd,
to the top of Love's Happiness rais'd.

My Soul's all on fire,
at I have the Pleasure to doat and desire;
Such a pretty soft Pain,
That it tickles each Vein,
'Tis the Dream of a Smart,
makes me breathe short, when it beats at my Heart.

Sometimes in a Pet,
I am despis'd, I my Freedom would get;
But streight a sweet Smile
Does my Anger beguile,
And my Heart does recal,
the more I do struggle, the lower I fall.

Heav'n does not impart
Grace as to love unto ev'ry ones Heart;
for many may wish,
to be wounded, and miss:
Then blest be Love's Fire,
more blest her Eyes that first taught me Desire.

being done, Warner rings again; but Sir Martin
continues fumbling, and gazing on his Mistress.

A pretty humour'd Song——but stay, me-
he plays and sings still, and yet we cannot hear
——Play louder, Sir Martin, that we may have
suits on't.

[Peeping.] Death! this abominable Fool will
all again. Damn him, he stands making his Gri-
yonder, and he looks so earnestly upon his Mistress,
he hears me not.

[Rings again.]
Ah, ah! have I found you out, Sir? now as I
d breathe, this is pleasant, Rose——his Man
play'd

play'd and sung for him, and he, it seems, did not know when he should give over. [Mill. and Rose leave]

Warn. They have found him out, and laugh you as if they would split their Sides. Why, Mr. Fool, Coxcomb, will you hear none of your Names?

Mill. Sir Martin, Sir Martin, take your Man's Countenance and keep time with your Musick.

Sir Mart. [Peeping.] Hah! what do you say, Madam, how does your Ladyship like my Musick?

Mill. O most heav'nly! just like the Harmony of the Spheres, that is to be admired, and never heard.

Warn. You have ruin'd all by your not leaving off time.

Sir Mart. What the Devil wou'd you have a Man do when my Hand is in! well, o'my Conscience I think there is a Fate upon me. [Noise within]

Mill. Look, Rose, what's the matter.

Rose. 'Tis Sir John Swallow pursu'd by the Bailiffs, Madam, according to our Plot; it seems they have dogg'd him thus late to his Lodging.

Mill. That's well! for though I begin not to love the Fool; yet I am glad I shall be rid of him. [Exit Mill. and Rose]

Enter Sir John pursu'd by three Bailiffs over the Stage

Sir Mart. Now I'll redeem all again, my Mistress shall see my Valour, I'm resolv'd on't. Villains, Rogues, Rascals, troons! what? three upon one? in fine, I'll be with you immediately.

Warn. Why, Sir, are you stark mad? have you no grain of Sense left? He's gone! now is he as earnest in the Quarrel as Cokes among the Puppets; 'tis to no purpose whatever I do for him. [Exit Warn.]

Enter Sir John and Sir Martin (having driven away the Bailiffs) Sir Martin flourisheth his Sword.

Sir Mart. Victoria! Victoria! what Heart, Sir John, have I received no harm, I hope?

Sir John. Not the least, I thank you, Sir, for your timely Assistance, which I will requite with any thing but the resigning of my Mistress——Dear Sir Martin, a good Night.

Sir Mart. Pray let me wait upon you in, *Sir John*.

Sir John. I can find my way to *Mrs. Millisent* without you, *Sir*, I thank you.

Sir Mart. But pray, what were you to be arrested for?

Sir John. I know no more than you; some little Debts perhaps I left unpaid by my Negligence: Once more Good Night, *Sir*. [Exit.]

Sir Mart. He's an ungrateful Fellow; and so in fine, I will tell him when I see him next——*Monfieur*——

Enter Warner.

Warner, a propos! I hope you'll applaud me now, I have defeated the Enemy, and that in sight of my Mistress; yes, I have charm'd her i'faith with my Valour.

Warn. Ay, just as much as you did e'en now with your Musick; go, you are so beastly a Fool, that a child is thrown away upon you.

Sir Mart. Fool in your Face, *Sir*; call a Man of Honour a Fool, when I have just atchieved such an Enterprize—— now my Blood's up, I am a dangerous Person, I will tell you that, *Warner*.

Warn. Poor Animal, I pity thee.

Sir Mart. I grant, I am no Musician, but you must allow me for a Sword-man, I have beat 'em bravely; in fine, I am come off unhurt, save only a little scratch i'th' Head.

Warn. That's impossible, thou hast a Scull so thick, no sword can pierce it; but much good may't d'ye, *Sir*, in the Fruits of your Valour: You rescu'd your Rival, when he was to be arrested, on purpose to take him off from your Mistress.

Sir Mart. Why, this is ever the Fate of ingenuous Men; who ever they take in Hand.

Enter Rose.

Rose. *Sir Martin*, you have done your Business with the Lady, she'll never look upon you more; she says, she is so well satisfied of your Wit and Courage, that she will not put you to any further tryal.

Sir Mart. *Warner*, is there no hopes, *Warner*?

Warn. None that I know.

Sir Mart. Let's have but one civil Plot more before we

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Warn. 'Tis to no purpose.

Rose. Yet, if he had some golden Friends that would engage for him the next time——

Sir Mart. Here's a *Jacobus* and a *Carolus* will enter in to Bonds for me.

Rose. I'll take their Royal Words for once.

[She fetches two Disguises]

Warn. The Meaning of this, dear Rose?

Rose. 'Tis in pursuance of thy own Invention, *Warn*, a Child which thy Wit hath begot upon me: But let us lose no time. Help! help! dress thy Master, that he may be *Anthony*, old *Moody's* Bastard, and thou his, come from the *East-Indies*.

Sir Mart. Hey-tarock it—now we shall have *Rose's* device too, I long to be at it, pray let's hear more on't.

Rose. Old *Moody* you must know in his younger Years when he was a *Cambridge-Scholar*, made bold with a Towns-Man's Daughter there, by whom he had a Bastard whose Name was *Anthony*, whom you, *Sir Martin*, are to represent.

Sir Mart. I warrant you, let me alone for *Tony*: But pray go on, *Rose*.

Rose. This Child in his Father's time he durst not own, but bred him privately in the Isle of *Ely*, till he was seven Years old, and from thence sent him with one *Bonaventure*, a Merchant, for the *East-Indies*.

Warn. But will not this over-burden your Memory, *Sir*?

Sir Mart. There's no answering thee any thing, thou think'st I am good for nothing.

Rose. *Bonaventure* dy'd at *Surat* within two Years, and this *Anthony* has liv'd up and down in the *Mogul's* Country unheard of by his Father 'till this Night, and is expected within these three Days: Now if you can pay for him, you may have admittance into the House, and make an end of all the Business before the other *Anthony* arrives.

Warn. But hold, *Rose*, there's one considerable Point omitted; what was his Mother's Name?

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Rose. That indeed I had forgot; her Name was *Dorothy*, Daughter to one *Draw-water* a Vintner at the *Rose*.

Warn. Come, Sir, are you perfect in your Lesson? *Anthony Moody* born in *Cambridge*, bred in the Isle of *Ely*, sent into the *Mogul's* Country at seven Years old with one *Bonaventure* a Merchant, who dy'd within two Years; your Mother's Name *Dorothy Draw-water*, the Vintner's Daughter at the *Rose*.

Sir Mart. I have it all *ad unguem* — what do'st think I'm a Sot? But stay a little, how have I liv'd all this while in that same Country?

Warn. What Country? ——— Pox, he has forgot already ———

Rose. The *Mogul's* Country.

Sir Mart. Ay, ay, the *Mogul's* Country! what the Devil, any Man may mistake a little; but now I have it perfect: But what have I been doing all this while in the *Mogul's* Country? He's a Heathen Rogue, I am afraid I shall never hit upon his Name.

Warn. Why, you have been passing your time there no matter how.

Rose. Well, if this passes upon the old Man, I'll bring your Business about again with my Mistress, never fear; stay you here at the Door, I'll go tell the old Man of your arrival.

Warn. Well, Sir, now play your Part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former Errors. ———

Sir Mart. Hang 'em, they were only slips of Youth — now peremptory and domineering this Rogue is! now he sees I have need of his Service: Would I were out of his Power again, I would make him lie at my Feet like my Spaniel.

Enter *Moody, Sir John, Lord, Lady Dupe, Milliscent, Christian, and Rose*.

Mood. Is he here already, say'st thou? which is he?

Rose. That Sun-burn'd Gentleman.

Mood. My dear Boy *Anthony*, do I see thee again before I die? Welcome, welcome.

Sir Mart. My dear Father, I know it is you by Instinct; for methinks I am as like you as if I were spit out of your Mouth.

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Rose. Keep it up, I beseech your Lordship.

[*Aside to the Lord*

Lord. He's wond'rous like indeed.

L. Dupe. The very Image of him.

Mood. *Anthony*, you must salute all this Company: This is my Lord *Dartmouth*, this my Lady *Dupe*, this my Neice Mrs. *Christian*.

[*He salutes them*

Sir Mart. And that's my Sister, methinks I have a good Resemblance of her too: Honest Sister, I must needs kiss you, Sister.

Warn. This Fool will discover himself, I foresee it ready by his Carriage to her.

Mood. And now *Anthony*, pray tell us a little of your Travels.

Sir Mart. Time enough for that, forsooth Father, but I have such a natural Affection for my Sister, that methinks I could live and die with her: Give me thy Hand sweet Sister.

Sir John. She's beholden to you, Sir.

Sir Mart. What if she be, Sir, what's that to you, Sir?

Sir John. I hope, Sir, I have not offended you?

Sir Mart. It may be you have, and it may be you have not, Sir; you see I have no mind to satisfy you, Sir. What a Devil! a Man cannot talk a little to his own Flesh and Blood, but you must be interposing with Murrain to you,

Mood. Enough of this, good *Anthony*, this Gentleman to marry your Sister.

Sir Mart. He marry my Sister! Ods foot, Sir, there are some Bastards, that shall be nameless, that are as well worthy to marry her, as any Man; and have as good Blood in their Veins.

Sir John. I do not question it in the least, Sir.

Sir Mart. 'Tis not your best course, Sir; you marry my Sister! what have you seen of the World, Sir? I have seen your Hurricanos, and your Calentures, and your Earth-clipsticks, and your Tropick Lines, Sir, an' you go to that, Sir.

Warn. You must excuse my Master, the Sea's a little working in his Brain, Sir.

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Mart. And your *Prefter Johns o'th' East-Indies*, and
Great Turk of Rome and Persia.

Good. Lord, what a thing it is to be Learned, and a
Weller! Bodikins it makes me weep for Joy; but,
hony, you must not bear your self too much upon
Learning, Child.

Mill. Pray, Brother, be civil to this Gentleman for my

Mart. For your sake, Sister *Millisent*, much may be
e, and here I kifs your Hand on't.

Warn. Yet again Stupidity?

Mill. Nay, pray Brother Hands off, now you are too

Mart. Dear Sister, as I am a true *East-India* Gentle-

Good. But pray, Son *Anthony*, let us talk of other Mat-
and tell me truly, had you not quite forgot me?
yet I made woundy much of you when you were
ng.

Mart. I remember you as well as if I saw you but
terday: A fine grey-headed—grey-bearded old Gentle-
as ever I saw in all my Life.

Warn. aside.] Grey-bearded old Gentleman! when he
a Scholar at *Cambridge*.

Good. But do you remember where you were bred up?

Mart. O yes, Sir, most perfectly, in the Isle——
——let me see, oh——now I have it——in the
of Silly.

Good. In the Isle of *Ely*, sure you mean?

Warn. Without doubt he did, Sir, but this damn'd Isle
Silly runs in's Head ever since his Sea-Voyage.

Good. And your Mother's Name was——come, pray
me examine you——for that I'm sure you cannot
get.

Mart. *Warner!* what was it, *Warner?*

Warn. Poor Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*, if she were now
e, what a joyful Day would this be to her?

Good. Who the Devil bid you speak, Sirrah?

Sir Mart. Her Name, Sir, was Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-*
er.

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if this be not some Cheat.

Mill. He makes so many stumbles, he must needs at last.

Mood. But you remember, I hope, where you were born?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of Oxford for an University, but *Cambridge* for my Money.

Mood. Hold your Tongue you Scanderbag Rogue; this is the second time you have been talking when you should not.

Sir Mart. I was born at *Cambridge*, I remember it perfectly as if it were but Yesterday.

Warn. How I sweat for him! he's remembering since he was born.

Mood. And who did you go over with to the English dies?

Sir Mart. Warner!

Warn. 'Twas a happy thing, Sir, you lighted upon honest a Merchant as Mr. *Bonaventure*, to take care of him.

Mood. Sawcy Rascal! this is past all Sufferance.

Rose. We are undone, *Warner*, if this Discourse go any further.

Lord. Pray, Sir, take pity o'th' poor Gentleman; he has more need of a good Supper, than to be asked many Questions.

Sir John. These are Rogues, Sir, I plainly perceive; pray let me ask him one Question——Which way did you come home, Sir?

Sir Mart. We came home by Land, Sir.

Warn. That is, from *India* to *Persia*, from *Persia* to *Turky*, from *Turky* to *Germany*, from *Germany* to France.

Sir John. And from thence, over the narrow Seas Horse-back.

Mood. 'Tis so, I discern it now, but some shall find fault. Stay a little *Anthony*, I'll be with you presently.

[Exit *Mood*.]

Warn. That wicked old Man is gone for no good, I am afraid; would I were fairly quit of him.

Mill. aside.] Tell me no more of *Sir Martin*, *Rose*, he wants natural Sense, to talk after this rate; but for

Warn

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Warner, I am strangely taken with him, how handsome-
he brought him off?

Enter Moody with two Cudgels.

Mood. Among half a Score tough Cudgels I had in my
chamber, I have made choice of these two as best able
to hold out.

Mill. Alas! poor *Warner* must be beaten now for all his
wit, would I could bear it for him.

Warn. But to what end is all this preparation, Sir?

Mood. In the first place, for your Worship, and in the
next, for this *East-India* Apostle, that will needs be my
son *Anthony*.

Warn. Why d'ye think he is not?

Mood. No, thou wicked Accomplice in his Designs, I
know he is not.

Warn. Who, I his Accomplice? I beseech you, Sir,
what is it to me, if ~~he~~ should prove a Counterfeit; I
sure you he has cozen'd me in the first Place.

Sir John. That's likely, i'faith, cozen his own Servant?

Warn. As I hope for mercy, Sir, I am an utter Stranger
to him, he took me up but Yesterday, and told me the
very word for word as he told it you.

Sir Mart. What will become of us two now? I trust
the Rogue's Wit to bring me off.

Mood. If thou would'st have me believe thee, take one
of these two Cudgels, and help me to lay it on soundly.

Warn. With all my Heart.

Mood. Out you Cheat, you Hypocrite, you Impostor:
do you come hither to cozen an honest Man? [*Beats him.*]

Sir Mart. Hold, hold, Sir.

Warn. Do you come hither with a Lie to get a Father,
son *Anthony* of *East-India*?

Sir Mart. Hold you inhuman Butcher.

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, Sir.

Sir Mart. The Rogue will murder me. [*Exit Sir Mart.*]

Mood. A fair Riddance of 'em both: Let's in and laugh
at 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter again Sir Martin and Warner.

Sir Mart. Was there ever such an Affront put upon a
man, to be beaten by his Servant?

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Warn. After my hearty Salutations upon your Backside, Sir, may a Man have leave to ask you, what News from the *Mogul's* Country?

Sir Mart. I wonder where thou hadst the Impudence to move such a Question to me, knowing how thou hast us'd me.

Warn. Now, Sir, you may see what comes of your Indiscretion and Stupidity: I always gave you warning of it, but for this time I am content to pass it by without more words, partly, because I have already corrected you, though not so much as you deserve.

Sir Mart. Do'st thou think to carry it off at this rate after such an injury?

Warn. You may thank your self for't; nay 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwise I had been suspected as your Accomplice.

Sir Mart. But you laid it on with such a Vengeance as if you were beating of a Stock-fish.

Warn. To confess the Truth on't, you had anger'd me and I was willing to evaporate my Choler; if you will pass it by so, I may chance to help you to your Mistress. No more words of this Business, I advise you, but go home and grease your Back.

Sir Mart. In fine, I must suffer it at his Hands; for my Shoulders had not paid for this fault, my Purse must have sweat Blood for't: The Rogue has got such a handle upon me——

Warn. So, so, here's another of our Vessels come in after the Storm that parted us:

Enter Rose.

What Comfort, *Rose*, no Harbour near?

Rose. My Lady, as you may well imagine, is more extremely incens'd against *Sir Martin*; but she applauds your Ingenuity to the Skies. I'll say no more, but there by hangs a Tale.

Sir Mart. I am considering with my self about a Plot to bring all about again.

Rose. Yet again plotting! if you have such a Mind to't, I know no way so proper for you as to turn Poet to *Pugonello*.

Warn.

Warn. Hark! is not that Musick in your House?

[Musick plays.]

Rose. Yes, Sir *John* has given my Mistress the Fiddles, and our old Man is as jocund yonder, and does so hug himself to think how he has been reveng'd upon you.

Warn. Why, he does not know 'twas we, I hope?

Rose. 'Tis all one for that.

Sir Mart. I have such a Plot; I care not, I will speak if I were to be hang'd for't——shall I speak, dear Warner? let me now; it does so wamble within me, just like a Clyster, i'faith law, and I can keep it no longer in my Heart.

Warn. Well, I am indulgent to you; out with it boldly in the Name of Nonsense.

Sir Mart. We two will put on Vizards, and with the help of my Landlord, who shall be of the Party, go a summing there, and by some device of dancing, get my Mistress away unsuspected by 'em all.

Rose. What if this should hit now, when all your projects have fail'd, Warner?

Warn. Would I were hang'd, if it be not somewhat probable: Nay, now I consider better on't——exceedingly probable, it must take, 'tis not in Nature to be added.

Sir Mart. O must it so, Sir! and, who may you thank for't?

Warn. Now am I so mad he should be the Author of this Device. How the Devil, Sir, came you to stumble on't?

Sir Mart. Why should not my Brains be as fruitful as yours, or any Man's?

Warn. This is so good, it shall not be your Plot, Sir; I never disown it, or I will proceed no further.

Sir Mart. I would not lose the Credit of my Plot to my Mistress: The Plot's a good one, and I'll justify upon any Ground in *England*; an'you will not work on't, it shall be done without you.

Rose. I think the Knight has Reason.

Warn. Well, I'll order it however to the best Advantage: Hark you, Rose.

[Whispers.]

Sir

156 *Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL.*

Sir Mart. If it miscarry by your Ordering, take no
'tis your Fault; 'tis well invented, I'll take my Oath on

Rose. I must in to 'em, for fear I should be suspected
but I'll acquaint my Lord, my old Lady, and all them
who ought to know it, with your Design.

Warn. We'll be with you in a twinkling: You and
Rose, are to follow our Leaders, and be pair'd to Night

Rose. To have, and to hold, are dreadful Words, *Warn.*
er; but for your sake I'll venture on 'em. [Exit

Enter Lord, Lady Dupe, and Christian.

L. Dupe. Nay! good my Lord be patient.

Lord. Does he think to give Fiddles and Treatments
a House where he has wrong'd a Lady? I'll never suffer

L. Dupe. But upon what ground will you raise your
Quarrel?

Lord. A very just one, as I am her Kinsman.

L. Dupe. He does not know yet why he was to be
rested; try that way again.

Lord. I'll hear of nothing but Revenge.

Enter Rose.

Rose. Yes, pray hear me one word, my Lord, *Sir Martin*
himself has made a Plot.

Chr. That's like to be a good one.

Rose. A Fool's Plot may be as lucky as a Fool's Ham-
fel; 'tis a very likely one, and requires nothing for your
part, but to get a Parson in the next Room, we'll be
work for him.

L. Dupe. That shall be done immediately; *Christian*
make haste, and send for Mr. *Ball* the Non-conformist
tell him here are two or three Angels to be earn'd.

Chr. And two or three Posslets to be eaten: May I be
put in that, Madam?

L. Dupe. Surely you may.

[Exit Christian]

Rose. Then for the rest—'tis only this—Oh! they
are here! pray take it in a whisper: My Lady knows
it already.

Enter Moody, Sir John, and Milliscent.

Mill. Strike up again, Fiddle, I'll have a French Dance

Sir John. Let's have the Brawls.

Moody. No, good *Sir John*, no quarrelling among Friends

L. Dupe.

Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL. 157

L. Dupe. Your Company is like to be increas'd, Sir; the Neighbours that heard your Fiddles are come a-mumming to you.

Mood. Let 'em come in, and we'll be jovy; an' I had my Hobby-horse at home——

Sir John. What, are they Men or Women?

L. Dupe, I believe some 'Prentices broke loose.

Mill. Rose! go and fetch me down two Indian Gowns Vizard-masks——you and I will disguise too, and as good a Mummary to them as they to us. [Ex. Rose.]

Mood. That will be most rare.

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all, Warner, Landlord disguis'd like a Tony.

Mood. O here they come! Gentlemen Maskers you are welcome——[Warner signs to the Musick for a Dance.] signs for a Dance I believe; you are welcome. Mr. stick, strike up, I'll make one as old as I am.

Sir John. And I'll not be out. [Dance.]

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers, you have had your Frolick, next turn is mine; bring two Flute-glasses and some Stools, ho, we'll have the Ladies Health.

Sir John. But why Stools, my Lord?

Lord. That you shall see: The Humour is, that two at a time are hoisted up; when they are above, they name their Ladies, and the rest of the Company dance about them while they drink: This they call the Trick of the Altitudes.

Mood. Some Highlander's Invention, I'll warrant it.

Lord. Gentlemen-maskers, you shall begin.

[They hoist Sir Mart. and Warn.]

Sir John. Name the Ladies.

Lord. They point to Mrs. Milliscent and Mrs. Christian, now's Touche! Touche!

[While they drink, the Company dances and sings:
They are taken down.]

Mood. A rare toping Health this: Come, Sir John, now and I will be in our Altitudes.

Sir John. What new Device is this, tro?

Mood. I know not what to make on't.

[When they are up, the Company dances about 'em:
Then dance off. Tony dances a Figg.]

Sir

158 *Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL.*

Sir John. Pray, Mr. Fool, where's the rest of Company? I would fain see 'em again. [To T

Land. Come down and tell 'em so, *Cudden.*

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if there be not some Plot and this Fool is set here to spin out the time.

Mood. Like enough! undone! undone! my Daughter gone, let me down, Sirrah.

Land. Yes, *Cudden.*

Sir John. My Mistress is gone, let me down first.

Land. This is the quickest way, *Cudden.*

[He offers to pull down the S

Sir John. Hold! hold! or thou wilt break my Neck

Land. And you will not come down, you may there, *Cudden.* [Exit Landlord d

Mood. O Scanderbag Villains!

Sir John. Is there no getting down?

Mood. All this was long of you, *Sir Jack.*

Sir John. 'Twas long of your self to invite them

Mood. O you young Coxcomb, to be drawn in the

Sir John. You old Sot you, to be caught so fillily!

Mood. Come but an Inch nearer, and I'll so claw the

Sir John. I hope I shall reach to thee.

Mood. And 'twere not for thy wooden Breast-plate there. —

Sir John. I hope to push thee down from *Babylon.*

Enter Lord, Lady Dupe, Sir Martin, Warner, Rose, M
sent vail'd, and Landlord.

Lord. How, Gentlemen! what, quarrelling among yourselves!

Mood. Coxnowns! help me down, and let me have my play, he shall never marry my Daughter.

Sir Mart. leading Rose. No, I'll be sworn that he is not, therefore never repine, Sir, for Marriages you know are made in Heav'n: In fine, Sir, we are join'd together in spite of Fortune.

Rose, pulling off her Mask. That we are indeed, Sir Martin, and these are Witnesses; therefore, in fine, never repine, Sir, for Marriages you know are made in Heav'n.

Omn. Rose!

Warn. What, is *Rose* split in two? Sure I ha' got one *Rose!*

Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL. 159

Will. Ay, the best *Rose* you ever got in all your Life.

[Pulls off her Mask.

Warn. This amazeth me so much, I know not what
ay or think.

Mood. My Daughter married to *Warner*!

Mart. Well, I thought it impossible any Man in Eng-
should have over-reach'd me: Sure *Warner* there was
e Mistake in this: Prithee *Billy* let's go to the Parson
et all right again, that every Man may have his own,
re the matter go too far.

Warn. Well, Sir! for my Part I will have nothing far-
to do with these Women, for I find they will be
hard for us, but e'en sit down by the Loss, and con-
my self with my hard Fortune: But, Madam, do
ever think I will forgive you this, to cheat me into
state of two thousand Pounds a Year?

Mart. An' I were as thee, I would not be so serv'd,
er!

Will. I have serv'd him but right for the Cheat he put
me, when he perswaded me you were a Wit-----
there's a Trick for your Trick, Sir.

Warn. Nay, I confess you have out-witted me.

John. Let me down, and I'll forgive all freely.

[They let him down.

Mood. What am I kept here for?

Warn. I might in Policy keep you there; 'till your
ghter and I had been in private, for a little Consum-
on: But for once, Sir, I'll trust your good Nature.

[Takes him down too.

Mood. An' thou wert a Gentleman it would not grieve

Will. That I was assur'd of before I married him, by
Lord here.

Warn. I cannot refuse to own him for my Kinsman,
gh his Father's Sufferings in the late Times have
d his Fortunes.

Mood. But yet he has been a Serving-man.

Warn. You are mistaken, Sir, I have been a Master;
besides, there's an Estate of eight hundred Pounds a
only it is mortgag'd for six thousand Pounds.

Mood.

Mood. Well, we'll bring it off; and for my part, I'm glad my Daughter has miss'd *in fine* there.

Sir John. I will not be the only Man that must go without a Bedfellow to Night, if this Lady will one day gain receive me.

L. Dupe. She's yours, Sir.

Lord. And the same Parson, that did the former Education, is still in the next Chamber; what with Card Wine, and Quidding, which he has taken in abundance I think he will be able to wheedle two more of you to Matrimony.

Mill. Poor *Sir Martin* looks melancholy! I am afraid he is in Love.

Warn. Not with the Lady that took him for a Wife, hope.

Rose. At least, *Sir Martin* can do more than you *Warner*, for he can make me a Lady, which you can't my Mistress.

Sir Mart. I have lost nothing but my Man, and in time I shall get another.

Mill. You'll do very well, *Sir Martin*, for you'll be your own Man, I assure you.

Warn. For my part I had lov'd you before, if I follow'd my Inclination.

Mill. But now I am afraid you begin of the latest, except your Love can grow up like a Mushrome at a Night's warning.

Warn. For that matter never trouble your self, I love as fast as any Man, when I am nigh Possession; Love falls heavy, and never moves quick till it comes to the Centre; he's an ill Falconer that will unhood before the Quarry be in sight.

Love's an high mettall'd Hawk that beats the Air,
But soon grows weary when the Game's not near.





PILOGUE.

S Country Vicars, when the Sermon's done,
Run huddling to the Benediction;
knowing, though the better sort may stay,
vulgar Rout will run unblest away:
e, when once our Play is done, make haste
to a short Epilogue to close your Taste.
us withdrawing we seem mannerly,
when the Curtain's down, we peep and see
Curry of the Wits, who still stay late,
in their Club decree the poor Play's Fate;
ir Verdict back is to the Boxes brought,
nce all the Town pronounces it their Thought.
s, Gallants, we like Lilly can foresee,
if you ask us what our Doom will be,
by to Morrow will our Fortune cast,
he tells all things when the Year is past.



THE
EMPEST:

OR, THE

Enchanted Island.

A

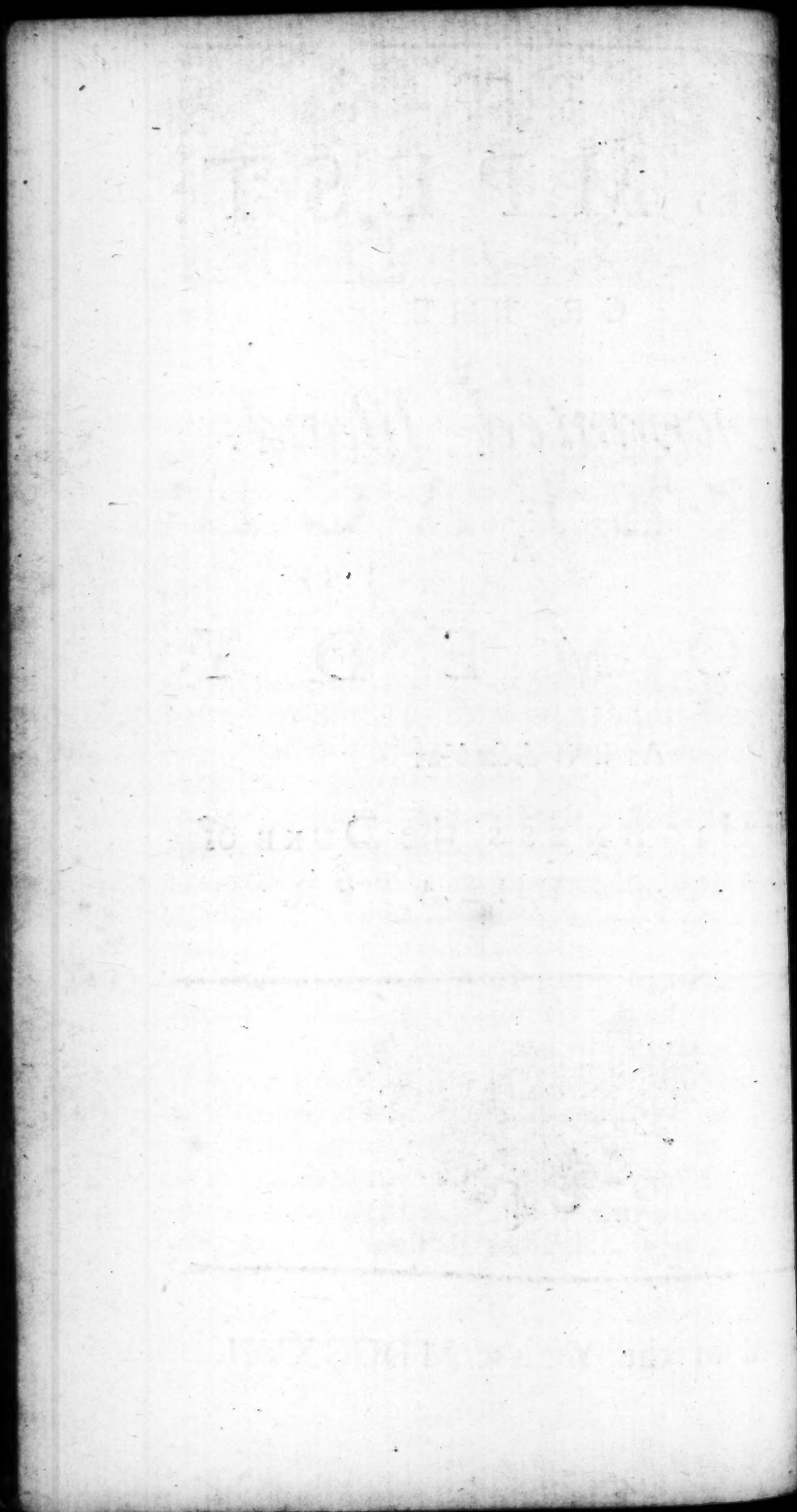
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at

His HIGHNESS the DUKE of
YORK's THEATER.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.





T H E P R E F A C E.

TH E writing of Prefaces to Plays, was probably invented by some very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by some Ape of the *French* Eloquence, which uses to make a Business of a Letter Gallantry, an Examen of a Farce; and, in short, a great Pomp and Ostentation of Words on every Trifle. This is certainly the Talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of Gaiety, which would be an Imposition upon us.

We may satisfy our selves with surmounting them in the Scene, and safely leave them those Trappings of Writing, and flourishes of the Pen, with which they adorn the Borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landscapes to a very indifferent Picture. I must proceed

P R E F A C E.

ceed no farther in this Argument, lest I run myself beyond my Excuse for Writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I set it not to set a Value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of Gratitude to the Memory of Sir *William Davenant*, who did me the Honour to join me with him in the Alteration of it.

It was originally *Shakespear's*: A Poet to whom he had particularly a high Veneration, and to whom he first taught me to admire. The Play itself had formerly been acted with Success: the *Black-Friers*: And our excellent *Fletcher* had so great a Value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same Design, not much varied, a second Time. Those who have seen his *Savage Voyage*, may easily discern that it was a Copy of *Shakespear's Tempest*: The Storm, the Desolate Island, and the Woman who had never seen a Man, are all sufficient Testimonies of it. But *Fletcher* was not the only Poet who made use of *Shakespear's* Plot: Sir *John Suckling*, a professed Admirer of our Author, has follow'd his Footsteps in his *Goblins*; his *Regmella* being an open imitation of *Shakespear's Miranda*; and his *Spirit*, though counterfeit, yet are copied from *Arden*. But Sir *William Davenant*, as he was a Man of a quick and piercing Imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the Design of *Shakespear*, of which neither *Fletcher* nor *Suckling* had ever thought: And therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counter-part to *Shakespear's* Plot, namely, that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more

P R E F A C E.

ore illustrate and commend each other. This
cellent Contrivance he was pleas'd to commu-
ate to me, and to desire my Assistance in it.
onfess, that from the very first Moment it so
as'd me, that I never writ any thing with more
ight. I must likewise do him that justice to
nowledge, that my Writing received daily his
mendments, and that is the Reason why it is
t so faulty, as the rest which I have done with-
t the Help or Correction of so judicious a
riend. The Comical Parts of the Sailors were
o of his Invention, and for the most Part his
riting, as you will easily discover by the Stile.
the time I writ with him, I had the Op-
rtunity to observe somewhat more nearly
him, than I had formerly done, when I had
ly a bare Acquaintance with him: I found
n then of so quick a Fancy, that nothing was
opos'd to him, on which he could not sud-
nly produce a Thought extremely Pleasant and
urprising: And those first Thoughts of his, con-
ary to the old *Latin* Proverb, were not always
e least happy. And as his Fancy was quick, so
ewise were the Products of it remote and new.
e borrowed not of any other; and his Imagina-
ons were such as could not easily enter into any
her Man. His Corrections were sober and judi-
ous: And he corrected his own Writings much
ore severely than those of another Man, be-
owing twice the Time and Labour in polish-
g, which he us'd in Invention. It had perhaps
een easie enough for me to have arrogated more
o my self than was my Due, in the Writing of
his Play, and to have pass'd by his Name with
lence in the Publication of it, with the same In-
grati-

P R E F A C E.

gratitude which others have us'd to him, whose Writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater Inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the Unworthiness of the Action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the Dead of his Reputation) I am satisfied I could never have receiv'd so much Honour, in being thought the Author of any Poem how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my Imperfections with the Merit and Name of *Shakespear* and Sir *William Davenant*.

December 1.
1669.

JOHN DRYDEN.



PRO

PROLOGUE.

When a Tree's cut down, the secret Root
Lives under Ground, and thence new Branches shoot;
from old Shakespear's honour'd Dust, this Day
rings up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakespear, who (taught by none) did first impart
Fletcher Wit, to labouring Johnson Art.
Monarch-like, gave those his Subjects Law,
and is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his Heights did grow,
 whilst Johnson crept and gather'd all below.
He did his Love, and this his Mirth digest:
He imitates him most, the other best.
They have since out-writ all other Men,
With the Drops which fell from Shakespear's Pen.
The Storm which vanish'd on the neighb'ring Shore,
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to roar.
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
That Shakespear's Magick could not copy'd be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
Must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
At Liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick supernatural Things:
That Shakespear's Pow'r is Sacred as a King's.
These Legends from old Priesthood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as People then believ'd.
But, if for Shakespear we your Grace implore,
For our Theatre shall want it more:
So by our Dearth of Youths are forc'd t' employ
One of our Women to present a Boy.
And that's a Transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
None expect in the last Act to find,
A Sex transform'd from Man to Woman-kind.
But e'er she was before the Play began,
You shall see of her is perfect Man.
If your Fancy will be farther led
To find her Woman, it must be a-bed.

Dramatis Personæ.

Alonzo, Duke of *Savoy*, and Usurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

Ferdinand, his Son.

Prospero, right Duke of *Millain*.

Antonio, his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.

Gonzalo, a Nobleman of *Savoy*.

Hippolito, one that never saw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

Stephano, Master of the Ship.

Mustacho, his Mate.

Trincalo, Boatswain.

Ventoso, a Mariner.

Several Mariners.

A Cabbin-Boy.

Miranda and } (Daughters to *Prospero*) that never
Dorinda, } saw Man.

Ariel, an airy Spirit, Attendant on *Prospero*.

Several Spirits, Guards to *Prospero*.

Caliban,

Sycorax, his Sister, } Two Monsters of the Isle.

T H E



THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Front of the Stage is open'd, and the Band of twenty four
 Solins, with the Harpsicals and Theorbo's which accompany
 the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While
 the Overture is playing, the Curtain rises, and discovers a
 new Frontispice, join'd to the great Pylasters, on each side
 of the Stage. This Frontispice is a noble Arch, supported
 by large wreathed Columns of the Corinthian Order; the
 wreathings of the Columns are beautify'd with Roses wound
 round them, and several Cupids flying about them. On
 the Cornice, just over the Capitals, sits on either side a Fi-
 gure, with a Trumpet in one Hand, and a Palm in the o-
 ther, representing Fame. A little farther on the same Cor-
 nice, on each side of a Compass-pediment, lie a Lion and a
 Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of England.
 In the middle of the Arch are several Angels, holding the
 King's Arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of
 that Compass-pediment. Behind this is the Scene, which
 presents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coast, and a
 tempestuous Sea in perpetual Agitation. This Tempest (sup-
 pos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadful Objects
 in it, as several Spirits in horrid Shapes flying down amongst

the Sailers, then rising and crossing in the Air. And when the Ship is sinking, the whole House is darken'd, and a shower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightning, and several Claps of Thunder, to the End of the Storm.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso.

V E N T O S O.



H A T a Sea comes in?

Must. A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul Weather.

Enter Trincalo.

Trinc. The Scud comes against the Wind, 'twill blow hard.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Bosen!

Trinc. Here, Master, what say you?

Steph. Ill Weather! let's off to Sea.

Must. Let's have Sea room enough, and then let it blow the Devil's Head off.

Steph. Boy! Boy!

Enter Cabin Boy.

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here Master.

Steph. Give the Pilot a Dram of the Bottle.

[Exeunt Stephano and Boy]

Enter Mariners, and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Bring the Cable to the Capstern.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Bosen have a care; where's the Master? Play the Men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Anto. Where's the Master, Bosen?

Trinc. Do you not hear him? You hinder us: Keep your Cabins, you help the Storm.

Gonz. Nay, good Friend be patient.

Trinc. Ay, when the Sea is: Hence; what care the Roarers for the Name of Duke? To Cabin; silence trouble us not.

Gonz. Good Friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

Trinc.

Trinc. None that I love more than my self: You are Counsellor, if you can advise these Elements to silence, use your Wisdom: If you cannot, make your self ready in the Cabin for the ill Hour. Cheerly good Hearts! our way, Sirs. [*Exeunt Trincalo and Mariners.*]

Gonz. I have great Comfort from this Fellow; methinks his Complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the Rope of his Destiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if we be not born to be hang'd, we shall be drown'd. [*Exit.*]

Enter Trincalo and Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft, Lads. Come, reef both Top-sails.

Steph. Make haste, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea. [*Exit Steph.*]

Enter two Mariners, and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! man your Main-Capstern.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso at the other Door.

Must. Up aloft! and man your Seere-Capstern.

Vent. My Lads, my Hearts of Gold, get in your Capstern-Bar. Hoa up, hoa up, &c.

[*Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.*]

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there; Quarter-Master, get's more Nippers. [*Exit Steph.*]

Enter two Mariners, and pass over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out all Hands to Capstern. You Dogs, is this a time to sleep? Lubbord. Heave together, Lads. [*Trincalo whistles.*]

[*Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.*]

Must. within. Our Vial's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave, Lads! we are fix'd again. Heave together, Bullies.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut down the Hammocks! cut down the Hammocks! come, my Lads: Come, Bullies, cheer up! heave softly. The Anchor's a Peek.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a Peek?

Steph. Is a weigh! is a weigh.

Trinc. Up aloft, my Lads, upon the Fore-castle! cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt, haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, haul Catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, aft, and lose the Misen!

Trinc. Get the Misen-tack aboard. Haul aft Misen-sheets.

Enter Mustacho.

Must. Loose the Main-top-sail!

Steph. Let him alone, there's too much Wind.

Trinc. Loose Fore-sail! haul aft both Sheers! trim her right afore the Wind. Aft! aft! Lads, and hale up the Misen here.

Must. A Mackrel-gale, Master.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind veeres forward, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, Star-board, a little steady; now steady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, 'till the Sails are loose.

Enter Ventoso.

Vent. Some hands down: The Guns are loose. [*Ex. Must.*]

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump. [*Exit Vent.*]

Enter Mustacho at the other Door.

Must. O Master! fix Foot Water in Hold.

Steph. Clap the Helm hard aweather! Flat, flat, flat in the Fore-sheet there.

Trinc. Over-haul your Fore-boling.

Steph. Brace in the Lar-board. [*Exit*]

Trinc. A curse upon this howling, [*A great Cry within*]
They are louder than the Weather.

Enter Antonio and Gonzalo.

Yet again, what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Ha' you a mind to sink?

Gonz. A Pox o' your Throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Trinc. Work you then and be poxt.

Anto. Hang, Cur, hang, you whorson insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Ease the Fore-brace a little. [*Exit*]

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger than a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched Wench.

Enter

The T E M P E S T.

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Enter Alonzo and Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my self I care not, but your Loss brings a thousand Deaths to me.

Alon. O name not me, I am grown old, my Son; I now am tedious to the World, and that, By use, is so to me: But, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my Subjects loss in thee: Alas, I suffer justly for my Crimes, but why Thou should'st——O Heav'n! [*A Cry within.*]
Hark, farewell, my Son, a long farewell!

Enter Trincalo, Mustacho and Ventoso.

Trinc. What, must our Mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's lost. To Prayers, to Prayers.

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to Prayers. Let's assist them.

Must. Nay we may e'en pray too, our Case is now alike.

Ant. Mercy upon us! we split, we split.

Gonz. Let's all sink with the Duke, and the young Prince. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Stephano and Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is sinking. [*A new Cry within.*]

Steph. Run her Ashoar!

Trinc. Luff! luff! or we are all lost! there's a Rock upon the Starboard-Bow.

Steph. She strikes, she strikes! All shift for themselves. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

In the midst of the Shower of Fire the Scene changes. The Cloudy Sky, Rocks, and Sea vanish; and when the Lights return, discover that beautiful Part of the Island, which was the Habitation of Prospero; 'Tis compos'd of three Walks of Cypress-trees, each Side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which Prospero keeps his Daughters, in the other Hippolito: The Middle-Walk is of great Depth, and leads to an open Part of the Island.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prosper. *Miranda*, where's your Sister?

Mir. I left her looking from the pointed Rock, at the Walks end, on the huge Beat of Waters.

Prosp. It is a dreadful Object.

Mir. If by your Art,
My dearest Father, you have put them in
This roar, allay 'em quickly.

Prosp. I have so order'd,
That not one Creature in the Ship is lost:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister:
You both are Ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than *Prospero*, Master of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'er endeavour'd
To know more than you were pleas'd to tell me.

Prosp. I should inform thee farther.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am,
But then you stopt.

Prosp. The Hour's now come;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came into this Cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wert not
Full three Yeas old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Prosp. Tell me the Image then of any thing
Which thou dost keep in thy Remembrance still.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once thou
tended me?

Prosp. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: What seen
thou else

In the dark Back-ward, and Abyfs of Time?
If thou remembrest ought e'er thou cam'st here,
Then how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Prosp. Fifteen Years since, *Miranda*,
Thy Father was the Duke of Millain, and
A Prince of Power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prosp. Thy Mother was all Virtue, and she said
Thou wast my Daughter, and thy Sister too.

Mir. O Heav'n's! what foul play had we, that
We hither came, or wast a Blessing that we did?

Pros. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Pros. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*,
To whom I trusted then the Manage of my State,
While I was wrap'd with secret Studies: That false Uncle
Having attain'd the Craft of granting Suits,
And of denying them; whom to advance,
Or lop, for over-topping, soon was grown
The Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk,
And suck'd my Verdure out: Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Pros. I thus neglecting worldly Ends, and bent
To closeness, and the bettering of my Mind,
Wak'd in my false Brother an evil Nature: He did be-
lieve

He was indeed the Duke, because he then
Did execute the out-ward Face of Sovereignty.
Do'st thou still mark me?

Mir. Your Story would cure Deafness.

Pros. This false Duke
Needs would be absolute in *Millain*, and Confederate
With *Savoy's* Duke, to give him Tribute, and
To do him Homage.

Mir. False Man!

Pros. This Duke of *Savoy* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, strait grants my Brother's Suit,
And on a Night mated to his Design,
Antonio open'd the Gates of *Millain*, and
Pth' dead of Darkness, hurried me thence
With thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that Hour destroy us?

Pros. They durst not, Girl, in *Millain*, for the Love
My People bore me; in short they hurry'd us
Away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Nissa's* Port,
Bore us some Leagues to Sea where they prepar'd
A rotten Carcass of a Boat, not rigg'd,
No Tackle, Sail, nor Mast, the very Rats
Instinctively had quit it.

Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pros. Thou and thy Sister were
Two Cherubins, which did preserve me: You both
Did smile, infus'd with Fortitude from Heav'n.

Mir. How came we Ashoar?

Pros. By Providence Divine,
Some Food we had, and some fresh Water, which
A Nobleman of *Savoy*, called *Gonzalo*,
Appointed Master of that black Design,
Gave us; with rich Garments, and all Neccessaries,
Which since have steaded much: And of his Gentleness
(Knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnish'd me
From mine own Library, with Volumes which
I prize above my Dukedom-

Mir. Would I might see that Man.

Pros. Here in 'this Island we arriv'd, and here
Have I your Tutor been. But by my Skill
I find, that my Mid-heaven doth depend
On a most happy Star, whose Influence
If I now court not, but omit, my Fortunes
Will ever after Droop: Here cease more Questions,
Thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'Tis a good Dulness,
And give it way; I know thou canst not chuse.

[*She falls asleep*]

Come away, my Spirit: I am ready now, approach,
My *Ariel*, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. All hail, great Master, grave
Sir, hail, I come to answer thy best Pleasure,
Be it to fly, to swim, to shoot into the Fire,
To ride on the curl'd Clouds; to thy strong bidding,
Task *Ariel*, and all his Qualities.

Pros. Hast thou, Spirit, perform'd to point
The Tempest that I bad thee?

Ariel. To every Article.

I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak,
Now in the Waste, the Deck, in every Cabin;
I flam'd Amazement, and sometimes I seem'd
To burn in many Places on the Top-mast,
The Yards, and Bore-sprit; I did flame distinctly.
Nay once I rain'd a shower of Fire upon 'em.

Prosper. My brave Spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Did not infect his Reason?

Ariel. Not a Soul
But felt a Feaver of the Mind, and plaid
Some Tricks of desperation; all,
But Mariners, plung'd in the foaming Brine,
And quit the Vessel: The Duke's Son, *Ferdinand*,
With Hair upstaring (more like Reeds than Hair)
Was the first Man that leap'd; cry'd, Hell is empty,
And all the Devils are here.

Prosper. Why that's my Spirit;
But was not this nigh Shoar?

Ariel. Close by, my Master.

Prosper. But, *Ariel*, are they safe?

Ariel. Not a Hair perish'd.
In Troops I have dispers'd them round this Isle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himself,
Whom I have left warming the Air with Sighs,
In an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting,
His Arms he folded in this sad Knot.

Prosper. Say how thou hast dispos'd the Mariners
Of the Duke's Ship, and all the rest o'th' Fleet?

Ariel. Safely in Harbour

the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once
Thou call'd'st me up at Midnight to fetch Dew
From the Still vex'd *Bermoothes*, there's she's hid,
The Mariners all under Hatches stow'd,
Whom, with a Charm, join'd to their suffer'd Labour,
Have left asleep; and for the rest o'th' Fleet,
Which I disperst) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Float,
Bound sadly home for *Italy*;
Supposing that they saw the Duke's Ship wrack'd,
And his great Person perish.

Prosper. *Ariel*, thy Charge

Exactly is perform'd, but there's more Work:
What is the time o'th' Day?

Ariel. Past the Mid-season.

Prosper

Pros. At least two Glasses:
The Time 'tween fix and now must by us both
Be spent most preciously.

Ariel. Is there more Toil?
Since thou dost give me Pains, let me remember
Thee what thou hast promised, which is not yet
Perform'd me.

Pros. How now, *Moody*?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ariel. My Liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prethee!

Remember I have done thee faithful Service,
Told thee no Lies, made thee no Mistakings,
Served without or Grudge, or Grumblings:
Thou didst promise to bate me a full Year.

Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a Torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the Ocean
Of the salt Deep:

To run against the sharp Wind of the North,
To do my Business in the Veins of the Earth,
When it is bak'd with Frost.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Pros. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was grown into a Hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

Ariel. No, Sir.

Pros. Thou hast; where was she born? Speak, tell me.

Ariel. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pros. Oh, was she so! I must
Once every Month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For Mischiefs manifold, and Sorceries
Too terrible to enter human Hearing,
From *Argier* thou know'st was banish'd:
But for one thing she did,
They would not take her Life: Is not this true?

Ariel. Ay, Sir.

Prosp. This blue-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,
and here was left by th' Sailers; thou, my Slave,
as thou report'st thy self, wast then her Servant,
and 'cause thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd Commands;
Refusing her grand Hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Ministers,
In her unmitigable Rage) into a cloven Pine,
Within whose rift imprison'd, thou didst painfully
Remain a dozen Years; within which space she dy'd,
and left thee there; where thou didst vent thy Groans,
as fast as Mill-wheels strike. Then was this Isle
Gave for two Brats, which she did Litter here,
The brutish *Caliban*, and his Twin-sister,
Two freckled hag-born Whelps) not honour'd with
human Shape.

Ariel. Yes! *Caliban* her Son, and *Sycorax* his Sister.

Prosp. Dull thing, I say so; he,

that *Caliban*, and she that *Sycorax*,

Whom I now keep in Service. Thou best know'st

What Torment I did find thee in, thy Groans

did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the Breasts

of ever angry Bears, it was a Torment

to lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*

could ne'er again undo: It was my Art,

When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine

to gape, and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Master.

Prosp. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak,

and peg thee in his knotty Entrails, till thou

hast howl'd away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Master,

I will be correspondent to command,

and be a gentle Spirit.

Prosp. Do so, and after two Days I'll discharge thee.

Ariel. Thanks, my great Master. But I have yet one
request.

Prosp. What's that, my Spirit?

Ariel. I know that this Day's Business is important,
requiring too much Toil for one alone.

I have a gentle Spirit for my Love,
 Who twice seven Years has waited for my Freedom;
 Let it appear, it will assist me much,
 And we with mutual Joy shall entertain
 Each other. This I beseech you grant me.

Prosp. You shall have your desire.

Ariel. That's my noble Master. *Milcha!*

[*Milcha flies down to his assistance.*]

Milc. I am here, my Love.

Ariel. Thou art free! welcome, my Dear!
 What shall we do? Say, say, what shall we do?

Prosp. Be subject to no sight but mine, invisible
 To every Eye-ball else. Hence with diligence,
 Anon thou shalt know more.

[*They both fly up and cross in the Air.*]

Thou hast slept well my Child.

Mir. The sadness of your Story put heaviness in me.

Prosp. Shake it off; come on, I'll now call *Caliban*,
 Slave, who never yields us a kind Answer.

Mir. 'Tis a Creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Prosp. But as 'tis, we cannot miss him; he does make
 our Fire, fetch in our Wood, and serve in Offices that
 profit us: What ho! Slave! *Caliban!* thou Earth thou
 speak.

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

Prosp. Thou poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself
 Upon thy wicked Dam, come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Calib. As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother brushed
 with Raven's Feather from unwholesom Fens, drop
 you both: A South-west Wind blow on you, and blast
 you all o'er.

Prosp. For this be sure, to Night thou shalt have Cramps
 Side-stiches, that shall pen thy Breath up; Urchins shall
 prick thee till thou bleed'st: Thou shalt be pinch'd
 thick as Honey-combs, each Pinch more stinging than
 the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I must eat my Dinner: This Island's mine
Sycorax my Mother, which thou took'st from me. What
 thou can'st first, thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much

would'st give me Water with Berries in't, and teach
how to name the bigger Light, and how the
that burn by Day and Night; and then I lov'd thee,
and shew'd thee all the Qualities of the Isle, the Fresh-
ings, Brine-pits, barren Places and fertile. Curs'd be
that I did so: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Bee-
s, Bats, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that
thou hast. I first was mine own Lord; and here thou
wast me in this hard Rock, whiles thou dost keep from
the rest o'th' Island.

Pros. Thou most lying Slave, whom Stripes may
love, not Kindness: I have us'd thee (Filth as thou
art) with human Care, and lodg'd thee in mine own
cell, till thou didst seek to violate the Honour of my
children.

Calib. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had been done: Thou
didst prevent me, I had peopl'd else this Isle with *Calib-*
ans.

Pros. Abhorred Slave! who ne'er wouldst any print of
goodness take, being capable of all Ill: I pity'd thee,
took Pains to make thee speak, taught thee each Hour
a thing or other; when thou didst not (Savage) know
thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble, like a thing most
stupid, I endow'd thy Purposes with Words, which
made them known: But thy wild Race (tho' thou didst
know) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide
to be with: Therefore wast thou deservedly pent up in
this Rock.

Calib. You taught me Language, and my profit by it
is that I know to Curse: The red Botch rid you for
stealing me your Language.

Pros. Hag-seed hence!

Fetch us in Fuel, and be quick

to answer other Business: Shrug'st thou (Malice)

thou neglectest, or dost unwillingly

that I command, I'll wrack thee with old Cramps,

fill all thy Bones with Aches, make thee roar,

that Beasts shall tremble at thy Din.

Calib. No prethee!

Thou must obey. His Art is of such power,

It would controul my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make a Vassal of him.

Prosp. So Slave, hence.

[*Exeunt Prospero and Caliban severally*
Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh, Sister! what have I beheld?

Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder Rock,

As I my Eyes cast down upon the Seas,
The whistling Winds blew rudely on my Face,
And the Waves roar'd; at first I thought the War
Had been between themselves, but strait I 'spy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? It seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands ruffling in the Wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a-while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;
He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Bilows,
And then again he curtsy'd down so low,
I could not see him: Till, at last, all side-long
With a great Crack his Belly burst in pieces.

Mir. There all had perish'd,

Had not my Father's magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Sister, I have stranger News to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

Dor. But what is that? For yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: But I have heard
My Father say, we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he should eat us, Sister?

Mir. No sure, you see my Father is a Man, and yet
He does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Methinks indeed it would be finer, if
We two had two young Fathers.

Mir. No, Sister, no, if they were young, my Father
Said, we must call them Brothers.

Dor. But pray how does it come, that we two are
not Brothers then, and have not Beards like him?

Mir. Now I confess you pose me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little,
and grew within the Ground.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? Pray, Sister,
let you and I look up and down one Day,
to find some little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we must go in. This is
the Hour wherein my Father's Charm will work,
which seizes all who are in open Air:

The effect of this great Art I long to see,
which will perform as much as Magick can.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a Man.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE changes to the wilder part of the Island, 'tis
 compos'd of divers sorts of Trees, and barren Places, with a
 Prospect of the Sea at a great distance.

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

THE Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet,
and floated after us out of pure pity.

Must. This kind Bottle, like an old Acquaintance, swam
after it. And this Scollop-shell is all our Plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found something since we landed.
Brethee fill a Soop, and let it go round.

Where hast thou laid the Runlet?

Must. I'th' hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. Fill apace, we cannot live long in this barren Island,
and we may take a Soop before Death, as well as others
sink at our Funerals.

Must. This is Prize-Brandy, we steal Custom, and it
costs nothing. Let's have two rounds more.

Vent.

Vent. Master, what have you sav'd?

Steph. Just nothing but my self,

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold Stomach.

Steph. Fill us another round.

Vent. Look! *Mustacho* weeps. Hang Loffes, as long as we have Brandy left. Prethee leave weeping.

Steph. He sheds his Brandy out of his Eyes: He drink no more.

Must. This will be a doleful Day with old *Bess*. I gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That's lost too. As you say, hang Loffes. Prethee fill again.

Vent. Beshrew thy Heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife, I had not thought of mine else. Nature shew it self, I must melt. I prethee fill again, my Wife a good old Jade, and has but one Eye-left: But weep out that too, when she hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting in thought of mine.

Vent. But come, Master, Sorrow is dry! there's for you again.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fish as a Man, but for the Comfort we get ashoar: O for an old Wench now I am wet.

Must. Poor Heart! that would soon make you dry again: But all is barren in this Isle: Here we may be stuck in Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South ere we can cry, a Sail, a Sail, at sight of a white Apron. And therefore here's another Soop to comfort us.

Vent. This Isle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their Train, are perished.

Must. Our Ship is sunk, and we can never get home again: We must e'en turn Salvages, and the next time he catches his Fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive Shipwracks ashoar to make us all rich; therefore let us carry good Consciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'll break off his Teeth with my Scepter: For I was Master at Sea.

will be Duke on Land: You *Mustacho* have been my
re, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

Ant. When you are Duke, you may chuse your Vice-
roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and
I have no Duke without my Voice. And so fill me
another Soop.

Steph. whispering. *Ventofo*, dost thou hear, I will advance
thee, prethee give me thy Voice.

Ant. I'll have no whisperings to corrupt the Election;
to show that I have no private Ends, I declare aloud
I will be Vice-Roy, or I'll keep my Voice for my

Must. *Stephano*, hear me, I will speak for the People,
since there are few, or rather none in the Isle to speak
themselves. Know then, that to prevent the farther
shedding of Christian Blood, we are all content *Ventofo*
shall be Vice-Roy, upon Condition I may be Vice-Roy
for him. Speak, good People, are you well agreed?
that, no Man answer? well, you may take their Silence
for consent.

Ant. You speak for the People, *Mustacho*? I'll speak
for them, and declare generally with one Voice, one and
the same, that there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless
he.

Must. You declare for the People, who never saw your
face! Cold Iron shall decide it. [Both draw.

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: We will have no Civil
War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to
be my Vice-Roys over the whole Island.

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter *Trincalo*, with a great Bottle, half drunk.

Ant. How! *Trincalo* our brave Bosen!

Must. He reels: Can he be drunk with Sea-water?

Trinc. Sings. *I shall no more to Sea, to Sea,*

Here I shall die Ashoar.

Ant. is a very scurvy Tune to sing at a Man's Funeral,
here's my Comfort. [Drinks.

Sings. *The Master, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,*

The Surgeon and his Mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery

But none of us car'd for Kate.

For she had a Tongue with a Tang,

Wou'd cry to a Sailor, Go hang:

She lov'd not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,

Yet a Tailor might scratch her where-ere she did

This is a feurvy Tune too, but here's my Comfort
gain. [Drum]

Steph. We have got another Subject now; welcome
welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's
Sack, Boys; The King of Good-fellows can be no
ject. I will be old *Simon* the King.

Must. Hah, old Boy! how didst thou scape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Sea
threw over-board: But are you alive, ho! for I
tipples with no Ghosts till I'm dead: Thy Hand,
Stacko, and thine, *Ventofo*; the Storm has done its work
Stephano alive too! give thy Bosen thy Hand, Master.

Vent. You must kiss it then, for I must tell you,
have chosen him Duke in a full Assembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Must. Of this Island, Man. Oh *Trincalo*, we are
made, the Island's empty; all's our own, Boy; and
will speak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'st be
great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Island;
when we are weary of Governing, thou shalt succeed.

Trinc. Do you hear, *Ventofo*, I will succeed you in
your Places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. *Trincalo*, sleep, and be sober; and make no
Uproars in my Country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free Election, and
Trincalo, are not your self; but we pardon your
Fault, because it is the first Day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were Matters carried so swimmingly
gainst me, whilst I was swimming, and saving my
for the good of the People of this Island?

Must. Art thou mad, *Trincalo*? wilt thou disturb a Government, where thou art a meer Stranger to Laws of the Country?

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Must. Then Civil-war begins. [*Vent. Must. draw.*]

Steph. Hold, hold, I'll have no Bloodshed, my Subjects but few: Let him make a Rebellion by himself; and I Duke *Stephano* declare him: Vice-Roys, come

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make War where-ever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.

[*Exeunt Steph. Must. and Vent.*]

Enter Caliban with Wood upon his Back.

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the Infections that the Sun sucks up from Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him by meal a Disease: His Spirits hear me, and yet I must curse, but they'll not pinch, fright me with shows, pitch me i'th' Mire, nor lead me in the out of my Way, unless he bid 'em: But for every he sets them on me; sometimes like Baboons they howl and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedgehogs then they mount their Prickles at me, tumbling over me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all round about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiss me to Madness. Hah! yonder stands one of his Spirits sent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fish? This is the Monster of the Isle: Were I in *England*, as once I was, and had him painted; not a Holy-day Fool there would give me Six-pence for the sight of him; well, I could make him tame, he were a Present for an Emperor. Come hither, pretty Monster, I'll do thee no harm. Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not; I'll bring the Wood home

Trinc. He talks none of the wisest, but I'll give him a dram o'th' Bottle, that will clear his Understanding. Come on your ways, Master Monster, open your Mouth. Now, you perverse Moon-calf! what, I think you cannot

cannot tell who is your Friend! open your Chops, I say

[Pours Wine down his Throat]

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears Coelestial Liquor
I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monster. Monster, what
say'st thou, art thou content to turn Civil and Sober, or
I am? for then thou shalt be my Subject.

Calib. I'll swear upon that Bottle to be true; for the
Liquor is not Earthly: Did'st thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the Man in the Moon
when time was. By this light, a very shallow Monster.

Calib. I'll shew thee every fertile Inch i'th' Isle, and
kiss thy Foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink

[Drinks again]

Trinc. Well drawn Monster, in good Faith.

Calib. I'll shew thee the best Springs, I'll pluck thee
Berries, I'll fish for thee, and get thee Wood enough
A Curse upon the Tyrant whom I serve, I'll bear him
no more Sticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monster is loving in his Drink.

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow
and I with my long Nails will dig thee Pig-nuts, shew
thee a Jays-nest, and instruct thee how to snare the
Marmazete; I'll bring thee to cluster'd Filberds;
Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monster comes of a good-natur'd Race;
there no more of thy Kin in this Island?

Calib. Divine, here is but one besides my self; my
lovely Sister, beautiful and bright as the Full Moon.

Trinc. Where is she?

Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak, and
plucking thence the dropping Honey-combs. Say, my
King, shall I call her to thee!

Trinc. She shall swear upon the Bottle too. If she
proves handsome she is mine: Here, Monster, drink again
for thy good News; thou shalt speak a good Word for
me.

[Gives him the Bottle]

Calib. Farewel, old Master, farewel, farewel.

Sings. No more Dams I'll make for Fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish,

Ban, Ban, Cackaliban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

—day! Freedom, Freedom!

Here's two Subjects got already, the Monster,
his Sister: Well, Duke *Stephano*, I say, and say a-
Wars will ensue, and so I drink. [*Drinks.*] From
worshipful Monster, and Mistress Monster, his Sister,
I claim to this Island by Alliance: Monster, I say
Sister shall be my Spouse: Come away, Brother
er, I'll lead thee to my Butt, and drink her Health.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Cypress Trees and Cave.*

Enter Prospero alone.

'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know,
the Infant Duke of *Mantua*
ear them in this Isle,
e Father dying, bequeath'd him to my Care;
ny False Brother (when he design'd t' usurp
dukedom from me) expos'd him to that Fate
eant for me.

culcation of his Birth I saw
n threat'ning him, if, till some time were past,
ould behold the Face of any Woman:
now the Danger's nigh.—*Hippolito!*

Enter Hippolito.

Sir, I attend your Pleasure.

How I have lov'd thee from thy Infancy,
n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness,
efore accuse not me for thy Restraint.

Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,
you this Day have hurry'd me from thence,
to change my Prison, not to free me.

rmur not, but I may wonder at it.

O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
ack Star threatens thee, and Death unseen
s ready to devour thee.

You taught me

to fear him in any of his Shapes:

Let

Let me meet Death rather than be a Prisoner.

Prosp. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender Youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no Creature Liv'd in this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of. Why then should I fear?

Prosp. But here are Creatures which I nam'd not to the Who share Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws, And oft depose him from it.

Hip. What are those Creatures, Sir?

Prosp. Those dangerous Enemies of Men, call'd Women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before. What are Women like?

Prosp. Imagine something between young Men and Angels:

Fatally Beauteous, and have killing Eyes,
Their Voices charm beyond the Nightingales,
They are all Enchantment, those who once behold
Are made their Slaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em,

Prosp. 'Tis but in vain,

They'll haunt you in your very Sleep.

Hip. Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.

Prosp. You are without all possibility of revenge,
They are so beautiful, that you can ne'er attempt,
Nor wish to hurt them.

Hip. Are they so beautiful?

Prosp. Calm Sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer Shades so pleasant.

Hip. Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans?
Or more delightful than the Peacock's Feathers?
Or than the Gloss upon the Necks of Doves?
Or have more various Beauty than the Rainbow?
These I have seen, and without danger wondred at.

Prosp. All these are far below 'em: Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair:
Therefore if you should chance to see 'em,
Avoid 'em freight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety
Of the unblemish'd Honour which you taught me.

let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure
shall not then forbear them.

Pros. Go in, and read the Book I gave you last.
tomorrow I may bring you better News.

Hip. I shall obey you, Sir.

[Exit Hip.]

Pros. So, so; I hope this Lesson has secur'd him,
I have been constrain'd to change his Lodging
from yonder Rock, where first I bred him up,
and here have brought him home to my own Cell,
because the Shipwrack happen'd near his Mansion.
I hope he will not stir beyond his Limits,
hitherto he hath been all Obedience:
The Planets seem to smile on my Designs,
yet there is one fullen Cloud behind,
would it were dispers'd.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda.

Pros. My Daughters!

I thought I had instructed them enough:

Children! retire; why do you walk this way?

Sir. It is within our Bounds, Sir.

Pros. But both take heed, that Path is very dangerous:
remember what I told you.

Sir. Is the Man that way, Sir?

Pros. All that you can imagine ill is there:
a curled Lion, and the rugged Bear,
not so dreadful as that Man.

Sir. Oh me, why stay we here then?

Sir. I'll keep far enough from his Den, I warrant.

Sir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man;
yet you are not dreadful.

Pros. Ay Child! but I

am a tame Man; old Men are tame by Nature,
all the Danger lyes in a wild young Man.

Sir. Do they run wild about the Woods?

Pros. No, they are wild within Doors, in Chambers,
in Closets.

Sir. But, Father, I would stroak 'em, and make 'em
tame, then sure they would not hurt me.

Prosp. You must not trust them, Child: No Woman can come near 'em, but she feels a Pain, full nine Months. Well, I must in; for new Affairs require my Presence: Be you, *Miranda*, your Sister's Guardian. [*Exit Prosp.*]

Dor. Come, Sister, shall we walk the other way? The Man will catch us else: We have but two Legs, And he perhaps has four.

Mir. Well, Sister, though he have; yet look about you. And we shall spy him ere he comes too near us.

Dor. Come back, that way is towards his Den.

Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can Devour but one of us at once.

Dor. How dare you venture?

Mir. We'll find him sitting like a Hare in's Form, And he shall not see us.

Dor. Ay, but you know my Father charg'd us both.

Mir. But who shall tell him on't? we'll keep each others Counsel.

Dor. I dare not for the World.

Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we not know him first?

Dor. Nay, I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my Nature, because my Father has forbidden me.

Mir. Ay, there's it, Sister; if he had said nothing, had been quiet. Go softly, and if you see him first, quick, and beckon me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble myself before him, and ask him Pardon, as I do my Father, when he has done a Fault.

Mir. And if I can but scape with Life, I had rather in pain nine Months, as my Father threaten'd, than live in my longing. [*Exit Dor.*]

SCENE continues.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Prospero has often said, that Nature makes Nothing in vain: Why then are Women made? Are they to suck the Poison of the Earth,

gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask
that Question, when next I see him here.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda peeping.

Dor. O Sister, there it is, it walks about
like one of us.

Mir. Ay, just so, and has Legs as we have too.

Hip. It strangely puzzles me: Yet 'tis most likely
Women are somewhat between Men and Spirits.

Dor. Hark! it talks, sure this is not it my Father meant;
or this is just like one of us: Methinks

am not half so much afraid on't as
was; see, now it turns this way.

Mir. Heav'n! what a goodly thing it is?

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Sister! I'll go to it.

would not for the World that you should venture.

My Father charg'd me to secure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame Man, dear Sister,

he'll not hurt me, I see it by his Looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! but go back, and he shall eat me
first: Fie, are you not asham'd to be so inquisitive?

Dor. You chide me for't, and wou'd give him your self.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.

Observe how he begins to stare already.

I'll meet the Danger first, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, Sister, you shall never vanquish me in Kind-
ness. I'll venture you no more than you will me.

Prosp. [*within.*] *Miranda*, Child, where are you!

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? Go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but say my
prayers, and follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Sister, you'll repent it.

[*Exit Mir.*]

Dor. Though I die for't, I must have th' other peep.

Hip. What thing is that? sure 'tis some Infant of

[*Seeing her.*]

The Sun, dress'd in his Father's gayest Beams,

and comes to play with Birds: My Sight is dazzl'd,

and yet I find I'm loth to shut my Eyes,

must go nearer it—but stay a while;

May it not be that beauteous Murderer, Woman,
Which I was charg'd to shun? Speak, what art thou?
Thou shining Vision!

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am
A Woman; do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd sooner tear my Eyes out, than consent
To do you any harm; though I was told
A Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew

What 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e'er
Prove so to that which looks like you: For though
I've been charg'd by him (whom yet I ne'er disobey'd)
To shun your Presence, yet I'd rather die
Than lose it; Therefore I hope you will not have the
Heart

To hurt me: Though I fear you are a Man,
The dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd.
Pray tell me what you are?

Hip. I must confess, I was inform'd I am a Man,
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other Creature
I was bid to fear you too.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poison to
Each other! Alas, can we not meet, but we must die?

Hip. I hope not so! for when two poisonous Creatures
Both of the same kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've seen two Serpents harmless to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual Knot:
If we have any Venome in us, sure, we cannot be
More poisonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a Hand like mine, may I not gently touch it

[Takes her Hand]

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Sister's Hands,
And felt no Pain; but now, alas! there's something,
When I touch yours, which makes me sigh: Just so,
I've seen two Turtles mourning when they met;
Yet mine's a pleasing Grief; and so methought
Was theirs: For still they mourn'd, and still they seem'd
To murmur too, and yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heav'n's! I have the same Sense too: Your
Hand

Methinks

Methinks goes through me; I feel it at my Heart,
And find it pleases, though it pains me.

Pros. [within.] *Dorinda!*

Dor. My Father calls again; ah, I must leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same Command.

Dor. This is my first Offence against my Father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

Hip. And this is my first Trespass too: But he
Hath more offended Truth than we have him:
He said our Meeting would destructive be,
But I no Death but in our Parting see.

[Exeunt several ways.]

S C E N E III. *A wild Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Gonz. 'Beseech your Grace be merry: You have Cause,
To have we all, of Joy, for our strange 'scape;
Then wisely, good Sir, weigh our Sorrow with
Our Comfort.

Alonz. Prithee Peace, you cram these words
Into my Ears, against my Stomach; how
Can I rejoyce, when my dear Son, perhaps
This very moment, is made a Meal to some strange Fish?

Anto. Sir, he may live,
I saw him beat the Billows under him,
And ride upon their Backs; I do not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alonz. No, no, he's gone;
And you and I, *Antonio*, were those
Who caus'd his Death.

Anto. How could we help it?

Alon. Then, then we should have help'd it,
When thou betray'd'st thy Brother *Prospero*,
And *Mantua's* Infant Sovereign, to my Power;
And when I, too ambitious, took by Force
Another's Right: Then lost we *Ferdinand*;
Then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

Anto. Indeed we first broke Truce with Heav'n;
You to the Waves an Infant Prince expos'd,

And on the Waves have lost an only Son.
I did usurp my Brother's fertile Lands,
And now am cast upon this Desert-Isle.

Gonz. These, Sirs, 'tis true, were Crimes of a black Die,
But both of you have made amends to Heav'n
By your late Voyage into *Portugal*;
Where, in defence of Christianity,
Your Valour has repuls'd the Moors of *Spain*.

Alon. O name it not, *Gonzalo*;
No act but Penitence can expiate Guilt!
Must we teach Heav'n what price to set on Murder!
What rate on lawless Power and wild Ambition!
Or dare we traffick with the Powers above,
And sell by weight a good Deed for a bad?

[*A flourish of Musick*]

Gonz. Musick! and in the Air! sure we are Shipwreck'd
On the Dominions of some merry Devil!

Anto. This Isle's enchanted Ground; for I have heard
Swift Voices flying by my Ear, and Groans
Of lamenting Ghosts.

Alon. I pull'd a Tree, and Blood pursu'd my Hand.
Heav'n deliver me from this dire Place,
And all the After-actions of my Life
Shall mark my Penitence and my Bounty.

[*Musick again louder*]

Hark, the Sounds approach us!

[*The Stage opens in several places*]

Anto. Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.
These dreadful Horrors, and the guilty Sense
Of my foul Treason, have unmann'd me quite.

Alon. We on the brink of swift Destruction stand;
No means of our Escape is left.

[*Another flourish of Voices under the Stage*]

Anto. Ah! what amazing Sounds are these we hear!

Gonz. What horrid Masque will the dire Fiends present

Sung under the Stage.

1 Dev. Where does the black Fiend Ambition reside,
With the mischievous Devil of Pride?

1 Dev. *In the lowest and darkeſt Caverns of Hell
Both Pride and Ambition do dwell.*

1 Dev. *Who are the chief Leaders of the damned Hoſt ?*

3 Dev. *Proud Monarchs, who tyrannize moſt.*

1 Dev. *Damned Princes there
The worſt of Torments bear;*

3 Dev. *Who in Earth all others in Pleaſures excel,
Muſt feel the worſt Torments of Hell.*

[They riſe ſinging this Chorus.]

Anto. Oh Heav'nſ! what horrid Viſion's this?
How they upbraid us with our Crimes!

Alon. What fearful Vengeance is in ſtore for us!

1 Dev. *Tyrants, by whom their Subjects bleed,
Should in Pains all others exceed;*

2 Dev. *And barb'rous Monarchs who their Neighbours invade,
And their Crowns unjuſtly get;
And ſuch who their Brothers to Death have betray'd,
In Hell upon burning Thrones ſhall be ſet.*

3 Dev. } *—In Hell, in Hell with Flames they ſhall reign,*
Chor. } *And for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the Pain.*

Anto. O my Soul; for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the Pain.

Alon. Has Heav'n in all its infinite ſtock of Mercy
No overflowings for us? Poor, miſerable, guilty Men!

Gonz. Nothing but Horrors do encompaſs us!
For ever, for ever muſt we ſuffer!

Alon. For ever we ſhall periſh! O diſmal Words, for ever!

1 Dev. *Who are the Pillars of the Tyrants Court ?*

2 Dev. *Rapine and Murder his Crown muſt ſupport !*

3 Dev. *——His Cruelty does tread
On Orphans tender Breſts, and Brothers dead !*

2 Dev. *Can Heav'n permit ſuch Crimes ſhould be
Attended with Felicity ?*

1 Dev. *No; Tyrants their Scepters uneaſily bear,
In the miſt of their Guards they their Conſciences
fear.*

2 Dev. } *Care their Minds when they wake unquiet will keep*
 Chor. } *And we with dire Visions disturb all their Sleep.*

Anto. Oh horrid sight! how they stare upon us!
 The Fiends will hurry us to the dark Mansion.
 Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us!

1 Dev. *Say, say, shall we bear these bold Mortals from hence*

2 Dev. *No, no, let us show their degrees of Offence.*

3 Dev. *Let's muster their Crimes up on every side,
 And first let's discover their Pride.*

Enter Pride.

Pride. Lo here is Pride, who first led them astray,
 And did to Ambition their Minds then betray.

Enter Fraud.

Fraud. And Fraud does next appear.
 Their wandring Steps who led,
 When they from Virtue fled,
 They in my crooked Paths their course did steer.

Enter Rapine.

Rapine. From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,
 Where Rapine did their Actions drive.

Enter Murder.

Murder. There long they could not stay;
 Down the steep Hill they run.
 And to perfect the Mischief which they had begun,
 To Murder they bent all their way.

Around, around we pace,

Chorus

About this cursed place;

of all.

While thus we compass in

These-Mortals and their Sin. [Devils vanish]

Anto. Heav'n has heard me, they are vanish'd!

Alon. But they have left me all unmann'd;
 I feel my Sinews slacken with the Fright;
 And a cold Sweat trills down o'er all my Limbs,
 As if I were dissolving into Water.

Oh Prospero, my Crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my Heart!

Anto. And mine 'gainst him and young Hippolito.

Gonz. Heav'n have Mercy on the Penitent.

Anto.

Anto. Lead from this cursed Ground;
The Seas in all their Rage are not so dreadful.
This is the Region of Despair and Death.

Alon. Beware all Fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd.
The Shadows of the Trees are poisonous too:
A secret Venom slides from every Branch!
My Conscience does distract me! O my Son!
Why do I speak of eating or repose,
Before I know thy Fortune?

[*As they are going out, a Devil rises just before them, at which they start, and are frighted.*]

Alon. O Heav'ns! yet more Apparitions!

Devil Sings.

*Arise, arise! ye subterranean Winds,
More to disturb their guilty Minds:
And all ye filthy Damps and Vapours rise,
Which use t' infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies;
Rise you, from whom devouring Plagues have birth:
You that i' th' vast and hollow Womb of Earth,
Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countries shake,
And stately Cities into Deserts turn;
And you who feed the Flames by which Earth's Entrails burn:
Ye raging Winds, whose rapid Force can make
All but the fix'd and solid Centre shake,
Come drive these Wretches to that part o' th' Isle,
Where Nature never yet did smile:
Cause Fogs and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes there:
There let 'em howl and languish in Despair.
Rise and obey the pow'rful Prince o' th' Air.*

[Two Winds rise, ten more enter and dance]
At the end of the Dance, three Winds sink,
the rest drive *Alon.* *Anto.* *Gonz.* off.





ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A wild Island.**Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel and Milcha invisible.*

Ariel. **C**ome unto these yellow Sands,
 And then take Hands,
 Curtsy'd when you have, and kiss'd;
 The wild Waves whist.
 Foot it featly here and there,
 And sweet Sprights the Burthen bear.
 Hark! hark!
 Bow waugh, the Watch-dogs bark.
 Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting Chanticleer,
 Cry, Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where should this Musick be? i'th' Air, or Earth
 It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
 Some God i'th' Island; sitting on a Bank,
 Weeping against the Duke; my Father's wrack'd;
 This Musick hover'd on the Waters,
 Allaying both their Fury, and my Passion
 With charming Aires. Thence I have follow'd it;
 (Or it has drawn me rather) but 'tis gone:
 No, it begins again.

Milcha Sings.

Full fathom five thy Father lies,
 Of his Bones is Coral made:
 Those are Pearls that were his Eyes,
 Nothing of him that does fade.
 But does suffer a Sea-change
 Into something rich and strange:

*Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his Knell;
Hark! now I hear 'em, ding dong Bell.*

Ferd. This mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father.
This is no mortal Business, nor a Sound
Which the Earth owns——I hear it now before me;
However I will on, and follow it.

[Exit Ferd. following Ariel.]

SCENE II. *The Cypress Trees and Cave.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Excuse it not, *Miranda*, for to you
The Elder, and I thought the more discreet)
gave the Conduct of your Sister's Actions.

Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail
To mind her of her Duty to depart.

Pros. How can I think you did remember hers,
When you forgot your own? did you not see
The Man, whom I commanded you to shun?

Mir. I must confess I saw him at a Distance.

Pros. Did not his Eyes infect and poison you?
What Alteration found you in your self?

Mir. I only wondred at a Sight so new.

Pros. But have you no desire once more to see him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him?

Mir. As of the gayest thing I ever saw,
So fine, that it appear'd more fit to be
Belov'd than fear'd, and seem'd so near my Kind,
That I did think I might have call'd it Sister.

Pros. You do not love it?

Mir. How is it likely that I should,
Except the thing had first lov'd me?

Pros. Cherish those Thoughts: You have a gen'rous Soul;
And since I see your Mind not apt to take
The light Impressions of a sudden Love,
I will unfold a Secret to your Knowledge.
That Creature which you saw, is of a Kind
Which Nature made a Prop and Guide to yours.

Mir.

Mir. Why did you then propose him as an Object
Of Terror to my Mind? you never us'd
To teach me any thing but God-like Truths,
And what you said, I did believe as sacred.

Prosp. I fear'd the pleasing Form of this young Man
Might unawares possess your tender Breast,
Which for a nobler Guest I had design'd;
For shortly, my *Miranda*, you shall see
Another of this kind, the full-blown Flower,
Of which this Youth was but the Op'ning Bud.
Go in, and send your Sister to me.

Mir. Heav'n still preserve you, Sir.

[Exit *Mir.*]

Prosp. And make thee Fortunate.

Enter Dorinda.

Oh, come hither, you have seen a Man to Day,
Against my strict Command.

Dor. Who, I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

Prosp. Come, come, be clear. Your Sister told me all.

Dor. Did she?

Truly she would have seen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.

Prosp. Why so?

Dor. Because, methought, he would have hurt me less
Than he would her.

But if I knew you'd not be angry with me,
I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.

Prosp. Hah! was he to blame?

Tell me, with that Sincerity I taught you,
How you became so bold to see the Man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, because
I did not see him much till he saw me.
Sir, he would needs come in my way, and star'd,
And star'd upon my Face; and so I thought
I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore
I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'er
Come near a Man again——

Prosp. I told you he

Was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, if I tell you,
You are mistaken in him; for he did.

no great hurt.

Pros. But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'er I was in all my Life,
that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.

that dangerous Man runs ever in my Mind.

Pros. The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

Dor. Nay, pray, Sir, say not so, I promis'd him

to see him once again; and you know, Sir,

you charg'd me I should never break my Promise.

Pros. Wou'd you see him, who did you so much Mis-
chief?

Dor. I warrant you

did him as much harm as he did me;

or when I left him, Sir, he sigh'd so, as it griev'd

my Heart to hear him.

Pros. Those Sighs were poisonous, they infected you:

you say, they griev'd you to the Heart.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his Looks and Words were gentle.

Pros. These are the Day-dreams of a Maid in love.

at still I fear the worst.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir.

Pros. You speak of him with too much Passion; tell me

and on your Duty tell me true, *Dorinda*)

that past betwixt you, and that horrid Creature?

Dor. How, horrid, Sir? if any else but you

could call it so, indeed I should be angry.

Pros. Go too! you are a foolish Girl; but answer

to what I ask; what thought you when you saw it?

Dor. At first it star'd upon me, and seem'd wild,

and then I trembled, yet it look'd so lovely,

that when I would have fled away, my Feet

seem'd fasten'd to the Ground, then it drew near,

and with Amazement ask'd to touch my Hand;

which, as a ransom for my Life, I gave:

at when he had it, with a furious Gripe

he put it to his Mouth so eargerly,

was afraid he would have swallow'd it.

Pros. Well, what was his Behaviour afterwards?

Dor. He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,

that he became more kind to me than you are;

Then,

Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching
His Hand again, my Heart did beat so strong,
As I lack'd Breath to answer what he ask'd.

Pros. You've been too fond, and I should chide you for

Dor. Then send me to that Creature to be punish'd.

Pros. Poor Child! thy Passion, like a lazy Ague,
Has seiz'd thy Blood, instead of striving, thou humour
And feed'st thy languishing Disease: Thou fight'st
The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy Danger.

Dor. Danger, Sir?

If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a Callow-bird;
Just stragg'l'd from the Nest: Pray trust me, Sir,
To go to him again.

Pros. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your self reserv'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked Hand,
But keep at distance from him.

Dor. This is hard.

Pros. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will despise you if you grow too kind.

Dor. I'll struggle with my Heart to follow this,
But if I lose him by it, will you promise
To bring him back again?

Pros. Fear not, *Dorinda*;
But use him ill, and he'll be yours for ever.

Dor. I hope you have not cozen'd me again. [Ex. D.]

Pros. Now my Designs are gathering to a head.
My Spirits are obedient to my Charms.
What *Ariel*! my Servant *Ariel*, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. What wou'd my potent Master? Here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner Fellows your last Service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another Work: How goes the Day?

Ariel. On the fourth, my Lord; and on the sixth,
You said our Work should cease.

Pros. And so it shall;

and thou shalt have the open Air at freedom.

Ariel. Thanks, my great Lord.

Pros. But tell me first, my Spirit,

how fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?

Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
the Lime-grove, which weather-fends your Cell;
within that Circuit up and down they wander,
it cannot stir one step beyond their compass.

Pros. How do they bear their Sorrows?

Ariel. The two Dukes appear like Men distracted, their
attendants brim full of Sorrow mourning over 'em;

chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo*:

his Tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops
from Eaves of Reeds; your Vision did so work 'em,
that if you now beheld 'em, your Affections
would become tender.

Pros. Do'st thou think so, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall:

thou, who art but Air, a touch, a feeling
of their Afflictions, and shall not I (a Man
like them, one who as sharply relish Passions
(they) be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

So they have pierc'd me to the quick with Injuries;
with my nobler Reason 'gainst my Fury
will take part; the rarer Action is

Virtue than in Vengeance. Go, my *Ariel*,
fresh with needful Food their famish'd Bodies,
with Shows and chearful Musick comfort 'em.

Ariel. Presently, Master.

Pros. With a twinkle, *Ariel*. But stay, my Spirit;

what is become of my Slave, *Caliban*,

and *Sycorax*, his Sister?

Ariel. Potent Sir!

they have cast off your Service, and revolted
to the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
encell'd your Island into Governments.

Pros. No matter, I have now no need of 'em.

But, Spirit, now I stay thee on the Wing;

Haste

Haste to perform what I have given in Charge:
But see they keep within the Bounds I set 'em.

Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with Walls of Adamant,
Invisible as Air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpassable.

Prosper. Make haste then.

[*Exeunt several*]

SCENE III. *Wild Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no further, Sir.

Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am myself
Seiz'd with a weariness, to th' dulling of my Spirits:

[*They*]

Even here I will put off my Hope, and keep it.
No longer for my Flatterers: He is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find. I'm faint with Hunger
And must despair of Food.

[*Musick within*]

What! Harmony again. My good Friends, heark!

Anto. I fear some other horrid Apparition.

Give us kind Keepers, Heaven I beseech thee!

Gonz. 'Tis chearful Musick this, unlike the first.

Ariel and Milcha invisible, sing.

*Dry those Eyes which are o'erflowing,
All your Storms are overblowing:
While you in this Isle are biding,
You shall feast without providing:
Every Dainty you can think of,
Ev'ry Wine which you would drink of,
Shall be yours; all Want shall shun you,
Ceres Blessing so is on you.*

Alon. This Voice speaks Comfort to us.

Anto. Wou'd 'twere come;

There is no Musick in a Song to me,
My Stomach being empty.

Gonz. O for a heav'nly Vision of Boil'd,
Bak'd, and Roasted!

[*D*]

[Dance of fantastick Spirits; after the Dance a Table furnish'd with Meat and Fruit is brought in by two Spirits.]

Anto. My Lord, the Duke, see yonder.

Table, as I live, set out and furnish'd
With all Varieties of Meats and Fruits.

Calon. 'Tis so indeed; but who dares taste this Feast
Which Fiends provide, to poison us?

Sonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman
So ill-natur'd, he may do his Pleasure.

Anto. 'Tis certain we must either eat or famish:
We will encounter it, and feed.

Calon. If both resolve, I will adventure too.

Sonz. The Devil may fright me, yet he shall not starve

[Two Spirits descend, and flie away with the Table.]

Calon. Heav'n! behold, it is as you suspected:
It vanish'd.

Will we be always haunted with these Fiends?

Anto. Here we shall wander till we famish.

Sonz. Certainly one of you was so wicked as to say
That: This comes on't, when Men will be godly out
of season.

Anto. Yonder's another Table, let's try that— [Exeunt.]

Enter Trincalo and Caliban.

Calib. Brother Monster, welcome to my private Palace:
Where's thy Sister, is she so brave a Lass?

Calib. In all this Isle there are but two more, the
Daughters of the Tyrant Prospero; and she is bigger than
both. O here she comes; now thou may'st judge
Thyself, my Lord.

Enter Sycorax.

Calib. She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my
Niece? Well, she's Heir of all this Isle (for I will geld
after.) The Trincalo's, like other wise Men, have an-
nally us'd to marry for Estate more than for Beauty.

Syc. I prethee let me have the gay thing about thy
Waist, and that which dangles at thy Wrist.

[Sycorax points to his Bosom's Whistle and his Bottle.]

Calib. My dear Blubber-lips; this, observe my Chuck,
The Badge of my Sea-Office; my fair Fufs, thou dost not
know it.

Syc.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It shall be a Whistle for our first Babe, and when the next Shipwrack puts me again to swimming, dive to get a Coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it first.

Trinc. I prethee, sweet Baby, do not play the Wanton and cry for my Goods e're I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou shalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a Sucking-bottle for young *Trincalo*.

Calib. Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor?

Trinc. Umph! that's another Question: For if she thus flippant in her Water, what will she be in her Wine?

Enter Ariel (invisible) and changes the Bottle which stands upon the Ground.

Ariel. There's Water for your Wine, [Exit *Ariel*]

Trinc. Well! since it must be so. [Gives her the Bottle]
How do you like it now, my Queen that must be so?

[She drinks]

Syc. Is this your heav'nly Liquor? I'll bring you a River of the same.

Trinc. Wilt thou so, Madam Monster? What a monster Prince shall I be then? I would not change my Dominion to be great Turk *Trincalo*.

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Island drink such, they are the merriest Frogs in Christendom.

Calib. She does not know the Virtue of this Liquor. I prethee let me drink for her. [Caliban drinks]

Trinc. Well said, Subject Monster!

Calib. My Lord, this is meer Water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou hast chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up, like a debauch'd Fish as thou art. Let me see thee taste it my self. Element! meer Element! as I live, I was a cold gulph, such as this, which kill'd my former Predecessor, old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy Honour? prethee be not angry, and I will lick thy Shooe.

Trinc. I could find in my Heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a liquorish Monster.

Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this must be by one of *Prospero's* Spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but Malice in these Devils, I hold it had been Holy-water for their fakes.

Calib. 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly said, in troth: Now cannot I hold out against her. This Wife-like Virtue of hers has overcome me.

Calib. Shall I have thee in my Arms?

Trinc. Thou shalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy Arms: prethee be not too boisterous with me at first; do not discourage a young Beginner. [*They embrace.*] Stand close to our Arms, my Spouse, and Subject Monster;

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Calib. Our Enemy is come to surprise us in our Quarters. You know, Rebels, that I am marry'd to a Witch, and have a thousand Spirits of our Party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-roys (find no Food, and but a small remainder of Brandy) are come to treat a Peace betwixt us, which may be for the good of both Armies, therefore *Trincalo* disband.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*, methinks I might have been a guest in your Mouth; I'll not accept of your Embassage without my Title.

Steph. A Title shall break no Squares betwixt us: Vice-roys, give him his stile of Duke, and treat with him, whilst I walk by in State.

[*Ventoso and Mustacho bow, whilst Trincalo puts on his Cap.*]

Must. Our Lord and Master, Duke *Stephano*, has sent us to the first place to demand of you, upon what ground you make War against him, having no Right to govern here, as being elected only by your own Voice.

Trinc. To this I answer, That having in the Face of the World espous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Island, I have been *Blouze* the first, and having Homage done me, by this hectoring Spark her Brother, from these two I claim a lawful Title to this Island.

Must. Who, that Monster? He a Hector?

Calib.

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, Lord?

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good Tongues in your Heels. I advise you, and proceed to your Business.

Must. First and foremost, as to your Claim that I have answer'd.

Vent. But second and foremost, we demand of you that if we make a Peace, the Butt also may be comprehended in the Treaty.

Trinc. I cannot treat with my Honour, without your Submission.

Steph. I understand, being present, from my Ambassadors, what your Resolution is, and ask an Hour's time of Deliberation, and so I take our Leave; but first I desire to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince and his Embassadors.

Trinc. That I refuse, till acts of Hostility be committed. These Rogues are rather Spies than Ambassadors, I take heed of my Butt. They come to pry into the Secrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. *Trincalo*, you are a barbarous Prince, and so I will.

[*Exeunt Steph. Must. and Vent.*]

Trinc. Subject Monster! stand you Centry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter, and feast our selves within.

[*Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel and Milcha invisible.*]

Ferd. How far will this invisible Musician Conduct my Steps? he hovers still about me, Whether for good or ill, I cannot tell, Nor care I much; for I have been so long A Slave to Chance, that I'm as weary of Her Flatteries as her Frowns, but here I am——

Ariel. Here I am.

Ferd. Hah! art thou so? the Spirit's turn'd an Eccobolus. This might seem pleasant, could the Burthen of My Grievs accord with any thing but Sighs. And my last Words, like those of dying Men, Need no reply. Fain I would go to Shades, Where few would wish to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.

1. This evil Spirit grows importunate,
 I'll not take his Counsel.
 2. Take his Counsel.
 1. It may be the Devil's Counsel, I'll never take it.
 2. Take it.
 1. I will Discourse no more with thee,
 Follow one step further.
 2. One step further.
 1. This must have more importance than an Eccho.
 The Spirit tempts me to a Precipice.
 Say if it will answer when I sing
 Sorrows to the Murmur of this Brook.

He Sings.

Go thy way.

Go thy way.

Why should'st thou stay?

Why should'st thou stay?

*Where the Winds whistle, and where the Streams creep,
 Under yon Willow-tree fain would I sleep.*

Then let me alone,

For 'tis time to be gone,

For 'tis time to be gone.

1. What Cares or Pleasures can be in this Isle?

Within this desert Place

There lives no human Race;

Fate cannot frown here, nor kind Fortune smile.

2. Kind Fortune smiles, and she

Has yet in store for thee

Some strange Felicity.

Follow me, follow me,

And thou shalt see.

1. I'll take thy word for once;

on Musician.

[*Exeunt, and return.*]

SCENE IV. *The Cypress Trees and Caves.*

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes,

say what thou seest yonder.

Mir.

Mir. Is it a Spirit?

Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confess
It carries a brave Form. But 'tis a Spirit.

Prosp. No, Girl, it eats, and sleeps, and has such Sense
As we have. This young Gallant, whom thou seest,
Was in the Wrack; were he not somewhat stain'd
With Grief (Beauty's worst Canker) thou might'st call
A goodly Person; he has lost his Company,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing Divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Prosp. It goes on
As my Soul prompts it: Spirit, fine Spirit,
I'll free thee within two Days for this.

Ferd. She's sure the Mistress on whom these Airs are
Fair Excellence, if, as your Form declares,
You are Divine, be pleas'd to instruct me how
You will be worshipped; so bright a Beauty
Cannot sure belong to human Kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if such you are.

Ferd. My Language too! O Heav'ns! I am the best
Of them, who speak this Speech when I'm in my
Own Country.

Prosp. How, the best? what wert thou if
The Duke of Savoy heard thee?

Ferd. As I am now;
Who wonders to hear thee speak of Savoy;
He does hear me, and that he does I weep.
My self am Savoy, whose fatal Eyes (e'er since at Cebell)
held

The Duke my Father wrack'd.

Mir. Alack! for pity.

Prosp. At the first Sight they have chang'd Eyes,
Dear *Ariel*, I'll set thee free for this——
Young, Sir, a Word.

With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

Mir. Why speaks my Father so urgently? This is
The third Man that I ever saw, the first
Whom e'er I sigh'd for, sweet Heav'n move my Father

be inclin'd my way.

ard. O! if a Virgin!

your Affections not gone forth, I'll make you
refs of *Savoy*.

rosp. Soft, Sir! one word more.

ye're in each others Powers; but this swift Bus'ness
ust uneasie make, lest too light Winning
ke the Prize light—one word more. Thou usurp'st
e Name not due to thee, hast put thy self
on this Island as a Spy to get
e Government from me the Lord of it.

ard. No, as I'm a Man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple,
h'evil Spirit hath so fair a House,
od things will strive to dwell with it.

rosp. No more. Speak not for him, he is a Traitor.
ne! thou'rt my Pris'ner, and shalt be in Bonds:
-water shalt thou drink, thy Food shall be
e fresh Brook-Muscles, wither'd Roots and Husks,
erein the Acorn cradled;—follow.

ard. No, I will resist such Entertainment,
l my Enemy has more Power.

[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*]

Mir. O dear Father! make not too rash a Trial
him, for he is gentle, and not fearful.

Prosp. My Child n y Tutor! put thy Sword up,
aitor, who mak'st a Show, but dar'st not strike:
y Conscience is possess'd with Guilt.

me from thy Ward,

r I can here disarm thee with this Wand,
nd make thy Weapon drop.

Mir. 'Beseech you, Father.

Prosp. Hence: Hang not on my Garment.

Mir. Sir, have pity,
be his Surety.

Prosp. Silence! one word more

hall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
n Advocate for an Impostor? sure
hou think'st there are no more such Shapes as his?
o the most of Men this is a *Caliban*,
nd they to him are Angels.

Mir.

Mir, My Affections are then most humble,
I have no Ambition to see a goodlier Man.

Prosp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their Infancy again,
And have no Vigour in them.

Ferd. So they are:

My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up:
My Father's Loss, the Weakness which I feel,
The Wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's Threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, would seem light to me,
Might I but once a Day thorough my Prison
Behold this Maid: All Corners else o'th' Earth
Let Liberty make use of: I have space
Enough in such a Prison.

Prosp. It works: Come on:

Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: Follow me.
Heark what thou shalt do more for me. [*Whispers Ariel*]

Mir. Be of Comfort!

My Father's of a better Nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech: This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Prosp. Thou shalt be as free as Mountain Winds: But thou
Exactly do all Points of my Command.

Ariel. To a Syllable.

[*Exit Ariel*]

Prosp. to Mir. Go in that way, speak not a word for him
I'll separate you. [*Exit Miranda*]

Ferd. As soon thou may'st divide the Waters, return
Thou strik'st 'em, which pursue thy bootless Blow,
And meet when it is past.

Prosp. Go practise your Philosophy within,
And if you are the same you speak your self,
Bear your Afflictions like a Prince——That Door
Shews you your Lodging.

Ferd. 'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey. [*Exit Ferdinand*]

Prosp. This goes as I would wish it.

Now for my second care, *Hippolito*.
I shall not need to chide him for his Fault,
His Passion is become his Punishment.
Come forth, *Hippolito*.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. 'Tis Prospero's Voice.

Pros. Hippolito! I know you now expect
should severely chide you: You have seen
Woman, in contempt of my Commands.

Hip. But, Sir, you see I am come off unharm'd;
told you, that you need not doubt my Courage.

Pros. You think you have receiv'd no Hurt?

Hip. No, none, Sir.

Pros. Try me again, when e'er you please I'm ready:
think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.

Pros. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! [*Aside.*

What! what was the Success of your Encounter?

Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,
I took her to Mercy, and she me.

Pros. But are you not much chang'd from what you were?

Hip. Methinks I wish and wish! for what I know not,
still I wish——yet if I had that Woman,
I believe, could tell me what I wish for.

Pros. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?

Hip. I'd quit the rest o'th' World, that I might live
with her; she never should be from me.

Pros. Two would sit and look till our Eyes ak'd.

Pros. You'd soon be weary of her.

Hip. O, Sir, never.

Pros. But you'll grow old and wrinkled, as you see
now, and then you will not care for her.

Hip. You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two
never possibly grow old.

Pros. You must, Hippolito.

Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir? who shall make us?

Pros. Nature, which made me so.

Hip. But you have told me that her Works are various;
made you old, but she has made us young.

Pros. Time will convince you,

in while be sure you tread in Honour's Paths,

that you may merit her; and that you may not

at fit Occasions to employ your Virtue,

this next Cave there is a Stranger lodg'd,

of your Kind, young, of a noble Presence;

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K

And

And, as he says himself, of Princely Birth:
He is my Pris'ner, and in deep Affliction:
Visit, and comfort him; it will become you.

Hip. It is my Duty, Sir.

[Exit Hip.]

Prosp. True, he has seen a Woman, yet he lives;
Perhaps I took the Moment of his Birth
Amis; perhaps my Art it self is false.
On what strange Grounds we build our Hopes and Fears
Man's Life is all a Mist, and in the Dark
Our Fortunes meet us.
If Fate be not, then what can we foresee?
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by Free-will in our own Paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driv'n,
If ill, 'tis ours: if good, the act of Heav'n. [Exit Prosp.]

S C E N E A Cave.

Enter Hippolito and Ferdinand.

Ferd. Your Pity, noble Youth, doth much oblige me.
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.

Hip. Ay, and an only Father too, for sure
You said you had but one.

Ferd. But one Father! he's wondrous simple! [Exit]

Hip. Are such Misfortunes frequent in your World,
Where many Men live?

Ferd. Such are we born to.

But, gentle Youth, as you have question'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?

Hip. Do not you know?

Ferd. How should I?

Hip. I well hop'd

I was a Man, but by your Ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so:

Well, *Prospero*! this is now the second Time
You have deceiv'd me.

Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt

You are a Man: But I would know of whence?

Hip. Why, of this World, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father?

Hip. I was told I had one,
and that he was a Man; yet I have been
much deceived, I dare not tell't you for
Truth; but I have still been kept a Prisoner
for fear of Women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous,
for since I came, I have beheld one here,
whose Beauty pierc'd my Heart.

Hip. How did she pierce? you seem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the Wound was made by her bright Eyes,
and festers by her Absence.

But, to speak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hip. Now I suspect that Love's the very thing
that I feel too! Pray tell me truly, Sir,

are you not grown unquiet since you saw her?

Ferd. I take no Rest.

Hip. Just, just my Disease.

Do you not wish you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wish.

Hip. There, I confess, I differ from you, Sir:

that you desire she may be always with you?

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hip. Just my Condition! alas, gentle Sir,

pity you, and you shall pity me.

Ferd. I love so much, that if I have her not,
I cannot live.

Hip. How! do you love her?

And would you have her too? that must not be:

none but I must have her.

Ferd. But perhaps we do not love the same:

Beauties are not pleasing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,

besides that one I love?

Ferd. That's a strange Question. There are many more
besides that Beauty which you love.

Hip. I will have all

that kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.

Ferd. But, noble Youth, you know not what you say.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be

without 'em: O, how I rejoyce! more Women!

Ferd. Sir, if you love, you must be ty'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my Nature.

I must love where I like, and I believe I may like all,
All that are fair: Come! bring me to this Woman,
For I must have her.

Ferd. His Simplicity

Is such, that I can scarce be angry with him. [Aside]
Perhaps, sweet Youth, when you behold her, you
Will find you do not love her.

Hip. I find already

I love, because she is another Woman.

Ferd. You cannot love two Women both at once,

Hip. Sure 'tis my Duty to love all, who do
Resemble her whom I've already seen.

I'll have as many as I can, that are
So good, and Angel-like, as she I love.
And will have yours.

Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.

Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.

Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force, restrain you from it.

Hip. Why, do so if you can. But either promise me
To love no Woman, or you must try your Force.

Ferd. I cannot help it, I must love.

Hip. Well, you may love,

For *Proffero* taught me Friendship too: You shall
Love me and other Men if you can find 'em,
But all the Angel-women shall be mine.

Ferd. I must break off this Conference, or he
Will urge me else beyond what I can bear. [Aside]
Sweet Youth! some other time we will speak
Farther concerning both our Loves; at present
I am indispos'd with Weariness and Grief,
And would, if you're so pleas'd, retire a while.

Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember
That I both seek and much intreat your Friendship,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.

Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it. [Exit *Ferd.*]

Hip. This Stranger does insult, and comes into
My World, to take those heav'nly Beauties from me,
Which I believe I am inspir'd to love:
And yet he said he did desire but one.
He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich:
I now perceive that *Prospero* was cunning;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Those precious things he for himself design'd. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Cypress-Trees and Cave.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Your Suit has Pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him:
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your Guide;
You must not stay, your Visit must be short. [*She's going.*
One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his Mind
Kindness to that Youth, whom first you saw;
Would have Friendship grow betwixt 'em.
Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.
Pros. Be earnest to unite their very Souls.
Mir. I shall endeavour it.
Pros. This may secure
Polio from that dark Danger which
My Art forebodes; for Friendship does provide
Double Strength t' oppose th' Assaults of Fortune.

[Exit *Prospero*;

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Pris'ner where I dearly love,
But a double Tie, a Link of Fortune
Join'd to the Chain of Love; but not to see her,
And yet to be so near her, there's the Hardship:
I feel my self as on a Rack, stretch'd out,
And nigh the Ground, on which I might have Ease;

Yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! my Lord! where are you?

Ferd. Is it your Voice, my Love? or do I dream?

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.

Ferd. O heav'nly Creature!

Ten times more gentle than your Father's cruel,
How on a sudden, all my Griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. How do you bear your Prison?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace,

While you are here, and Love and Silence wait
Upon our Wishes; do but think we chuse it,
And 'tis what we would chuse.

Mir. I'm sure what I would.

But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will die when you are false.
I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd,
And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

Ferd. Your Ghost must take another Form to fright me
This Shape will be too pleasing. Do I love you?
O Heav'n! O Earth! bear witness to this Sound,
If I prove false——

Mir. Oh hold, you shall not swear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure
This undeserv'd Captivity, than I
Could wish to gain my Freedom with the Loss
Of you.

Mir. I am a Fool to weep at what
I'm glad of: But I have a Suit to you,
And that, Sir, shall
Be now the only Trial of your Love.

Ferd. You've said enough, never to be deny'd,
Were it my Life; for you have far o'er-bid
The Price of all that human Life is worth.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who for
His own deserves all the Respect which you
Can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: Do not think his Use
Can make me hate him; when he gave you Being,
He then did that which cancell'd all these Wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a Request,
Which, if you love, I should not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your sake?

Mir. Yes, such a one,
Who, for his Sweetness and his goodly Shape,
If I, who am unskill'd in Forms, may judge)
think can scarce be equall'd: 'Tis a Youth,
Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of such a graceful Feature, and must I
for your sake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you scruple
to grant the first Request I ever made?
He's wholly unacquainted with the World,
and wants your Conversation. You should have
Compassion on so meek a Stranger.

Ferd. Those need Compassion whom you discommend,
Not whom you praise.

Mir. Come, you must love him for my sake: You shall.

Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?

Either you do not love, or think that I don't:
But when you bid me love him, I must hate him.

Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
him as I've done, so full of Youth and Beauty.

Ferd. O Poison to my Hopes! [*Aside.*
When he did visit me, and I did mention
this beauteous Creature to him, he then did tell
me, he would have her.

Mir. Alas, what mean you?

Ferd. It is too plain: Like most of her frail Sex,
He's false, but has not learn'd the Art to hide it;
Nature has done her Part, she loves Variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could
be innocent, because she's young? No, no,
their Nurses teach them Change, when with two Nipples,
they do divide their Liking. [*Aside.*

Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet

I meant no harm: But if you please to hear me—

[A noise within]

Heark, Sir! now I am sure my Father comes,
I know his Steps; dear Love, retire a while,
I fear I've staid too long.

Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough:
Oh Jealousie! Oh Love! how you distract me?

[Exit Ferdinand]

Mir. He appears displeas'd with that young Man, I know
Not why: But, 'till I find from whence his Hate proceeds
I must conceal it from my Father's Knowledge,
For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it;
And suffer me no more to see my Love.

Enter Prospero.

Prosp. Now I have been indulgent to your Wish,
You have seen the Prisoner.

Mir. Yes.

Prosp. And he spake to you?

Mir. He spake; but he receiv'd short Answers from me.

Prosp. How like you his Converse?

Mir. At second sight

A Man does not appear so rare a Creature.

Prosp. I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
Love teaches Cunning even to Innocence. *Aside*

Well, go in.

Mir. Aside. Forgive me, Truth, for thus disguising thee
If I can make him think I do not love
The Stranger much, he'll let me see him oftner.

[Exit Miranda]

Prosp. Stay! stay—I had forgot to ask her
What she has said of young *Hippolito*:
Oh! here he comes! and with him my *Dorinda*.
I'll not be seen, let their Loves grow in secret.

[Exit Prospero]

Enter Hippolito and Dorinda.

Hip. But why are you so sad?

Dor. But why are you so joyful?

Hip. I have within me

All, all the various Musick of the Woods.

Since last I saw you, I have heard brave News!

will tell you, and make you joyful for me.

Dor. Sir, when I saw you first, I, through my Eyes,
drew something in, I know not what it is;
but still it entertains me with such Thoughts,
as makes me doubtful whether Joy becomes me.

Hip. Pray believe me;

as I'm a Man, I'll tell you blessed News,
we heard there are more Women in the World,
as fair as you are too.

Dor. Is this your News? You see it moves not me.

Hip. And I will have 'em all.

Dor. What will become of me then?

Hip. I'll have you too.

but are not you acquainted with these Women?

Dor. I never saw but one.

Hip. Is there but one here?

This is a base poor World, I'll go to th' other;

we heard Men have abundance of 'em there.

but pray where's that one Woman?

Dor. Who, my Sister?

Hip. Is she your Sister? I'm glad o' that: You shall
help me to her, and I will love you for it.

[Offers to take her Hand.

Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my Hand.—

My Father's Counsel, which enjoin'd Reservedness,

was not in vain, I see.

[Aside.

Hip. What makes you shun me?

Dor. You need not care, you'll have my Sister's Hand.

Hip. Why, must not he who touches hers, touch yours?

Dor. You mean to love her too.

Hip. Do not you love her?

Then why should I not do so?

Dor. She's my Sister,

and therefore I must love her: But you cannot
love both of us.

Hip. I warrant you I can:

Oh that you had more Sisters!

Dor. You may love her,

but then I'll not love you.

Hip. O but you must;
One is enough for you, but not for me.

Dor. My Sister told me she had seen another;
A Man like you, and she lik'd only him;
Therefore if one must be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.

Hip. If she like him, she may like both of us.

Dor. But how if I should change, and like that Man?
Would you be willing to permit that Change?

Hip. No, for you lik'd me first.

Dor. So you did me.

Hip. But I would never have you see that Man;
I cannot bear it.

Dor. I'll see neither of you.

Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;
But he's the Man of whom your Father warn'd you:
O! he's a terrible, huge, monstrous Creature,
I'm but a Woman to him.

Dor. I will see him,
Except you'll promise not to see my Sister.

Hip. Yes, for your sake I needs must see your Sister.

Dor. But she's a terrible, huge Creature too;
If I were not her Sister, she would eat me;
Therefore take heed.

Hip. I heard that she was fair,
And like you.

Dor. No, indeed, she's like my Father,
With a great Beard, 'twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that Man and she may go together,
They are fit for no body, but one another.

Hip. [Looking in.] Yonder he comes with glaring Eyes
fly! fly!

Before he sees you.

Dor. Must we part so soon?

Hip. Y'are a lost Woman if you see him.

Dor. I would not willingly be lost, for fear
You should not find me. I'll avoid him.

Hip. She fain would have deceiv'd me, but I know
Her Sister must be fair, for she's a Woman;
All of a Kind that I have seen are like

To one another: All the Creatures of
the Rivers and the Woods are so.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. O! well encounter'd, you are the happy Man!
You've got the Hearts of both the beautiful Women.

Hip. How! Sir? pray, are you sure on't?

Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

Hip. Then I must have her.

Ferd. No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead? what's that? but whatsoe'er it be,
long to have her.

Ferd. Time and my Grief may make me die.

Hip. But for a Friend you should make haste; I ne'er
ask'd any thing of you before.

Ferd. I see your Ignorance;

and therefore will instruct you in my Meaning.

The Woman, whom I love, saw you, and lov'd you:

Now, Sir, if you love her, you'll cause my Death.

Hip. Be sure I'll do't then.

Ferd. But I am your Friend;

and I request you that you would not love her.

Hip. When Friends request unreasonable things,

are they're to be deny'd: You say she's fair;

and I must love all who are fair; for, to tell you

Secret, Sir, which I have lately found

within my self; they are all made for me.

Ferd. That's but a fond Conceit: You're made for one,
and one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir,

know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.

mean if there so many be i'th' World)

so that if once I see her, I shall love her.

Ferd. Then do not see her.

Hip. Yes, Sir, I must see her.

or I wou'd fain have my Heart beat again,

just as it did when I first saw her Sister.

Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.

Hip. How will you hinder me?

Ferd. By force of Arms.

Hip.

Hip. By force of Arms?
My Arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

Ferd. He's still so ignorant, that I pity him,
And fain would avoid Force:—Pray do not see her,
She was mine first; you have no right to her.

Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right,
But, Sir, I know my Inclinations are
To love all Women: And I have been taught,
That to dissemble what I think, is base.
In honour then of Truth, I must declare
That I do love, and I will see your Woman.

Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I should see and love
Your Woman, and endeavour to seduce her
From that Affection which she vow'd to you?

Hip. I wou'd not you should do it, but if she
Should love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide
Against the worst, and try to get your Woman.

Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Besides you are more Beautiful than I,
And fitter to allume unpractis'd Hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.

Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such Beauty,
If that will get me Women, they shall have it
As far as e'er 'twill go: I'll never want 'em.

Ferd. Then since you have refus'd this act of Friendship
Provide your self a Sword, for we must fight.

Hip. A Sword, what's that?

Ferd. Why such a thing as this.

Hip. What should I do with it?

Ferd. You must stand thus,
And push against me, while I push at you,
Till one of us fall dead.

Hip. This is brave Sport;
But we have no Swords growing in our World.

Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our Quarrel?

Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.

Ferd. Strange Ignorance!—You must defend your Life
And so must I: But since you have no Sword,
Take this; for in a Corner of my Cave [*Gives him his Sword*]

found a Rusty one; perhaps 'twas his
who keeps me Pris'ner here: That I will fit:

When next we meet, prepare your self to fight.

Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne'er be yours again.

I mean to fight with all the Men I meet,

and when they're dead, their Women shall be mine.

Ferd. I see you are unskilful: I desire not

to take your Life, but, if you please, we'll fight

on these Conditions; he who first draws Blood,

who can take the other's Weapon from him,

shall be acknowledg'd as the Conqueror,

and both the Women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed,

and ev'ry Day I'll fight for two more with you.

Ferd. But win these first.

Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *The wild Island.*

Enter Trincalo, Caliban and Sycorax.

Calib. My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

Trinc. Whom?

Calib. The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects;
that would have our Liquor.

Trinc. If thou wert a Monster of Parts, I would make
me my Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in. The
devil take all Dunces, thou hast lost a brave Employment
not being a Linguist, and for want of Behaviour.

Syc. My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all
'em, just as I am to thee.

Trinc. No, that's against the fundamental Laws of my
freedom: You are in a high Place, Spouse, and must
be good Example. Here they come, we'll put on the
gravity of States-men, and be very dull, that we may be
old wife.

Enter Stephano, Ventoso and Mustacho.

Vent. Duke Trincalo, we have consider'd.

Trinc. Peace or War?

Must. Peace, and the Butt.

Steph.

Steph. I come now as a private Person, and promise to live peaceably under your Government.

Trinc. You shall enjoy the Benefits of Peace; and the first Fruits of it, amongst all civil Nations, is to be drunk for Joy: *Caliban*, skink about.

Steph. I long to have a Rowse to her Grace's Health, and to the *Haunse in Kelder*, or rather *Haddock* in *Kelder*, for I guess it will be half Fish.

Trinc. Subject *Stephano*, here's to thee; and let thy Quarrels be drown'd in this draught.

Steph. Great Magistrate, here's thy Sister's Health to thee.

Syc. He shall not drink of that immortal Liquor, My Lord, let him drink Water.

Trinc. O Sweet-heart, you must not shame your self to day. Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huswifry: She wants a little Breeding, but she's hearty.

Must. Ventoso, here's to thee. Is it not better to pick the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one another's Backs?

Vent. Let it come, Boy.

Trinc. Now wou'd I lay Greatness aside, and shake my Heels, if I had but Musick.

Calib. O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all sorts, for great roaring Devils, and some little singing Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? And thou shalt hear them in the Wood.

Trinc. I accept the Motion: Let us have our Mother-in-law's Legacy immediately.

Caliban sings.

*We want Musick, we want Mirth,
Up, Dam, and cleave the Earth:
We have now no Lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry Sprights among us.*

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my self sick, and pay nothing for't?

Table rises, and four Spirits with Wine and Meat enter, placing it, as they dance, on the Table: The Dance ended, the Bottles vanish, and the Table sinks again.

Enter. The Bottle's drunk.

Must. Then the Bottle's a weak shallow Fellow, if it drunk first.

Trinc. Stephano, give me thy Hand, thou hast been a Rebel, but here's to thee: [Drinks.] Prethee why should I quarrel? Shall I swear two Oaths? By Bottle, and by thee I love thee: In witness whereof I drink soundly.

Steph. Your Grace shall find there's no Love lost, for I pledge you soundly.

Trinc. Thou hast been a false Rebel, but that's all one; I forgive my Grace faithfully.

Trinc. Caliban, go to the Butt, and tell me how it stands: Peer Stephano, dost thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace, and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'st me; hang my Family: Thou art my Friend, prethee tell me what thou know'st of my Princess?

Steph. I look on her, as on a very noble Princess.

Trinc. Noble? Indeed she had a Witch to her Mother, the Witches are of great Families in Lapland, but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Monsieur Gilles in France; but look on her Beauty, is she a fit wife for Duke Trinculo? Mark her Behaviour too, she's going yonder with the Serving-men.

Steph. An't please your Grace, she's somewhat homely, but that's no blemish in a Princess. She is virtuous.

Trinc. Umph! virtuous! I am loath to disparage her; thou art my Friend, canst thou be close?

Steph. As a stop'd Bottle, an't please your Grace.

Enter Caliban again with a Bottle.

Trinc. Why, then I'll tell thee, I found her an Hour ago under an Elder-tree, upon a sweet Bed of Nettles, singing Tory, Rory, and Ranthum, Scantum, with her own natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! make Love in her own Tribe?

Trinc.

Trinc. But 'tis no matter, to tell thee true, I marry her to be a great Man, and so forth: But make no won on't, for I care not who knows it, and so here's to thee again. Give me the Bottle, *Caliban!* didst you knock the Butt? How does it sound?

Calib. It sounds as though it had a Noise within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the Thro and is departing: Give me the Bottle. [Drum]

Must. A short Life and a merry, I say.

[*Steph. whispers* Sycorax]

Syc. But did he tell you so?

Steph. He said you were as ugly as your Mother, that he marry'd you only to get Possession of the Island.

Syc. My Mother's Devils fetch him for't.

Steph. And your Father's too. Hem! skink about Grace's Health again. O if you will but cast an Eye of Pity upon me——

Syc. I will cast two Eyes of Pity on thee, I love thee more than Haws, or Blackberries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moss, my Brother knows not of it, but I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. *Trincalo* was but my Man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him liquor?

Steph. I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack myself. Wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess?

Syc. If thou canst make me glad with this Liquor.

Steph. I'll warrant thee; we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mother's.

Trinc. What's that you will do? Hah! I hope you will not betray'd me? How does my Pigs-nye? [To Sycorax]

Syc. Begone! thou shalt not be my Lord, thou art I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her so——hah! he's a Rogue, I will not believe him, Chuck.

Steph. The foul Words were yours: I will not carry you for you.

Trinc. I see, if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I
give thee into Grace for this? I will correct thee with
Royal Hand.

[*Strikes Steph.*]

Trinc. Dost thou hurt my Love? [Flies at *Trinc.*]

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treason! Treason!

[*Vent. Must. Calib. run betwixt.*]

Trinc. Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the Peo-

Trinc. This false Traitor has corrupted the Wife of my
son. [*Whispers Mustacho hastily.*] *Mustacho*, strike on
his side, and thou shalt be my Vice-Roy.

Must. I'm against Rebels! *Ventoso*, obey your Vice-Roy.

Trinc. You a Vice-Roy? [*They two fight off from the rest.*]

Steph. Hah! Hector Monster! do you stand Neuter?

Calib. Thou would'st drink my Liquor, I will not help

Trinc. 'Twas his doing that I had such a Husband, but
I'll law him.

[*Syc. and Calib. fight, Syc. beating him off the Stage.*]

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I
be idle?

[*Trinc. beats off Steph. to the Door. Exit Steph.*]

Do not pursue too far, for fear the Enemy will rally a-
gain, and surprise my Butt in the Cittadel; well, I must

be rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, she will be in the Fashion
of the first, Cuckold her Husband, and then sue for a Se-

paration, to get Alimony. [Exit.]

SCENE III. The Cypress Trees and Cave.

Ferdinand and Hippolito, with their Swords drawn.

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place,
the Ground's firm and even: Are you ready?

Hipp. As ready as your self, Sir.

Ferd. You remember

what Conditions we must fight? Who first
gives a Wound is to submit.

Hipp. Come, come,

lose Time; now for the Women, Sir.

[*They fight a little, Ferdinand hurts him.*]

Ferd.

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Ferd. Believe your Blood.

Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my Blood.

Ferd. Remember our Conditions.

Hip. I will not leave, till my Sword hits you too.

[*Hip. presses on, Ferd. retires and*

Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.

Hip. You beat aside my Sword, but let it come
As near as yours, and you shall see my Skill.

Ferd. You faint for loss of Blood, I see you stagger
Pray, Sir, retire.

Hip. No! I will ne'er go back——

Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find——

Ferd. Your Eyes begin to dazle.

Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.

[*Hip. thrusts and*

Ferd. O help, help, help!

Unhappy Man, what have I done?

Hip. I'm going to a cold Sleep, but when I wake,
I'll fight again. Pray stay for me. [Sings]

Ferd. He's gone!

He's gone! O stay, sweet lovely Youth! Help! help!

Enter Prospero.

Pros. What dismal Noise is that?

Ferd. O see, Sir, see!

What Mischief my unhappy Hand has wrought.

Pros. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art
Endeavour to resist the Will of Heaven? [Rubs]

He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son
Of an inhuman Father! all my Designs
Are ruin'd and unravell'd by this Blow.

No Pleasure now is left me but Revenge.

Ferd. Sir, if you knew my Innocence——

Pros. Peace, peace,

Can thy Excuses give me back his Life?

What *Ariel*? Sluggish Spirit, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.

Pros. Ay, now thou com'st,
 Fate is past, and not to be recall'd.
 There, and glut the Malice of thy Nature,
 As thou art thy self, thou canst not but
 Glad to see young Virtue nipt i'th' Blossom.

Ariel. My Lord, the *Being* high above can witness
 I am not glad; we airy Spirits are not of
 Temper so malicious as the earthy,
 Of a Nature more approaching good.
 Which we meet in Swarms, and often combat
 Nixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.

Pros. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretel
 This fatal Action then?

Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
 I want to do it, but I was forbidden
 By the ill Genius of *Hippolito*,
 Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it,
 To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
 From the lightsome Regions of the Air,
 To native Fields) above a hundred Years.
Pros. I'll chain thee in the North for thy Neglect,
 In the burning Bowels of Mount *Heila*;
 I'll gage thy airy Wings with sulph'rous Flames,
 And choak thy tender Nostrils with blue Smoak,
 Thy r'ry Hick-up of the belching Mountain,
 Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh Air,
 And then fall down again.

Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.

Pros. No more of Pardon than just Heav'n intends thee,
 Thou e'er find from me: Hence! fly with speed,
 And the Charms which hold this Murtherer's Father,
 I'll bring him, with my Brother, streight before me.

Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly
 Thy Thought. [Exit Ariel.]

Miranda. O Heav'ns! what words are these I heard?
 I cannot see who spoke 'em: Sure the Woman
 Whom I lov'd was like this, some airy Vision.

Pros. No, Murd'rer, she's, like thee, of mortal Mould,
 Much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes;
 She has Faults, and must be punish'd for 'em.

Miranda

Miranda and *Dorinda*! where are ye?
 The Will of Heaven's accomplish'd: I have now
 No more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
 Now you may enter.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda.

Mir. My Love! is it permitted me to see
 You once again?

Prosp. You come to look your last;
 I will for ever take him from your Eyes.
 But, on my Blessing, speak not, nor approach him.

Dor. Pray, Father, is not this my Sister's Man?
 He has a noble Form; but yet he's not
 So excellent as my *Hippolito*.

Prosp. Alas, poor Girl, thou hast no Man: Look you
 There's all of him that's left.

Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
 He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him?

[*She kneels by Hippolito, and joins her hands.*]

Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd again.

Dor. My Love, my Love! will you not speak to
 I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now
 He will not answer me; he's dumb and cold too;
 But I'll run streight, and make a Fire to warm him.

[*Exit Dorinda running.*]

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio; and Ariel invisible.

Alon. Never were Beasts so hunted into Toils,
 As we have been pursu'd by dreadful Shapes.
 But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand*!
 If thou art not a Ghost, let me embrace thee.

Ferd. My Father! O sinister Happiness!
 Is it decreed I should recover you
 Alive, just in that fatal Hour when this
 Brave Youth is lost in Death, and by my Hand?

Ant. Heav'n! what new Wonder's this?

Gonz. This Isle is full of nothing else.

Prosp. You stare upon me as you ne'er had seen me
 Have fifteen Years so lost me to your Knowledge,
 That you retain no Memory of *Prospero*?

Gonz. The good old Duke of *Millain*!

sp. I wonder less,
thou, *Antonio*, know'st me not, because
didst long since forget I was thy Brother,
ne'er had been here.

st. Shame checks my Words.
onz. And Wonder mine.

sp. For you, usurping Prince, [To *Alonz.*
w, by my Art, you were shipwrack'd on this Isle,
re, after I a while had punish'd you,
Vengeance would have ended; I design'd
match that Son of yours, with this my Daughter.

onz. Pursue it still, I am most willing to't.

sp. So am not I. No Marriages can prosper
th are with Murderers made; look on that Corps:
whilst he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*,
infant Duke of *Mantua*, Sir, whom you,
s'd with me; and here I bred him up,
that blood-thirsty Man, that *Ferdinand*——
why do I exclaim on him, when Justice
to unsheath her Sword against his Guilt?

onz. What do you mean?

sp. To execute Heav'n's Laws.

I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
ugh you have dispossest me of my *Millain*.
d calls for Blood; your *Ferdinand* shall die,
I, in bitterness, have sent for you,
have the sudden Joy of seeing him alive,
then the greater Grief to see him die.

Alonz. And think'st thou I, or these, will tamely stand,
view the Execution [Lays Hand upon his Sword.

rd. Hold, dear Father!

not suffer you t'attempt against
Life, who gave her Being whom I love.

osp. Nay, then appear my Guards—I thought no more
use their Aid; (I'm curs'd because I us'd it)

[He stamps, and many Spirits appear.]

they are now the Ministers of Heav'n,
list I revenge this Murder.

Alonz. Have I for this

and thee, my Son, so soon again to lose thee?

Antonio,

Antonio, Gonzalo, speak for pity.

Ferd. Adieu, my fairest Mistris.

Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I must speak. [To] Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,
Be not so cruel to the Man I love,
Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.

Ferd. Recall that Pray'r, or I shall wish to live,
Though Death be all the mends that I can make.

Prosp. This Night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*,
To fit you for your Death, that Cave's your Prison.

Alonz. Ah, *Prospero*! hear me speak. You are a Father
Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.

Prosp. No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for Pity left within me.

Do you refuse! help, *Ariel*, with your Fellows
To drive 'em in; *Alonzo* and his Son.

Bestow in yonder Cave, and here *Gonzalo*
Shall with *Antonio* lodge.

[Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed]

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a Fire, shall he be warm'd?

Prosp. He's dead, and vital Warmth will ne'er return

Dor. Dead, Sir, what's that?

Prosp. His Soul has left his Body.

Dor. When will it come again?

Prosp. O never, never!

He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.

Dor. He shall not lye in Earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: Indeed he'll come again;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

Prosp. He's murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Sister
Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A Father's Precept; you would needs see Men,
And by that sight are made for ever wretched.

Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand*
Must die for murdering him.

Mir. Have you no Pity?

Prosp. Your Disobedience has so much incens'd me,
That I this Night can leave no Blessing with you.

to convey the Body to my Couch,
leave me to mourn over it alone.

[*They bear off the Body of Hip.*]

Enter Miranda and Dorinda again. Ariel behind 'em.

Ariel. I've been so chid for my Neglect by *Prospero*,
I must now watch all, and be unseen.

Sir. Sister, I say again, 'twas long of you
at all this Mischief happen'd.

Dor. Blame not me

your own Fault, your Curiosity
ought me to see the Man.

Sir. You safely might

seen him, and retir'd, but you would needs
near him, and converse; you may remember
Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.

Dor. That was your Envy, Sister, not your Love;
I call'd me thence, because you could not be
with him your self; but I am sure
Man had never gone to Heav'n so soon,
that yours made him go.

[*Crying.*]

Sir. Sister, I could not wish that either of 'em
should go to Heav'n without us, but it was
Fortune, and you must be satisfy'd.

Dor. I'll not be satisfy'd: My Father says
I'll make your Man as cold as mine is now,
when he is made cold, my Father will
let you strive to make him warm again.

Sir. In spite of you mine never shall be cold.

Dor. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable;
I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think
nothing to lose a Man.

Sir. Yes, but there is
the Difference betwixt my *Ferdinand*,
and your *Hippolito*.

Dor. Ay, there's your Judgment.

Sir. 's is the oldest Man I ever saw,
except it were my Father.

Dor. Sister, no more.

's not comely in a Daughter, when
she says her Father's old.

Dor.

Dor. But why do I
Stay here, whilst my cold Love perhaps may want me
I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.

Mir. Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.

Dor. I'll never more meet in a Bed with you,
But lodge on the bare Ground, and watch my Love.

Mir. And at the Entrance of that Cave I'll lye,
And Eccho to each Blast of Wind a Sigh.

[*Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.*]

Ariel. Harsh Discord reigns throughout this fatal Ill
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits smile;
Old *Prospero*, by his Daughters robb'd of Rest,
Has in displeasure left 'em both unblest.
Unkindly they abjure each other's Bed,
To save the Living, and revenge the Dead.

Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good *Gonzalo* does their Crimes upbraid.

Antonio and *Gonzalo* disagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at distance be.
The Seamen all that cursed Wine have spent,
Which still renew'd their Thirst of Government;
And wanting Subjects for the Food of Pow'r,
Each wou'd, to rule alone, the rest devour.

The Monsters *Sycorax* and *Caliban*,
More monstrous grow by Passions learn'd from Man.
Even I, not fram'd of warring Elements,
Partake and suffer in these Discontents.

Why shou'd a Mortal by Enchantments hold
In Chains a Spirit of Ætherial Mold?

Accursed Magick we our selves have taught,
And our own Pow'r has our Subjection wrought!



 ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

P. YOU beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heav'n.

Mir. Then let Heav'n punish him.

Pros. It will, by me.

Mir. Grant him at least some Respite for my sake.

Pros. I by deferring Justice should incense
the Deity against my self and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you say, the Powers above
flow in punishing, and shou'd not you
femble them?

Pros. The Argument is weak,

I want time to let you see your Errors;
Ire, and, if you love him, pray for him. [*He's going.*]

Mir. And can you be his Judge and Executioner?

Pros. I cannot force *Gonzalo* or my Brother,
nor less the Father to destroy the Son;

must be then the Monster *Caliban*,

he's not here; but *Ariel* strait shall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My Potent Lord, before thou call'st, I come,
I serve thy Will.

Pros. Then, Spirit, fetch me here my Salvage Slave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Pros. Art thou then prone to Mischief, wilt thou be
thyself the Executioner?

Ariel. Think better of thy Aiery Minister,
for thy sake, unbidden, this Night has flown
almost all the habitable World.

Pros. But to what purpose was all thy Diligence?

ACT V. SCENE I.
L. II.

L

Ariel.

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord
 For my Neglect of young *Hippolito*,
 I went to view his Body, and soon found
 His Soul was but retir'd, not fally'd out:
 Then I collected
 The best of Simples underneath the Moon,
 The best of Balms, and to the Wound apply'd
 The healing Juice of vulnerary Herbs.
 His only danger was his loss of Blood.
 But now he's wak'd, my Lord, and just this Hour
 He must be dress'd again, as I have done it.
 Ancient the Sword which pierc'd him with this Weapon-
 Salve, and wrap it close from Air till I have time to vi-
 sit him again.

Prosp. Thou art my faithful Servant,
 It shall be doné; be it your Task, *Miranda*,
 Because your Sister is not present here;
 While I go visit your dear *Ferdinand*,
 From whom I will a while conceal this News,
 That it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you,
 And with a double Duty, Sir: For now
 You twice have given me Life.

Prosp. My *Ariel*, follow me. [Exeunt several]

[*Hippolito discover'd on a Couch, Dorinda by him*]

Dor. How do you find your self?

Hip. I'm somewhat cold,
 Can you not draw me nearer to the Sun?
 I am too weak to walk.

Dor. My Love, I'll try.

[*She draws the Chair nearer the Audience*]

I thought you never would have walk'd again,
 They told me you were gone away to Heav'n;
 Have you been there?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave you, till you promise me
 You will not die again.

Hip. Indeed I will not.

Dor. You must not go to Heav'n, unless we go
 Together; For I've heard my Father say,

that we must strive to be each other's Guide,
the way to it will else be difficult,
specially to those who are so young;
at I much wonder what it is to die.

Hip. Sure 'tis to Dream, a kind of breathless Sleep,
when once the Soul's gone out.

Dor. What is the Soul?

Hip. A small blue thing, that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty Morning
sun smoaking from my Mouth.

Hip. But, dear *Dorinda*,

what is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. O, I can tell you joyful News of him,
my Father means to make him die to Day,
for what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be,

my dear *Dorinda*; go and beg your Father,
he may not die; it was my Fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll ne'er leave killing you."

Hip. O no! I just remember when I fell asleep,
heard him calling me a great way off,
and crying over me as you wou'd do;
besides, we have no cause of Quarrel now.

Dor. Pray how began your Difference first?

Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

Dor. That Hurt you had was justly sent from Heav'n,
for wishing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it,
the Fault was only in my Blood, for now
it's gone, I find I do not love so many.

Dor. In Confidence of this, I'll beg my Father
that he may live; I'm glad the naughty Blood,
that made you love so many, is gone out.

Hip. My Dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.

[Exit Dor.]

Enter *Miranda* at the other Door, with *Hippolito's* Sword
wrapt up.

Hip. Who's this who looks so Fair and Beautiful,
nothing but *Dorinda* can surpass her?

O! I believe it is that Angel Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.

Mir. Sir, I am sent hither

To dress your Wound; how do you find your Strength?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of Blood.

Mir. I'm sorry for't.

Hip. Indeed, and so am I,

For if I had that Blood, I then should find
A great Delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir,

I am another's, and your Love is given
Already to my Sister.

Hip. Yet I find

That, if you please, I can love still a little.

Mir. I cannot be unconstant, nor should you.

Hip. O my Wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to ease you. * [*She unwraps the Sword.*

Hip. Alas! I feel the cold Air come to me,

My Wound shoots worse than ever.

[*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*

Mir. Does it still grieve you?

Hip. Now methinks there's something
Laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no Ease?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the Pain
Is leaving me: Sweet Heav'n, how I am eas'd!

Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda to them.

Ferd. [*To Dor.*] Madam, I must confess my Life is yours
I owe it to your Generosity.

Dor. I am o'erjoy'd my Father lets you live,
And proud of my good Fortune, that he gave
Your Life to me.

Mir. How? gave his Life to her!

Hip. Alas! I think she said so, and he said
He ow'd it to her Generosity.

Ferd. But is not that your Sister with Hippolite?

Dor. So kind already?

Ferd. I came to welcome Life, and I have met
The cruellest of Deaths.

Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another Man?

Dor. Sister, what Business have you here?

Mir. You see I dress *Hippolito*.

Dor. You're very charitable to a Stranger.

Mir. You are not much behind in Charity,
To beg a Pardon for a Man, whom you
Scarce ever saw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone;
For I had rather he should die, than you
Should cure his Wound.

Mir. And I wish *Ferdinand* had dy'd, before
He ow'd his Life to your Entreaty.

Ferd. to Hip. Sir, I am glad you are so well recover'd,
You keep your Humour still to have all Women?

Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the Number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda*.

Mir. Ah *Ferdinand*! can you become Inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather Death
Should take you from me, than you take your self.

Ferd. And if I might have choise, I would have wish'd
That Death from *Prospero*, and not this from you.

Dor. Ay, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my Sister's Company.

Hip. *Dorinda*, kill me not with your Unkindness;
This is too much, first to be false your self,
And then accuse me too.

Ferd. We all accuse
Each other, and each one denies their Guilt,
Should be glad it were a mutual Error.

And therefore first to clear my self from Fault,
Madam, I beg your Pardon, while I say

I only love your Sister.

[To *Dorinda*.]

Mir. O blest word!

I'm sure I love no Man but *Ferdinand*.

Dor. Nor I, Heaven knows, but my *Hippolito*.

Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much, before
I fear'd *Dorinda*'s Constancy; but now
I am convinc'd that I lov'd none but her,
Because none else can recompence her Loss.

Ferd. 'Twas happy then we had this little Tryal.
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.

Mir. I have only this to say in my Defence:
My Father sent me hither, to attend
The wounded Stranger.

Dor. And *Hippolito*
Sent me to beg the Life of *Ferdinand*.

Ferd. From such small Errors left at first unheeded,
Have often sprung sad Accidents in Love:
But see, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their Joys with ours.

Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Alon. to Prosp. Let it no more be thought of;
Your Purpose, though it was severe, was just.
In losing *Ferdinand* I should have mourn'd,
But could not have complain'd.

Prosp. Sir, I am glad
Kind Heav'n decreed it otherwise.

Dor. O Wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous Mankind is!

Hip. O brave new World,
That has such People in't!

Alon. to Ferd. Now all the Blessings
Of a glad Father compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous Choice.

Gonz. I've inward wept, or should have spoken e'er this
Look down, sweet Heav'n, and on this Couple drop
A blessed Crown, for it is you chalk'd out
The way which brought us hither.

Anto. Though Penitence
Forc'd by Necessity can scarce seem real,
Yet, dearest Brother, I have hope my Blood
May plead for Pardon with you; I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But Heav'n knows too, I would not.

Prosp. All past Crimes
I bury in the Joy of this bless'd Day.

Alon. And, that I may not be behind in Justice,
To this young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of *Mantua* thus salute him.

Hip. What is it that you render back? methinks
You give me nothing.

Pros. You are to be Lord
Of a great People, and o'er Towns and Cities.

Hip. And shall these People be all Men and Women?

Gonz. Yes, and shall call you Lord.

Hip. Why then I'll live no longer in a Prison,
But have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.

Pros. And that your Happiness may be compleat,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife;
She shall be yours for ever, when the Priest
Has made you one.

Hip. How can he make us one? Shall I grow to her?

Pros. By saying holy Words you shall be join'd
In Marriage to each other.

Dor. I warrant you those holy Words are Charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.

Pros. My *Ariel* told me, when last Night you quarrell'd,
[To his Daughters.]

You said you would for ever part your Beds;
But what you threaten'd in your Anger, Heav'n
Has turn'd to Prophecy.

For you, *Miranda*, must with *Ferdinand*,
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito*
Lie in one Bed hereafter.

Alon. And Heav'n make
Those Beds still fruitful in producing Children,
To bless their Parents Youth, and Grandfires Age.

Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in a Bed,
I wonder you and I had none between us.

Dor. Sister, it was our Fault, we meant like Fools
To look 'em in the Fields, and they, it seems,
Are only found in Beds.

Hip. I am o'er-joy'd
That I shall have *Dorinda* in a Bed,
We'll lie all Night and Day together there,
And never rise again.

Ferd. [aside to him.] *Hippolito!* You yet
Are ignorant of your great Happiness,
But there is somewhat, which for your own and fair

Dorinda's sake, I must instruct you in.

Hip. Pray teach me quickly

How Men and Women in your World make love;
I shall soon learn, I warrant you.

*Enter Ariel, driving in Stephano, Trincalo, Mustacho,
Ventoso, Caliban, and Sycorax.*

Pros. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*, I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have Freedom.

Gonz. O look, Sir, look; the Master and the Sailors—
The Bosen too— my Prophecy is out,
That if a Gallows were on Land, that Man
Could ne'er be drown'd.

Alon. Now, Blasphemy, what, not one Oath ashore?
Hast thou no Mouth by Land? Why star'st thou so?

[*To Trincalo.*

Trinc. What, more Dukes yet? I must resign my
Dukedom;

But 'tis no matter, I was almost starv'd in't.

Must. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oil or
Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now
our gallant Ship again, and were her Master,
I'd willingly give all my Island for her.

Vent. And I my Vice-Royship.

Trinc. I shall need no Hangman, for I shall e'en hang
my self, now my Friend Butt has shed his last drop of
Life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Anto. They talk like Mad-men.

Pros. No matter, Time will bring 'em to themselves.
And now their Wine is gone, they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is safe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you first set Sail.

Alon. This News is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Pros. Rarely, my Diligence.

Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are those mishapen Creatures?

Pros. Their Mother was a Witch, and one so strong,
She would controul the Moon, make Flows and Ebbs,
And deal in her Command without her Power.

Syc. O *Serebos*! these be brave Sprights indeed.

Pros.

Pros. Go, Sirrah, to my Cell, and as you hope
Pardon, trim it up.

[To Calib.

Calib. Most carefully. I will be wise hereafter.

at a dull Fool was I, to take those Drunkards
Gods, when such as these were in the World?

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train
my poor Cave this Night; a part of which
will employ, in telling you my Story.

Alon. No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

Pros. When the Morn draws, I'll bring you to your
Ship,

and promise you calm Seas, and happy Gales.

Ariel, that's thy Charge: Then to the Elements
free, and fare thee well.

Ariel. I'll do it, Master.

Pros. Now to make amends

the rough Treatment you have found to Day,
entertain you with my Magick Art:

by my Power, transform this Place, and call
those that shall make good my Promise to you.

SCENE changes to the Rocks, with the Arch of
Rocks, and calm Sea. Musick playing on the
Rocks.

Pros. Neptune, and your fair Amphitrite, rise;

Oceanus, with your Tethys too, appear;

ye Sea-Gods, and Goddesſes, appear!

Ye, all ye Tritons; all ye Nereids, come,

teach your sawcy Element to obey:

you have Princes now to entertain,

unſoil'd Beauties, with fresh youthful Lovers.

[Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus and Tethys appear
in a Chariot drawn with Sea-horses; on each ſide of
the Chariot, Sea-Gods and Goddeſſes, Tritons and
Nereids.

Alon. This is prodigious.

Antonio. Ah! what amazing Objects do we ſee?

Pros. This Art doth much exceed all human Skill.

S O N G.

- Amph. **M**Y Lord, Great Neptune, for my sake,
 Of these bright Beauties Pity take:
 And to the rest allow
 Your Mercy too.
 Let this intraged Element be still,
 Let Æolus obey my Will:
 Let him his boisterous Prisoners safely keep
 In their dark Caverns, and no more
 Let 'em disturb the Bosom of the Deep,
 'Till these arrive upon their wish'd-for Shore.
- Neptune. So much my Amphitrite's Love I prize,
 That no Commands of hers I can despise.
 Tethys no Furrows now shall wear,
 Oceanus no Wrinkles on his Brow,
 Let your serenest Looks appear!
 Be calm and gentle now.
- Nept. & } Be calm, ye great Parents of the Floods and the
 Amph. } Springs,
 } While each Nereide and Triton Plays, Reverses,
 } and Sings.
- Ocean. Confine the roaring Winds, and we
 Will soon obey you chearfully.
- Chorus } Tie up the Winds, and we'll obey,
 of Trit. } Upon the Floods we'll sing and play,
 and Ner. } And celebrate a Halcyon Day.
- [Here the Dancers mingle with the
 Singers, and perform a Dance.]
- Neptune. Great Nephew Æolus make no Noise,
 Muzzle your roaring Boys. [Æolus appears]
- Amph. Let 'em not bluster to disturb our Ears,
 Or strike these noble Passengers with Fears.
- Neptune. Afford 'em only such an easie Gale,
 As pleasantly may swell each Sail.
- Amph. While fell Sea-monsters cause intestine Fears,
 This Empire you invade with foreign Wars.
- Neptune. But you shall now be still,
 And shall obey my Amphitrite's Will.

Eolus } You I'll obey, who at one Stroke can make,
descends. } With your dread Trident, the whole Earth to quake.
Come down, my Blustersers, swell no more.

Your stormy Rage give o'er.

[Winds from the four Corners appear.

Let all black Tempests cease——

And let the troubled Ocean rest:

Let all the Sea enjoy as calm a peace,

As where the Halcyon builds her quiet Nest.

To your Prisons below,

Down, down you must go:

You in the Earth's Entrails your Revels may keep;

But no more till I call shall you trouble the Deep.

[Winds fly down.

Now they are gone, all stormy Wars shall cease:

Then let your Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.

mph. Tritons, my Sons, your Trumpets sound,

And let the Noise from neighbouring Shores rebound.

Chorus. { Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.
a Calm.
Sound a Calm.

[Here the Tritons, at every repeat of *Sound a Calm*, changing their Figure and Postures, seem to sound their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells.

Symphony of Musick, like Trumpets, to which four Tritons dance.

ptune. See, see, the Heavens smile, all your Troubles are past,

Your Foes by black Clouds shall no more be o'ercast.

mph. On this barren Isle ye shall lose all your Fears.

Leave behind all your Sorrows, and banish your Cares.

th. { And your Loves and your Lives shall in Safety enjoy;

{ No influence of Stars shall your Quiet destroy.

orus { And your Loves, &c.

all. { No influence, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.]

Oceanus;

Oceanus. *We'll safely convey you to your own happy Shore,
And yours and your Country's soft Peace will re-
store.*

Tethys. *To treat you blest Lovers, as you sail on the Deep,
The Tritons and Sea-Nymphs their Revels shall
keep.*

Both. *{ On the swift Dolphins Backs they shall sing and
shall play;
{ They shall guard you by Night, and delight you by
Day.*

Chorus *{ On the swift, &c.
of all. { And shall guard, &c.*

*[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.
[A Dance of twelve Tritons.*

Mr. What charming things are these?

Dor. What heav'nly Power is this?

*Prosp. Now, my Ariel, be visible,
And let the rest of your aerial Train
Appear, and entertain 'em with a Song.*

*SCENE changes to the Rising Sun, and a num-
ber of Aerial Spirits in the Air, Ariel flying from
the Sun, advances towards the Pit.*

And then farewell my long-lov'd Ariel.

Alon. Heav'n! what are these we see?

*Prosp. They are Spirits, with which the Air abounds
In swarms, but that they are not subject
To poor feeble mortal Eyes.*

Anto. O wondrous Skill!

Gonz. O Power divine!

Ariel and the rest sing the following Song.

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,

In a Cowslip's Bed I lie;

There I couch when Owls do cry.

On the Swallow's Wings I fly

After Summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,

Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.

The T E M P E S T .

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Song ended, Ariel speaks, hovering in the Air.

Ariel. My noble Master!

May theirs and your blest Joys never impair.

And for the Freedom I enjoy in Air,

I will be still your *Ariel*, and wait

On airy Accidents that work for Fate.

What ever shall your Happiness concern,

From your still faithful *Ariel* you shall learn.

Prosper. Thou hast been always diligent and kind!

How sweet, my long-lov'd *Ariel*, thou shalt find

I will preserve thee ever in my Mind.

Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be

A place of Refuge, as it was to me:

The Promises of blooming Spring live here,

And all the Blessings of the ripening Year.

In my Retreat, let Heav'n and Nature smile,

And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle*.

3

[*Exeunt.*]



EPI-



EPILOGUE

Gallants, by all good Signs it does appear,
That Sixty seven's a very damning Year;
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

*Among the Muses there's a gen'ral Rot;
The Rhyming Monsieur, and the Spanish Plot:
Defie or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.*

*The Ghosts of Poets walk within this Place,
And haunt us Actors wheresoever we pass,
In Visions bloodier than King Richard's was.*

*For this poor Wretch, he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o' th' Play,
And begs the Favour to be damn'd to Day.*

*He sends me only like a Sh'riff's Man here,
To let you know the Malefactor's near,
And that he means to die, en Cavalier.*

*For if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other Men,
And you'll be troubled with 'em all again.*



A N
EVENING's LOVE;

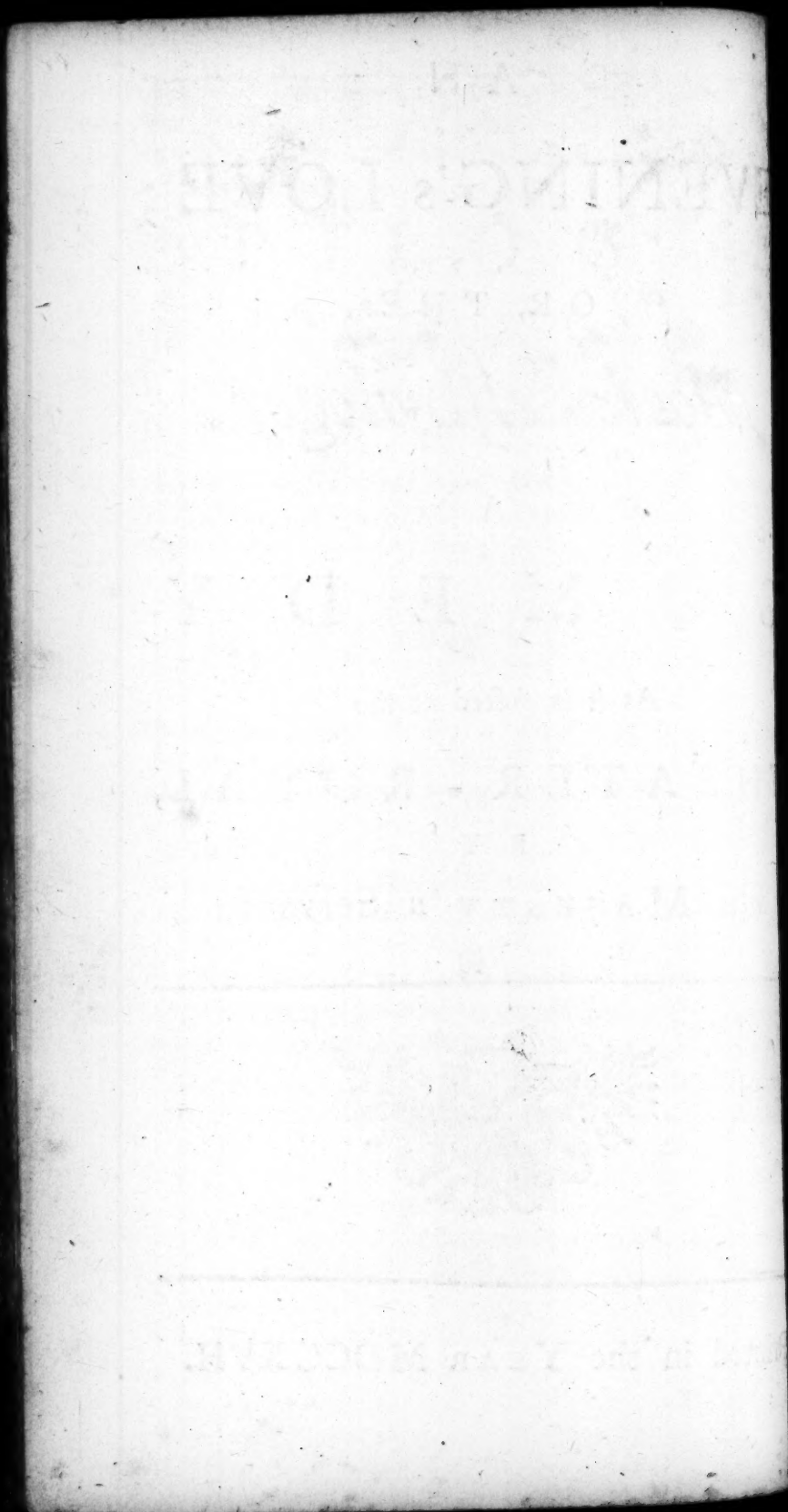
OR, THE
Mock - Astrologer.

A
C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the
THEATER - ROYAL,
B Y
His MAJESTY's Servants.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.





To his GRACE,

WILLIAM,

Duke of NEWCASTLE,

*of His Majesty's most Honourable
Privy-Council; and of the most
Noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

May it please Your Grace,



Mongst those few Persons of Wit
and Honour, whose favourable Opin-
ion I have desir'd, your own Vir-
tue, and my great Obligations to
your Grace, have justly given you
the Precedence. For what could be
so glorious to me, than to have acquir'd some
of your Esteem, who are admir'd and ho-
nour'd by all good Men; who have been, for so
many Years together, the Pattern and Standard of
our to the Nation: And whose whole Life
has

The Epistle Dedicatory.

has been so great an Example of Heroick Virtue that we might wonder how it happen'd into an Age so corrupt as ours, if it had not likewise been a Part of the Former? As you came into the World with all the Advantages of a Noble Birth and Education, so you have render'd yourself yet more conspicuous by your Virtue. Fortune indeed, has perpetually crown'd your Undertakings with Success, but she has only waited on your Valour, not conducted it. She has ministrated your Glory like a Slave, and has been led to Triumph by it, or at most, while Honour led you by the Hand to Greatness, Fortune only followed to keep you from sliding back in the Afternoon. That which *Plutarch* accounted her Favour to *Cymon* and *Lucullus*, was but her Justice to your Grace: And, never to have been overcome when you led in Person, as it was more than *Hannibal* could boast, so it was all that Providence could do for that Party which it had resolv'd to ruin. Thus, my Lord, the last Smiles of Victory were on your Arms: And, every where else declared for the Rebels, she seem'd to suspend her aid and to doubt, before she took her Flight, when she were able wholly to abandon that Cause which you fought.

But the greatest Tryals of your Courage and Constancy were yet to come: Many had sacrificed their Fortunes, and expos'd their Lives to the utmost Dangers for their King and Country who ended their Loyalty with the War: And rather to redeem their former Plenty by acknowledging an Usurper, than to suffer with an unprofitable Fidelity (as those meaner Spirits call it) for their Lawful Sovereign. But, as I

The Epistle Dedicatory.

accuse so many of our Nobility, who were
ent to accept their Patrimonies from the Cle-
cy of the *Conqueror*, and to retain only a
et Veneration for their Prince, amidst the o-
Worship which they were forc'd to pay to the
rper, who had dethron'd him; so, I hope, I
have leave to extol that Virtue which acted
e generously; and which was not satisfy'd
an inward Devotion to Monarchy, but pro-
d it self to view, and asserted the Cause by
Martyrdom. Of these rare Patterns of Loy-
your Grace was Chief: Those Examples you
d not find, you made. Some few *Cato's*
e were with you, whose invincible Resoluti-
could not be Conquer'd by that *Usurping Ca-*
Your Virtue oppos'd it self to his Fortune,
overcame it, by not submitting to it. The
and most difficult Enterprize he had to effect,
n he had conquer'd three Nations, was to
ue your Spirit: And he dy'd weary of that
, and unable to finish it.
the mean time you liv'd more happily in your
e, than the other on his Throne: Your Loy-
made you Friends and Servants amongst Fo-
ers: And you liv'd plentifully without a For-
; for you liv'd on your own Desert and Re-
tion. The glorious Name of the Valiant and
ful *Newcastle*, was a Patrimony which cou'd
be exhausted.
hus, my Lord, the Morning of your Life was
, and calm; and though it was afterwards o-
st; yet, in that general Storm, you were ne-
without a Shelter. And now you are happily
d to the Evening of a Day as Serene, as the
n of it was Glorious: But such an Evening as,
pe, and almost Prophecy, is far from Night:
'Tis

The Epistle Dedicatory.

'Tis the Evening of a Summer's Sun, which keeps the Day-Light long within the Skies. The Health of your Body is maintain'd by the Vigour of your Mind: Neither does the one shrink from the Fatigue of Exercise, nor the other bend under the Pains of Study. Methinks I behold in you another *Cains Marius*, who in the Extremity of his Age, exercis'd himself almost every Morning in the *Campus Martius*, amongst the youthful Nobility of *Rome*. And afterwards in your Retirement, when you do Honour to Poetry, by employing part of your Leisure in it, I regard you as another *Silius Italicus*, who having pass'd over Consulship with Applause, dismiss'd himself from Business, and from the Gown, and employ'd his Age, amongst the Shades, in the Reading and Imitation of *Virgil*.

In which, least any thing should be wanting to your Happiness, you have by a rare Effect of Fortune, found in the Person of your Excellent Lady, not only a *Lover*, but a Part'ner of your Studies. A Lady whom our Age may justly compare with the *Sappho* of the *Greeks*, or the *Salpistia* of the *Romans*. Who, by being taken into your Confidence, seems to be inspir'd with your Genius: And by writing the History of your Life, in so manly a Style, has already plac'd you in the Number of the Heroes. She has anticipated that great Portion of Fame which Envy often hinders a living Virtue from possessing: Which wou'd, indeed, have been given to your Ashes, but with a late Payment: And, of which you could have no present use, except it were by a secret Presage of which was to come, when you were no longer in the Possibility of knowing it. So that if that were Praise, or Satisfaction to the greatest of Emperors, which the most Judicious of Poets gives him,

Præf.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Præfenti tibi maturos largimur honores, &c.

the Adoration which was not allowed to
Romulus and *Romulus* till after Death, was given
Augustus living; then certainly it cannot be de-
but that your Grace has receiv'd a double
satisfaction: The one, to see your self Confe-
ded to Immortality while you are yet alive:
other, to have your Praises celebrated by so
er, so Just, and so Pious an Historian.

is the Consideration of this that stops my Pen:
ough I am loath to leave so fair a Subject,
ch gives me as much field as Poetry could
and yet no more than Truth can justifie.
to attempt any thing of a Panegyrick, were
interprize on your Lady's Right; and to seem
fect those Praises, which none but the Dut-
s of *Newcastle* can deserve, when she Writes
Actions of her Lord. I shall therefore leave
wider Space, and contract my self to those nar-
Bounds which best become my *Fortune* and
ployment.

am oblig'd, my Lord, to return you not only
own Acknowledgments, but to thank you in
Names of former Poets; the *Manes* of *Johnson*
D'Avenant seem to require it from me, that
e Favours which you plac'd on them, and
ch they wanted Opportunity to own in Pub-
yet might not be lost to the Knowledge of
erity, with a Forgetfulness unbecoming of
Muses, who are the Daughters of Memory.
I give me leave, my Lord, to avow so much
Vanity, as to say, I am Proud to be their Re-
mbrancer: For, by relating how Gracious you
been to them, and are to me, I, in some
sure, join my Name with Theirs: And the
continu'd

The Epistle Dedicatory.

continu'd descent of your Favours to me is the best Title which I can plead for my Successor. I only wish, that I had as great Reason to be satisfy'd with my self, in the return of our common Acknowledgments, as your Grace may justly take in the conferring *Them*: For I cannot be very sensible that the Present of an ill Comed which I here make you, is a very unsuitable Way of giving Thanks for them, who, themselves, have written so many better. This pretends to nothing more than to be a Foil to those Scenes which are compos'd by the most noble Poets of our Age, and Nation: And to be set as a Warning Mark of the lowest *Ebb*, to which the Wit of my Predecessor has sunk and run down in me. But, though all of them have surpass'd me in this *Scene*; there is one Part of Glory in which I will not yield to any of them. I mean, my Lord, the Honour and Veneration which they had for you in their Lives; and which I preserve after them, more Holily than the Vestal Fires were maintain'd from Age to Age; but with a greater Degree of Humility and of Devotion than theirs, as being with more Respect and Passion than they ever were,

Your GRACE's

Most Obliged, most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant

JOHN DRYDEN



T H E P R E F A C E.



Had thought, Reader, in this Preface to have written somewhat concerning the Difference betwixt the Plays of our Age, and those of our Predecessors on the English Stage: To have shewn in what Parts of Dramatick Poesie were excell'd by Ben. Johnson, I mean, Humour, and Contrivance of Comedy; and in what may justly claim Precedence of Shakespear and Fletcher, namely in Heroick Plays: But this Design was wav'd on second Considerations; at least I arriv'd it till I publish the Conquest of Granada, where the Discourse will be more proper. I had prepar'd to treat of the Improvement of our Language since Fletcher's and Johnson's Days, consequently of our refining the Courtship, Gallery, and Conversation of Plays: But as I am oblig'd to decline that Envy which I should draw on myself from some old Opiniatre Judges of the Stage; likewise I am prest in Time so much that I have no leisure, at present, to go thorough with it. Neither, indeed, do I value a Reputation gain'd from Comedy, so far as to concern my self about it any more than I needs must in my own Defence: For I think it, in it's own Nature, inferiour to all sorts of

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of Dramatick writing. Low Comedy especially requires, on the Writer's part, much of Conversation with the Vulgar: And much of ill Nature in Observation of their Follies. But let all Men please themselves according to their several Tastes: That which is not pleasant to me, may be to others and I judge better: and, to prevent an Accusation from my Enemies, I am sometimes ready to imagine that my Disgust of Low Comedy proceeds not so much from my Judgement as from my Temper; which is the Reason why I so seldom write it; and that when I succeed in it, (I mean so far as to please the Audience) yet I am nothing satisfy'd with what I have done; but am often vex'd to hear the People laugh and clap, as they perpetually do, where I intend 'em no Jest; while they let pass the better things without taking notice of them. Yet even this confirms me in my Opinion of slighting popular applause, and of contemning that Approbation which those very People give, equally with me, to the Zany of a Mountebank; or to the Appearance of an Antick on the Theater, without Wit on the Poet's part, or any occasion of Laughter from the Actor, besides the Ridiculousness of his Habit and his Grimaces.

But I have descended, before I was aware, from Comedy to Farce; which consists principally of Grimaces. That I admire not any Comedy equal with Tragedy, is, perhaps, from the Sullenness of my Humour; but that I detest those Farces, which are now the most frequent Entertainments of the Stage, I am sure I have Reason on my Side. Comedy consists, though of low Persons, yet of natural Actions and Characters; I mean such Humorous Adventures and Designs, as are to be found, and met with in the World. Farce, on the other hand,

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consists of forc'd Humours, and unnatural Events.
 Comedy presents us with the Imperfections of hu-
 man Nature: Farce entertains us with what is
 monstrous and chimerical. The one causes Laugh-
 in those who can judge of Men and Manners,
 the lively Representation of their Folly or Cor-
 ruption: The other produces the same Effect in
 those who can judge of neither, and that only by
 Extravagances. The first works on the Judg-
 ment and Fancy; the latter on the Fancy only:
 there is more of Satisfaction in the former Kind
 of Laughter, and in the latter more of Scorn. But,
 as it happens that an impossible Adventure should
 be our Mirth, I cannot so easily imagine. Some-
 times there may be in the Oddness of it, because on
 the Stage it is the common Effect of Things un-
 expected, to surprize us into a Delight: And that
 may be ascrib'd to the strange Appetite, as I may
 call it, of the Fancy; which, like that of a longing
 man, often runs out into the most extravagant
 Fancies; and is better satisfy'd sometimes with
 Dreams, or with the Rinds of Trees, than with the
 solid Nourishments of Life. In short, there is
 the same difference betwixt Farce and Comedy, as
 betwixt an Empirique, and a true Physician: Both
 may attain their Ends; but what the one
 does by Hazard, the other does by Skill. And
 the Artist is often unsuccessful, while the Mount-
 eebank succeeds; so Farces more commonly take the
 Pleasure than Comedies. For to write unnatural
 Events, is the most probable Way of pleasing them,
 who understand not Nature. And a true Poet
 misses of Applause, because he cannot debase
 himself to write so Ill as to please his Audience.
 After all, it is to be acknowledg'd, that most of
 our Comedies, which have been lately written,

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have been ally'd too much to Farce: And this must
of Necessity fall out till we forbear the Translation
of French Plays: For their Poets wanting Judg-
ment to make, or to maintain true Characters
strive to cover their Defects with ridiculous Figures
and Grimaces. While I say this, I accuse my self
as well as others: And this very Play would rise up
in Judgment against me, if I would defend all
things I have written to be natural: But I confess
have given too much to the People in it, and am
asham'd for them as well as for my self, that I have
pleas'd them at so cheap a Rate: Not that there is
any thing here which I would not defend to an ill-
natur'd Judge: (For I despise their Censures, when
I am sure wou'd write worse on the same Subject:
But, because I love to deal clearly and plainly, and
to speak of my own Faults with more Criticism, than
I would of another Poet's. Yet I think it no Vanity
to say, that this Comedy has as much of Entertain-
ment in it, as many others which have been lately
written: And, if I find my own Errors in it, I am
able at the same time to arraign all my Contemporaries
for greater. As I pretend not that I write
Humour, so none of them can reasonably pre-
tend to have written it as they ought. John
was the only Man of all Ages and Nations who
perform'd it well; and that but in three or four
his Comedies: The rest are but a Crambe bis coctum
the same Humours a little vary'd and writ
worse: Neither was it more allowable in him, than
it is in our present Poets, to represent the Follies of
particular Persons; of which many have accus'd
him. *Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis* is the Rule
of Plays. And Horace tells you, that the old Comedies
amongst the Grecians was silenc'd for the
great Liberties of the Poets.

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-----In vitium libertas excidit & vim
Dignam lege regi: Lex est accepta, chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

*which he gives you the Reason in another Place :
here having given the Precept,*

Neve immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta:
immediately subjains,

penduntur enim, quibus est equus, & pater, & res.

*Ben. Johnson is to be admir'd for many Ex-
cellencies; and can be tax'd with fewer Failings
than any English Poet. I know I have been ac-
cus'd as an Enemy of his Writings; but without
any other Reason, than that I do not admire him
heartily, and without looking into his Imperfections.
Why should he only be exempted from those
faults, from which Homer and Virgil are not
exempted? Or why should there be any ipse dixit in our
Literature, any more than there is in our Philosophy?
I do not admire and applaud him where I ought: Those
who do more, do but value themselves in their Ad-
miration of him: And, by telling you they extol Ben.
Johnson's Way, would insinuate to you that they
practise it. For my Part, I declare that I want
Judgment to imitate him: And shou'd think it a
great Impudence in my self to attempt it. To make
him appear pleasantly Ridiculous on the Stage, was,
as I have said, his Talent: And in this he needed not
the Acumen of Wit, but that of Judgment. For the
Characters and Representations of Folly are only
the Effects of Observation; and Observation is an
Act of Judgment. Some ingenious Men, for
as I have a particular Esteem, have thought I*

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have much injur'd Ben. Johnson, when I have allow'd his Wit to be extraordinary: But they found the Notion of what is Witty, with what Pleasant. That Ben. Johnson's Plays were pleasant, he must want Reason who denies: But the Pleasantness was not properly Wit, or the Sharpness of Conceit; but the natural Imitation of Folly Which I confess to be excellent in its kind, but not to be of that kind which they pretend. Yet if we will believe Quintilian in his Chapter de Moxeris, he gives his Opinion of both in these following Words. Stulta reprehendere facillimum est; nam per se sunt ridicula: Et à derisu non procul aberisus: Sed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio.

And some perhaps wou'd be apt to say of Johnson as it was said of Demosthenes; Non displicuit illi jocos, sed non contigisse. I will not deny, but that I approve most the mixt way of Comedy; the which is neither all Wit, nor all Humour, but the Result of both. Neither so little of Humour as Fletcher shews, nor so little of Love and Wit as Johnson. Neither all Cheat, with which the Plays of the one are fill'd, nor all Adventure, which is the common Practice of the other. I would have the Characters well chosen, and kept distant from interfering with each other; which is more than Fletcher or Shakespear did: But I would have more of the Urbana, venusta, salsa, faceta, and the rest which Quintilian reckons up as the Ornament of Wit; and these are extreamly wanting in Ben. Johnson. As for Repartee in particular; as it is the very Soul of Conversation, so it is the great Grace of Comedy, where it is proper to the Characters: there may be much of Acuteness in a well said; but there is more in a quick Reply: S

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im longè venustiora omnia in respondendo
am in provocando. *Of one thing I am sure,*
at no Man ever will decry Wit, but he who de-
sires of it himself; and who has no other Quarrel
it, but that which the Fox had to the Grapes.
it, as Mr. Cowley, (who had a greater Portion
it than any Man I know) tells us in his Character
Wit, rather than all be Wit, let there be none ;
think there's no Folly so great in any Poet of our
age, as the superfluity and waste of Wit was in
the of our Predecessors: Particularly we may say
Fletcher, and of Shakespear, what was said of
id, In omni ejus ingenio, facilius quod rejici,
am quod adjici potest, invenies. The contrary
which was true in Virgil, and our incomparable
Johnson.

Some Enemies of Repartee have observ'd to us,
that there is a great Latitude in their Characters,
which are made to speak it: And that it is easier
to write Wit than Humour; because in the Cha-
acters of Humour, the Poet is confin'd to make the
Person speak what is only proper to it: Whereas all
of Wit is proper in the Character of a witty
Person. But, by their Favour, there are as differ-
ent Characters in Wit as in Folly. Neither is all
of Wit proper in the Mouth of every ingenious
Person. A witty Coward, and a witty Brave must
speak differently. Falstaffe and the Lyar, speak not
as Don John in the Chances, and Valentine in
it without Mony. And Johnson's Truemit in
the Silent Woman, is a Character different from
any of them. Yet it appears that this one Chara-
cter of Wit was more difficult to the Author, than
his Images of Humour in the Play: For those he
could describe and manage from his Observation of
Men; this he has taken, at least a Part of it, from

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Books : Witness the long Speeches in the first Act translated verbatim out of Ovid de Arte Amandi To omit what afterwards he borrowed from the sixth Satyr of Juvenal against Women.

However, if I should grant, that there were greater Latitude in Characters of Wit, than in those of Humour; yet that Latitude would be a small Advantage to such Poets, who have too narrow an Imagination to write it. And to entertain an Audience perpetually with Humour, is to carry them from the Conversation of Gentlemen, and treat them with the Follies and Extravagances of Bedlam.

I find I have launch'd out farther than I intended in the Beginning of this Preface. And that in the Heat of Writing, I have touch'd at something which I thought to have avoided. 'Tis time now to draw homeward; and to think rather of defending my self, than assaulting others. I have already acknowledg'd that this Play is far from Perfect. But I do not think my self oblig'd to discover the Imperfections of it to my Adversaries, any more than a guilty Person is bound to accuse himself before his Judges. 'Tis charg'd upon me that I make debauch'd Persons (such as, they say, my Astrologer and Gamester are) my Protagonists, or the chief Persons of the Drama; and that I make them happy in the Conclusion of my Play; against the Law of Comedy, which is to reward Virtue, and punish Vice. I answer first, that I know no such Law have been constantly observ'd in Comedy, either by the ancient or modern Poets. Chærea is made happy in the Eunuch, after having deflour'd a Virgin: And Terence generally does the same through all his Plays, where you perpetually see, not only debauch'd young Men enjoy their Mistresses, but

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ven the Courtezans themselves rewarded and ho-
 ur'd in the Catastrophe. The same may be ob-
 rv'd in Plautus almost every where. Ben. John-
 on himself, after whom I may be proud to Err,
 as given me more than once the Example of it.
 That in the Alchymist is notorious, where Face,
 after having contriv'd and carry'd on the great Co-
 venage of the Play, and continued in it without Re-
 pentance to the last, is not only forgiven by his Ma-
 ster, but enrich'd by his Consent, with the Spoils of
 those whom he had cheated. And, which is more,
 his Master himself, a grave Man, and a Widower, is
 introduc'd taking his Man's Counsel, debauching
 the Widow first, in hope to marry her afterward.
 In the Silent Woman, Dauphine, (who with the
 other two Gentlemen, is of the same Character
 with my Celadon in the Maiden Queen, and with
 Wildblood in this) professes himself in Love with
 all the Collegiate Ladies: And they likewise are all
 of the same Character with each other, excepting
 only Madam Otter, who has something singular:
 yet this naughty Dauphine is crown'd in the End
 with the Possession of his Uncle's Estate, and with
 the Hopes of enjoying all his Mistresses. And his
 friend, Mr. Truewit, (the best Character of a Gen-
 tleman which Ben. Johnson ever made) is not
 sham'd to Pimp for him. As for Beaumont and
 Fletcher, I need not alledge Examples out of them;
 for that were to quote almost all their Comedies.
 But now it will be objected that I patronize Vice
 by the Authority of former Poets, and extenuate
 my own Faults by Recrimination. I answer, that as
 I defend my self by their Example; so that Exam-
 ple I defend by Reason, and by the End of all Dra-
 matick Poesie. In the first Place, therefore, give
 me leave to shew you their Mistake, who have ac-

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ens'd me. They have not distinguish'd, as they ought, betwixt the Rules of Tragedy and Comedy. In Tragedy, where the Actions and Persons are great, and the Crimes horrid, the Laws of Justice are more strictly to be observ'd; and Examples of Punishment to be made, to deter Mankind from the Pursuit of Vice. Faults of this kind have been rare amongst the ancient Poets: For they have punish'd in Oedipus, and in his Posterity, the Sin which he knew not he had committed. Medea is the only Example I remember at present, who escapes from Punishment after Murder. Thus Tragedy fulfils one great Part of its Institution; which is by Example to instruct. But in Comedy it is not so; for the chief End of it is Divertisement and Delight: And that so much, that it is disputed, I think, by Heinſius, before Horace his Art of Poetry, whether Instruction be any Part of its Employment. At least I am sure it can be but its secondary End: For the Business of the Poet is to make you laugh: When he writes Humour, he makes Folly ridiculous; when Wit, he moves you, if not always to Laughter, yet to a Pleasure that is more noble. And if he works a Cure on Folly, and the small Imperfections in Mankind, by exposing them to publick View, that Cure is not perform'd by an immediate Operation. For it works first on the ill Nature of the Audience; they are mov'd to laugh by the Representation of Deformity; and the Shame of that Laughter, teaches us to amend what is ridiculous in our Manners. This being then establish'd, that the first End of Comedy is Delight, and Instruction only the second; it may reasonably be inferr'd, that Comedy is not so much oblig'd to the Punishment of the Faults which it represents, as Tragedy. For the Persons in Comedy are of a lower

Quality,

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quality, the Action is little, and the Faults and
 ces are but the Sallies of Youth, and the Frailties
 human Nature, and not premeditated Crimes :
 ch to which all Men are obnoxious ; not such as
 attempted only by few, and those abandon'd to
 Sense of Virtue: Such as move Pity and Com-
 feration; not Detestation and Horror; such in
 rt as may be forgiven, not such as must of Ne-
 sity be punish'd. But, lest any Man should
 nk that I write this to make Libertinism amia-
 ; or that I car'd not to debase the End and In-
 tention of Comedy, so I might thereby maintain
 own Errors, and those of better Poets; I must
 ther declare, both for them, and for my self, that
 make not vicious Persons happy, but only as
 aven makes Sinners so : That is, by reclaiming
 m first from Vice. For so 'tis to be suppas'd they
 , when they resolve to marry; for then enjoying
 at they desire in one, they cease to pursue the
 ve of many. So Chærea is made happy by Te-
 ce, in marrying her whom he had deslour'd :
 d so are Wildblood and the Astrologer in this
 oy.

There is another Crime with which I am charg'd,
 which I am yet much less concern'd, because it
 s not relate to my Manners, as the former did,
 only to my Reputation as a Poet: A Name of
 ich I assure the Reader I am nothing proud;
 d therefore cannot be very solicitous to defend it.
 m tax'd with stealing all my Plays, and that
 some, who should be the last Men from whom I
 uld steal any Part of 'em. There is one Answer
 ich I will not make; but it has been made for
 by him to whose Grace and Patronage I owe
 things,

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Et spes & ratio studiorum, in *Cæsare* tantum.

and without whose Command they should no longer be troubled with anything of mine, That he only desired, that they who accus'd me of Theft, would always steal him Plays like mine. But though I have reason to be proud of this Defence, yet I should wave it, because I have a worse Opinion of my own Comedies, than any of my Enemies can have. 'Tis true, that where-ever I have lik'd any Story in a Romance, Novel, or foreign Play, I have made no difficulty, nor ever shall, to take the Foundation of it, to build it up, and to make it proper for the English Stage. And I will be so vain to say, it has lost nothing in my Hands: But it always cost me so much Trouble to heighten it for the Theater, (which is incomparably more Curious in the Ornaments of Dramatick Poësie, than the French or Spanish) that when I had finish'd my Play, it was like the Hulk of Sir Francis Drake so strangely alter'd, that there scarce remain'd a Plank of the Timber which first built it. To witness this, I need go no farther than this Play: It was first Spanish, and call'd *El Astrologo fingido*: It then made French by the younger Corneille: And is now translated into English, and in Print, under the Name of *The Feign'd Astrologer*. What I have perform'd in this will best appear by comparing it with those: You will see that I have rejected some Adventures which I judg'd were not diverting: That I have heightned those which I have choos'd, and that I have added others, which were neither in the French nor Spanish. And besides you will easily discover, that the Walk of the Astrologer is the least considerable in my Play: For the Design of it turns more on the Parts of Wildblood and

Jacin

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cinta, who are the chief Persons in it. I have
 ther to add, that I seldom use the Wit and Lan-
 age of any Romance, or Play, which I undertake
 alter: Because my own Invention (as bad as it
 can furnish me with nothing so dull as what is
 re. Those who have call'd Virgil, Terence, and
 Tasso Plagiaries (though they much injur'd them,)
 yet a better Colour for their Accusation: For
 Virgil has evidently translated Theocritus, He-
 and Homer, in many Places; besides what he
 taken from Ennius in his own Language.
 Terence was not only known to translate Menan-
 (which he avows also in his Prologues) but
 is said also to be helpt in those Translations by
 Cyprio the African, and Lælius. And Tasso, the
 most excellent of modern Poets, and whom I re-
 vance next to Virgil, has taken both from Ho-
 mer many admirable things which were left un-
 ch'd by Virgil, and from Virgil himself where
 Homer cou'd not furnish him. Yet the Bodies of
 Virgil's and Tasso's Poems were their own: And
 are all the Ornaments of Language and Elocu-
 in them. The same (if there were any thing
 commendable in this Play) I could say for it. But
 will come nearer to our own Countrymen.
 Most of Shakespear's Plays, I mean the Stories of
 them, are to be found in the Hecatommuthi, or
 hundred Novels of Cinthio. I have, my self, read
 his Italian, that of Romeo and Juliet, the Moor
 Venice, and many others of them. Beaumont
 Fletcher had most of theirs from Spanish No-
 vels: Witness the Chances, the Spanish Curate,
 the Wife and have a Wife, the Little French
 lawyer, and so many others of them as compose
 the greatest Part of their Volume in Folio. Ben-
 Jonson, indeed, has design'd his Plots himself

but

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but no Man has borrow'd so much from the Ancients as he has done: And he did well in it, for he has thereby beautify'd our Language.

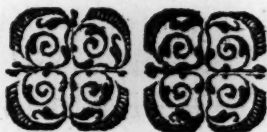
But these little Criticks do not well consider what is the Work of a Poet, and what the Graces of a Poem: The Story is the least Part of either: I mean the Foundation of it, before it is modell'd by the Art of him who writes it; who forms it with more Care, by exposing only the beautiful Parts of it to view, than a skilful Lapidary sets a Jewel. On this Foundation of the Story, the Characters are rais'd: And, since no Story can afford Characters enough for the Variety of the English Stage, it follows, that it is to be alter'd, and enlarg'd with new Persons, Accidents and Designs, which will almost make it new. When this is done, the forming it into Acts and Scenes, disposing of Actions and Passions into their proper Places, and beautifying both with Descriptions, Similitudes, and Propriety of Language, is the principal Employment of the Poet; as being the largest Field of Fancy, which is the principal Quality requir'd in him. For so much the word pointing employs. Judgment indeed, is necessary in him; but 'tis Fancy that gives the Life-touches, and the secret Graces to it; especially in serious Plays, which depend not much on Observation. For to write Humour in Comedy (which is the Theft of Poets from Mankind) little of Fancy is requir'd; the Poet observes only what is ridiculous and pleasant Folly, and by judging exactly what is so, he pleases in the Representation of it.

But in general, the Employment of a Poet, like that of a curious Gunsmith, or Watchmaker. The Iron or Silver is not his own; but they are the least Part of that which gives the Value: The

P R E F A C E.

price lyes wholly in the *Workmanship*. And he who works dully on a Story, without moving Laughter in a Comedy, or raising Concernments in a serious Play, is no more to be accounted a good Poet, than a Gunsmith of the Minories is to be compar'd with the best *Workman* of the Town.

But I have said more of this than I intended; and more, perhaps, than I needed to have done: I shall but laugh at them hereafter, who accuse me with so little Reason; and withal contemn their Dullness, who, if they could ruin that little Reputation I have got, and which I value not, yet would want both *Wit* and *Learning* to establish their own; or to be remembred in after-Ages for any thing, but only that which makes them ridiculous in this.



P R O



PROLOGUE.

WHEN first our Poet set himself to write,
Like a young Bridegroom on his Wedding-Night
He laid about him, and did so bestir him,
His Muse could never lye in quiet for him:
But now his Honey-moon is gone and past,
Yet the ungrateful Drudgery must last:
And he is bound, as civil Husbands do,
To strain himself, in complaisance to you:
To write in Pain, and counterfeit a Bliss,
Like the faint smacking of an after-Kiss.
But you, like Wives ill pleas'd, supply his Want;
Each Writing Monsieur is a fresh Gallant:
And though, perhaps, 'twas done as well before,
Yet still there's something in a new Amour.
Your several Poets work with several Tools,
One gets you Wits, another gets you Fools:
This pleases you with some by-stroke of Wit,
This finds some Cranny that was never hit.
But should these janty Lovers daily come
To do your Work, like your good Man at home,
Their fine small-timber'd Wits, would soon decay;
These are Gallants but for a Holiday.
Others you had who oftner have appear'd,
Whom, for meer Impotence, you have cashier'd:

PROLOGUE.

As at first came on with Pomp and Glory,
Over-straining, soon fell flat before ye.
Your useless Weight, with Patience long was born,
At the last you threw 'em off with Scorn.
For the Poet of this present Night,
Though now he claims in you a Husband's Right,
Will not hinder you of fresh Delight.
Like a Seaman, seldom will appear;
And means to trouble Home but thrice a Year:
At only time from your Gallants he'll borrow;
Kind to Day, and Cuckold him to Morrow.

3



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Wildblood,	} Two young English Gentlemen.	{ Mr. Hart. Mr. Mohun.
Bellamy,		
Maskall,	<i>their Servant.</i>	Mr. Shatterel.
Don Alonzo de Ribera,	} <i>an old</i> <i>Spanish Gentleman.</i>	{ Mr. Wintershal.
Don Lopez de Gamboa,		
<i>a</i>	} <i>young Noble Spaniard.</i>	{ Mr. Burt.
Don Melchior de Guzman,		
<i>a</i>	} <i>Gentleman of a great Family; but of a decay'd Fortune.</i>	{ Mr. Lydal.

W O M E N.

Donna Theodofia,	} <i>Daughters</i> <i>to Don</i>	{ Mrs. Bowtel.
Donna Jacintha,		
Donna Aurelia,	} <i>Alonzo.</i>	{ Mrs. Ellen Guyton
<i>their Cousin.</i>		
	<i>formerly by</i>	Mrs. Quin.
Beatrix,	} <i>Woman and Confident</i> <i>to the two Sisters.</i>	{ Mrs. Knepp.
Camilla,		
<i>Woman to Aurelia.</i>		Mrs. Betty Slater
 <i>Servants to Don Lopez, and Don Alonzo.</i>		

The SCENE *Madrid* in the Year 166

The Time, the last Evening of the Carnival.



A N
 VENING'S LOVE;
 OR, THE
Mock-Astrologer.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Lopez, and a Servant walking over the Stage.
 Enter another Servant, and follows him.*

S E R V A N T.

ON Lopez?

Lop. Any new Business?

Serv. My Master had forgot this Letter.
 Which he conjures you, as you are his
 Friend,

To give *Aurelia* from him.

Tell Don *Melchor*

that hard Task which he enjoins me:

that I love her, and much more than he;

that I love her alone, but he divides

His

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His Passion betwixt two: Did he consider
How great a Pain 'tis to dissemble Love,
He would never practise it.

Serv. He knows his Fault, but cannot mend it.

Lop. To make the poor *Aurelia* believe
He's gone for *Flanders*, whilst he lies conceal'd,
And every Night makes Visits to her Cousin.
When will he leave this strange Extravagance?

Serv. When he can love one more, or t'other less.

Lop. Before I lov'd my self, I promis'd him
To serve him in his Love; and I'll perform it,
How e'er repugnant to my own Concernments.

Serv. You are a noble Cavalier. [Exit Serv.]

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood, and Maskall.

2 Serv., Sir, your Guests of the *English* Ambassad
Retinue.

Lop. Cavaliers, will you please to command my Co
to take the Air this Evening?

Bel. We have not yet resolv'd how to dispose of our self
but however we are highly acknowledging to you
your Civility.

Lop. You cannot more oblige me than by laying y
Commands on me.

Wild. We kiss your Hands. [Exit Lopez cum]

Bel. Give the Don his due, he entertain'd us nobly
Carnival.

Wild. Give the Devil the Don for any thing I lik
his Enteratinment.

Bel. I hope we had Variety enough.

Wild. Ay, it look'd like Variety, till we came to
it; there were twenty several Dishes to the Eye, but
the Palate nothing but Spices. I had a mind to eat
Pheasant, and as soon as I got it into my Mouth, I
I was chawing a Limb of Cinamon; then I went
cut a piece of Kid, and no sooner it had touch'd my
but it turn'd to red Pepper: At last I began to t
my self another kind of *Midas*, that every thing I tou
should be turn'd to Spice.

Bel. And for my part, I imagin'd his Catholick M
sty had invited us to eat his *Indies*. But prithee let's

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Discourse of it, and contrive together how we may
end the Evening; for in this hot Country, 'tis as in the
Nation, the Evening and the Morning make the Day.

Will. I have a little serious Business.

Bel. Put it off till a fitter Season: For the Truth is,
Business is then only tolerable, when the World and the
Day have no Baits to tempt before us for the Day.

Will. But mine perhaps is publick Business.

Bel. Why, is any Business more publick than drinking
and wenching? Look on those grave plodding Fellows,
that pass by us as tho' they were meditating the Recon-
quest of *Flanders*: Fly 'em to a Mark, and I'll undertake
the Parts of four are going to their Courtezans. I tell
thee, *Jack*, the whisking of a Silk-Gown, and the rash
Tabby-Petticoat, are as comfortable Sounds to one
of these rich Citizens, as the Chink of their Pieces of
Gold.

Will. This being granted to be the common Design
of human Kind, 'tis more than probable 'tis yours; there-
fore I'll leave you to the Prosecution of it.

Bel. Nay, good *Jack*, mine is but a Mistress in Em-
ployment; the Possession of her is at least some Days off, and
at that time, thy Company will be pleasant, and may
be profitable to carry on the Work. I would use thee
as an under kind of Chymist, to blow the Coals; 'twill
be enough for me to be alone, when I come to
the Rectification.

Will. You must excuse me, *Frank*; I have made an
appointment at the Gaming-house.

Bel. What to do there, I prethee? To mis-spend that
Money which kind Fortune intended for a Mistress? Or
to earn new Oaths and Curses to carry into *England*?
It is not it—I heard you were to marry when you
came Home: Perhaps that may be still running in your
head, and keep you virtuous.

Will. Marriage quoth a! what, dost thou think I have
been bred in the Deserts of *Africk*, or among the Savages
of *America*? Nay, if I had, I must needs have known
more things than so; the light of Nature would not
have let me gone so far astray.

Bel.

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Bel. Well! what think you of the *Prado* this Evening?

Wild. Pox upon't, 'tis worse than our *Contemplation* *Hide-Park*.

Bel. O! but we must submit to the Custom of the Country for Courtship: Whatever the Means are, we are sure the End is still the same in all Places. But what are these?

Enter Don Alonzo de Ribera, with his two Daughters Theodofia and Jacintha, and Beatrix their Woman, passing by.

Theo. Do you see those Strangers, Sister, that eye so earnestly?

Jac. Yes, and I guess 'em to be Feathers of the English Ambassador's Train; for I think I saw 'em at the grand Audience——And have the strangest Temptation in the World to talk to 'em: A Mischief on this head!

Beat. A Mischief of this Father of yours that haunts you so.

Jac. 'Tis very true, *Beatrix*; for though I am the younger Sister, I should have the grace to lay Modesty first aside: However, Sister, let us pull up our Vails and give 'em an Essay of our Faces.

[They pull up their Vails, and pull 'em down again.]

Wild. Ah *Bellamy*! undone, undone! dost thou see those Beauties?

Bel. Prethee *Wildblood* hold thy Tongue, and don't spoil my Contemplation; I am undoing my self as fast as e'er I can too.

Wild. I must go to 'em.

Bel. Hold Madman; dost thou not see their Father? Hast thou a mind to have our Throats cut?

Wild. By a *Hector* of fourscore? Hang our Throats! what, a Lover and cautious? *[Is going towards them.]*

Alon. Come away Daughters, we shall be late else.

Bel. Look you, they are on the wing already.

Wild. Prethee, dear *Frank*, let's follow 'em: I long to know who they are.

Mask. Let me alone, I'll dog 'em for you.

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el. I am glad on't, for my Shoes so pinch me, I scarce go a Step farther.

Wild. Cross the way there lives a Shoemaker: Away with y, that we may not spoil our Design.

[Exeunt Bell. and Wild.]

Don. offers to go off. Now Friend! what's your Business follow us?

Mask. Noble Don, 'tis only to recommend my Service to you: A certain violent Passion I have had for your Friendship since the first Moment that I saw you.

Don. I never saw thee before, to my remembrance.

Mask. No matter, Sir; true Love never stands upon ceremony.

Don. Prethee begone my sawcy Companion, or I'll set an Alguazile upon thy Heels; I tell thee I have no need of thy Service.

Mask. Having no Servant of your own, I cannot in good Manners leave you destitute.

Don. I'll beat thee if thou follow'st me.

Mask. I am your Spaniel, Sir, the more you beat me, the better I'll wait on you.

Don. Let me intreat thee to be gone; the Boys will set at me to see me follow'd thus against my Will.

Mask. Shall you and I concern our selves for what the Boys do, Sir? Pray do you hear the News at Court?

Don. Prethee what's the News to thee or me?

Mask. Will you be at the next *Fuego de cammas*?

Don. If I think good.

Mask. Pray go on, Sir, we can discourse as we walk together: And whither were you now a going, Sir?

Don. To the Devil, I think.

Mask. O! not this Year or two, Sir, by your Age.

Father. My Father was never so match'd for talking in his Life before; he who loves to hear nothing but himself: Prethee, *Beatrice*, stay behind, and see what this prudent *Englishman* would have.

Beat. Sir! if you'll let my Master go, I'll be his Pawn.

Mask. Well, Sir, I kiss your Hand, in hope to wait on you another time.

Don. Let us mend our pace to get clear of him.

Theo.

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Theo. If you do not, he'll be with you again, like *Alanta* in the Fable, and make you drop another of your golden Apples.

[*Exeunt Alon. Theo. and Jacinta*]

[*Maskall whispers Beatrix the while*]

Beat. How much good Language is here thrown away to make me betray my Ladies?

Mask. If you will discover nothing of 'em, let me scourse with you a little.

Beat. As little as you please.

Mask. They are rich, I suppose.

Beat. Now you are talking of them again: But they are as rich, as they are fair.

Mask. Then they have the *Indies*: Well, but their Names my sweet Mistress.

Beat. Sweet Servant, their Names are——

Mask. Their Names are——out with it boldly——

Beat. A Secret not to be disclos'd.

Mask. A Secret, say you? Nay, then I conjure you you are a Woman tell it me.

Beat. Not a Syllable.

Mask. Why then, as you are a Waiting-woman: you are the Sieve of all your Ladies Secrets, tell it me.

Beat. You lose your labour: Nothing will strain it from me.

Mask. Are you so well stop'd i'th' bottom?

Beat. It was enjoin'd me strictly as a Secret.

Mask. Was it enjoin'd thee strictly, and can't thou tell it? Nay then thou art invincible: But, by that Face, that more than ugly Face, which I suspect to be under that Vail, disclose it to me.

Beat. By that Face of thine, which is a natural Vail I will not tell thee.

Mask. By thy——

Beat. No more Swearing, I beseech you.

Mask. That Woman's worth little that is not worth an Oath: Well, get thee gone, now I think on't thou shalt not tell me.

Beat. Shall I not? Who shall hinder me? They are *Don Alonzo de Ribera's* Daughters.

Mask. Out, out: I'll stop my Ears.

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Beat. —They live hard by, in the *Calle maior*.

Mask. O infernal Tongue——

Beat. And are going to the next Chappel with their
er.

Mask. Wilt thou never have done tormenting me? In
Conscience anon thou wilt blab out their Names too.

Beat. Their Names are *Theodosia* and *Jacintha*.

Mask. And where's your great Secret now?

Beat. Now I think I am reveng'd on you, for running
in my poor old Master.

Mask. Thou art not fully reveng'd, till thou hast told
thy own Name too.

Beat. 'Tis *Beatrix*, at your Service, Sir, pray remem-
ber I wait on 'em.

Mask. Now I have enough, I must be going.

Beat. I perceive you are just like other Men; when
have got your Ends, you care not how soon you are
g.—Farewel,——you'll be constant to me——

Mask. If thy Face, when I see it, do not give me oc-
sion to be otherwise.

Beat. You shall take a Sample, that you may praise it
when you see it next. [*She pulls up her Vail.*]

Enter Wildblood and Bellamy.

Wild. Look, there's your Dog with a Duck in's Mouth—
she's got loose and div'd again.—— [*Exit Beatrix.*]

Bel. Well, *Maskall*, what News of the Ladies of the
age?

Mask. I have learn'd enough to embark you in an Ad-
venture; they are Daughters to one *Don Alonzo de Ri-*
in the *Calle maior*, their Names *Theodosia* and *Jacintha*,
they are going to their Devotions in the next Chapel.

Wild. Away then, let us lose no time, I thank Heaven
I never found my self better inclin'd to Godliness than at
present.—— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Chapel.*

*Don Alonzo, Theodosia, Jacintha, Beatrix, other Ladies,
and Cavaliers at their Devotions.*

Alon. By that time you have told your Beads, I'll be a-
way with you. [*Exit.*
Jac.

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Fac. Do you think the *English* Men will come after?

Beat. Do you think they can stay from you?

Fac. For my part I feel a certain Qualm upon my Heart, which makes me believe I am breeding Love in one of 'em.

Theo. How, Love, *Facintha*, in so short a time? *Cupid's* Arrow was well feather'd to reach you so suddenly.

Fac. Faith, as good at first as at last, Sister; 'tis a thing that must be done, and therefore 'tis best dispatching it out o' th' way.

Theo. But you do not mean to tell him so whom you love?

Fac. Why should I keep my self and Servant in pain for that which may be cur'd at a Day's warning?

Beat. My Lady tells you true, Madam, long tedious Courtship may be proper for cold Countries, where the Frosts are long a thawing; but Heaven be prais'd we live in a warm Climate.

Theo. The truth is, in other Countries they have opportunities for Courtship, which we have not, they are not mew'd up with double Locks and grated Windows but may receive Addressees at their leisure.

Fac. But our Love here is like our Grass; if it be mow'd quickly, 'tis burnt up.

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood, and Maskall: They look about.

Theo. Yonder are your Gallants, send you comfort to 'em: I am for my Devotions.

Fac. Now for my Heart can I think of no other Prayer but only that they may not mistake us——Why Sister——will you Pray? What injury have I ever done you, that you should Pray in my Company? If my Servant *Don Melchor* were here, we should have your mind Heaven as little as the best of us.

Beat. They are at a loss, Madam, shall I put up my Vail that they may take aim?

Fac. No, let 'em take their Fortune in the Dark. We shall see what Archers these *English* are.

Bel. Which are they, think'st thou?

Wild. There's no knowing them, they are all Children of Darkness.

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Bel. I'll be sworn they have one sign of Godliness among 'em, there's no distinction of Persons here.

Wild. Pox o' this Blind-man's-buff; they may be a-mind to provoke a Man thus by their keeping themselves so close.

Bel. You are for the youngest, you say; 'tis the eldest smitten me. And here I fix, if I am right — hap-
Man be his Dole.

[*By Theodosia.*]

Wild. I'll take my Fortune here. [*By Jacintha.*] Ma-
n, I hope a Stranger may take the liberty without of-
fence to offer his Devotions by you.

Fac. That, Sir, would interrupt mine, without being
advantage to your own.

Wild. My advantage, Madam, is very evident; for the
Saint to whom you pray, may by the Neighbour-
mistake my Devotions for yours.

Fac. O Sir! our Saints can better distinguish between
Prayers of a Catholick and a Lutheran.

Wild. I beseech you, Madam, trouble not your self for
Religion; for though I am a Heretick to the Men
your Country, to your Ladies I am a very zealous
Catholick: And for Fornication and Adultery, I assure you
I hold with both Churches.

Theo. to Bel. Sir, if you will not be more devout, be
at least more civil, you see you are observ'd.

Bel. And pray, Madam, what do you think the Look-
on imagine I am employ'd about?

Theo. I will not trouble my self to guess.

Bel. Why, by all Circumstances, they must conclude
I am making Love to you: And methinks it were
as civil to give the Opinion of so much good Com-
pany the Lye.

Theo. If this were true, you would have little reason
to thank 'em for their Divination.

Bel. Meaning I should not be lov'd again.

Theo. You have interpreted my Riddle, and may take it
for your Pains.

Enter Alonzo, and goes apart to his Devotion.

Fac. Madam, your Father is return'd.

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Bel. She has nettled me, would I could be reveng'd on her.

Wild. Do you see their Father? Let us make as if we talk'd to one another, that we may not be suspected.

Beat. You have lost your *Englishmen*.

Jac. No, no, 'tis but Design I warrant you: You see these Island Cocks wheel about immediately.

[*The English gather up close to the*

Beat. Perhaps they thought they were observ'd.

Wild to Bel. Talk not of our Country Ladies: I declare my self for the *Spanish* Beauties.

Bel. Prethee tell me what thou canst find to death in these *Castilians*.

Wild. Their Wit and Beauty.

Theo. Now for our Champion *St. Jago* for *Spain* the

Bel. Faith I can speak no such Miracles of either; their Beauty, 'tis much as the *Moors* left it; not altogether so deep a black as the true *Aethiopian*: A kind of Beauty that is too civil to the Lookers on to do them any harm chief.

Jac. This was your Frowardness that provok'd my Sister.

Theo. But they shall not carry it off so.

Bel. As for their Wit, you may judge it by their Breeding, which is commonly in a Nunnery; where they want of Mankind while they are there, makes them value the Blessing ever after.

Theo. Prethee, dear *Jacinta*, tell me, what kind of Creatures were those we saw Yesterday at the Audience? Those I mean that look'd so like *Frenchmen* in their bits, but only became their Apishness so much worse.

Jac. *Englishmen*, I think they call'd 'em.

Theo. Cry you mercy; they were of your wild Breed indeed, that is a kind of Northern Beast, that is to say its Feats of Activity in *Monsieurland*, and for doing too lubberly, is laugh'd at all the World over.

Bel. *Wildblood*, I perceive the Women understand of Discourse; their Gallants do not use 'em to get upon their Gemmits, and prance before their Windows; there the Palfrey curvets and bounds, and short entertains 'em for his Master.

Wild. And this Horse-play they call making Love.

Jac. Your Father, Madam.——

Don. Daughters! what Cavaliers are those which were
eng by you?

Jac. *Englishmen*, I believe, Sir, at their Devotions: Ca-
valier, would you would try to pray a little better then
I have railly'd. [Aside to Wild.

Wild. Hang me if I put all my Devotions out of or-
der for you: I remember I pray'd but on *Tuesday* last,
my time comes not till *Tuesday* next.

Jac. You had as good pray, Sir; she will not stir till
I have: Say any thing.

Wild. Fair Lady, though I am not worthy of the least
of your Favours, yet give me the Happiness this Even-
ing to see you at your Father's Door, that I may ac-
company you with part of my Sufferings. [Aside to Jac.

Don. Come Daughters, have you done?
Jac. Immediately, Sir.——Cavalier, I will not fail
to be there at the time appointed, if it be but to teach
you more Wit, henceforward, than to engage your Heart
withly. [Aside to Wild.

Wild. I have engag'd my Heart with so much Zeal
in true Devotion to your divine Beauty, that——

Don. What means this Cavalier?

Jac. Some zealous Ejaculation.

Don. May the Saint hear him.

Jac. I'll answer for her.—— [Ex. Father and Daughters.

Wild. Now, *Bellamy*, what Success?

Jac. I pray'd to a more Marble Saint than that was in
the Shrine; but you, it seems, have been successful.

Wild. And so shalt thou; let me alone for both.

Jac. If you'll undertake it, I will make bold to indulge
your Love; and within this two Hours be a desperate
Souldier. I feel I am coming apace to it.

Wild. Faith I can love at any time with a Wish at my
own; I give my Heart according to the old Law of
Nature, to be return'd me before Sun-set.

Jac. I love only that I may keep my Heart warm; for
it's a Pool if Love stir him not; and to bring it to
fire, I first resolve whom to love, and presently af-
ter

ter imagine I am in love; for a strong Imagination requir'd in a Lover as much as in a Witch.

Wild. And is this all your Receipt?

Bel. These are my principal Ingredients; as for Pique, Jealousies, Duels, Daggers, and Halters, I let 'em all to the vulgar.

Wild. Prethee let's round the Street a little; till Mask watches for their Woman.

Bel. That's well thought on: He shall about it immediately.

We will attempt the Mistress by the Maid:
Women by Women still are best betray'd. [Exit



ACT II. SCENE

Enter Wildblood, Bellamy, and Maskall

Wild. DID you speak with her Woman?

Mask. Yes, but she was in haste, and bid me wait her whereabouts when she return'd.

Bel. Then you have discover'd nothing more?

Mask. Only, in general, that Donna Theodosia is somewhere; so that all your Courtship will be to no purpose.—But for your Mistress, Sir, [To *Wild.*] she is ded out of her depth in Love to you already.

Wild. That's very hard, when I am scarce Knew with her: 'Tis true, I have given her hold of my hand; but if she take not heed, it will slip through her Fingers.

Bel. You are Prince of the Soil, Sir, and may do as you please; but I am the Son of a Holy-day, and must fast for being join'd to you.

Wild. Were I as thou art, I would content myself with having had one fair flight at her, without being my self on the Wing for a Retrieve; for what is done, the Quarry is but a Woman.

Bel. Thank you, Sir, you would fly 'em both; and while I turn Tail, we should have you

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ing with your Bells in the Neck of my Partridge;
 you remember who encourag'd me to love, and pro-
 me his Assistance?

ild. Ay, while there was Hope, *Frank*, while there
 Hope; but there's no contending with one's Destiny.

ild. Nay, it may be I care as little for her as another
 but while she flies before me, I must follow: I
 leave a Woman first with ease, but if she begins to
 before me, I grow opiniatre as the Devil.

ild. What a Secret have you found out? Why 'tis
 Nature of all Mankind: We love to get our Mi-
 ses, and purr over 'em, as Cats do over Mice, and
 let 'em go a little way; and all the Pleasure is, to
 em back again: But yours, I take it, *Frank*, is gone
 far; prethee how long dost thou intend to love at
 rate?

ild. Till the evil Constellation be past over me: Yet I
 re it would hasten my Recovery, if I knew whom
 ov'd.

ask. You shall not be long without that Satisfaction.

ild. 'St, the Door opens; and two Women are co-
 out.

ild. By their Stature they should be thy gracious Mi-
 and *Beatrix*.

ild. Methinks you should know; your Cue then, and
 draw.

ild. Well, I'll leave you to your Fortune; but if you
 to close fighting, I shall make bold to run in and
 you.

[*Bellamy and Maskall withdraw.*]

ild. Yonder she comes with full Sails i'faith; I'll hail
 main for *England*.

er Jacintha and Beatrix at the other end of the Stage.

ac. You do love him then?

ac. Yes, most vehemently.

ac. But set some Bounds to your Affection.

ac. None but Fools confine their Pleasure: What U-
 ever thought his Coffers held too much? No, I'll
 my self the swinge, and love without reserve. It
 p a Passion, I'll never starve it in my Service.

ac. But are you sure he will deserve this Kindness?

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Fac. I never trouble my self so long beforehand: Troubles and Disquiets are the dregs of an Amour; but I leave mine before I have drawn it off so low: When once grows troubled, I'll give vent to a fresh Draught.

Beat. Yet it is but Prudence to try him first; no lot ventures on an unknown Coast without sounding.

Fac. Well, to satisfy thee, I am content; partly because I find a kind of Pleasure in laying Baits for him.

Beat. The two great Virtues of a Lover are Constancy and Liberality; if he profess those two, you may be happy in him.

Fac. Nay, if he be not Lord and Master of both the Qualities, I disown him — But who goes there?

Beat. He, I warrant you, Madam; for his Servant told me he was waiting hereabout.

Fac. Watch the Door, give me notice, if any come.

Beat. I'll secure you, Madam

[Exit. Beat.]

Fac. to Wild. What, have you laid an Ambush for me?

Wild. Only to make a Reprisal of my Heart.

Fac. 'Tis so wild, that the Lady who has it in keeping, would be glad she were well rid on't: It does so flutter about the Cage. 'Tis a meer *Bajazet*; and if it be not let out the sooner, will beat out the Brains against the Grates.

Wild. I am afraid the Lady has not fed it, and 'tis for hunger.

Fac. Or perhaps it wants Company; shall she put another to it?

Wild. Ay; but then 'twere best to trust 'em out of the Cage together; let 'em hop about at Liberty.

Fac. But if they should lose one another in the World!

Wild. They'll meet at Night I warrant 'em.

Fac. But is not your Heart of the Nature of the Birds that breed in one Country, and go to Winter in another?

Wild. Suppose it does so; yet I take my Mate with me. And now to leave our Parables, and speak the Language of the Vulgar, what think you of a Voyage to merry *England*?

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Fac. Just as *Æsop's* Frog did, of leaping into a deep well in a drought: If he ventur'd the leap, there might be water; but if there were no Water, how should he get again?

Wild. Faith we live in a good honest Country, where we are content with our old Vices, partly because we want Wit to invent more new. A Colony of *Spaniards*, or spiritual *Italians* planted among us, would make us much more Racy. 'Tis true, our Variety is not much; but to speak nobly of our Way of living, 'tis like that of the Sun, which rises, and looks upon the same things we saw Yesterday, and goes to Bed again.

Fac. But I hear your Women live most blessedly; there's no such thing as Jealousie among the Husbands; every Man has Horns, he bears 'em as loftily as a Stag, and as inoffensively.

Wild. All this I hope gives you no ill Character of our Country.

Fac. But what need we go into another Climate? as Love was born here, so let it live and die here, and be honestly buried in its Native Country.

Wild. Faith, agreed with all my Heart. For I am one of those unreasonable Lovers, that propose to themselves the loving to Eternity; the Truth is, a Month is commonly my Stint; But in that Month I love so madfully, that it is after a twelve Month's Rate of common Love.

Fac. Or would not a Fortnight serve our turn? for in less than a Month looks somewhat dismally; 'tis a whole Egyptian Year. If a Moon changes in my Love, I shall think my *Cupid* grown dull, or fallen into an Apoplexy.

Wild. Well, I pray Heav'n we both get off as clear as we imagine; for my Part, I like your Humour so admirably well, that I fear I am in for a Week longer than I propos'd; I am half afraid your *Spanish* Planet, and my *English* one have been acquainted, and have laid out some By-room or other in the twelve Houses; which they have been honourable.

Fac. The best way for both were to take up in time; I am afraid our Forces are engag'd so far, that we

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must make a Battle on't. What think you of disabling one another from this Day forward; and shewing our ill Humours at the first; which Lovers use to keep as a Reserve, till they are married?

Wild. Or let us encourage one another to a Breach by the Dangers of Possession: I have a Song to that purpose.

Fac. Pray let me hear it: I hope it will go to the Tune of one of our *Passa-calles*.

S O N G.

*You charm'd me not with that fair Face,
Though it was all Divine:
To be another's is the Grace,
That makes me wish you mine.
The Gods and Fortune take their Part,
Who like young Monarchs fight;
And boldly dare invade that Heart,
Which is another's Right.
First mad with hope we undertake
To pull up every Bar;
But once possess'd, we faintly make
A dull defensive War.
Now every Friend is turn'd a Foe,
In hope to get our Store:
And Passion makes us Cowards grow,
Which made us brave before.*

Fac. Believe it, Cavalier, you are a dangerous Person. Do you hold forth your Gifts in hopes to make me less of you?

Wild. They would signify little, if we were married: Those Gaieties are all nipt, and frost-bitten the Marriage-Bed, i'faith.

Fac. I am sorry to hear 'tis so cold a Place: But all one to us, who do not mean to trouble it: The truth is, your Humour pleases me exceedingly; how long it will do so, I know not; but so long as it does, I am resolv'd to give my self the Content of seeing you. If I should once constrain my self, I might fall in

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good Earnest: But I have stay'd too long with you, would be loth to surfeit you at first.

Wild. Surfeit me, Madam? why, you have but tantaliz'd me all this while.

Jac. What would you have?

Wild. A Hand, or Lip, or any thing that you can spare; when you have conjur'd up a Spirit, he must have some Employment, or he'll tear you a-pieces.

Jac. Well, here's my Picture; to help your Contemplation in my Absence.

Wild. You have already the Original of mine: But the Revenge you must allow me: A Locket of Diamonds, or some such trifle, the next time I kiss your hand.

Jac. Fie, fie; you do not think me Mercenary? yet now I think on't, I'll put you into our Spanish Mode of Love: Our Ladies here use to be the Banquiers of their servants, and to have their Gold in keeping.

Wild. This is the least Tryal you could have made of me: I have some three hundred Pistoles by me; those I'll lend you by my Servant.

Jac. Confess freely; you mistrust me: But if you have the least Qualm about your Gold, pray keep it for a Cordial.

Wild. The Cordial must be apply'd to the Heart, and mine's with you, Madam: Well; I say no more; but these are dangerous Beginnings for holding on: I find this Month will have more than one and thirty Days

Enter Beatrix running.

Beat. Madam, your Father calls in haste for you; and looking you about the House.

Jac. Adieu, Servant, be a good Manager of your Stock of Love, that it may hold out your Month; I am afraid it will waste so much of it before to-morrow Night, that you'll shine but with a quarter Moon upon me.

Wild. It shall be a Crescent. [Ex. Wild. Jac. severally.]

[Beatrix is going, and Maskall runs and stops her.]

Mask. Pay your Ransom; you are my Prisoner.

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Beat. What, do you fight after the *French* Fashion; in Towns before you declare a War?

Mask. I should be glad to imitate them so far, to in the middle of the Country before you could resist

Beat. Well, what Composition, Monsieur?

Mask. Deliver up your Lady's Secret; what makes so cruel to my Master?

Beat. Which of my Ladies, and which of your Masters? For I suppose we are Factors for both of them.

Mask. Your eldest Lady, *Theodosia*.

Beat. How dare you press your Mistress to an Inconvenience?

Mask. My Mistress? I understand not that Language the Fortune of the Valet ever follows that of the Master; and his is desperate; if his Fate were alter'd for the Better, I should not care if I ventur'd upon you for the Worse.

Beat. I have told you already *Donna Theodosia* loves no other.

Mask. Has he no Name?

Beat. Let it suffice he is born Noble, though without a Fortune. His Poverty makes him conceal his Love from her Father; but she sees him every Night in private: And to blind the World, about a Fortnight ago he took a solemn Leave of her, as if he were going to *Flanders*: In the mean time he Lodges at the House of *Don Lopez de Gamboa*; and is himself call'd *Don Melchor de Guzman*.

Mask. *Don Melchor de Guzman*! O Heav'ns!

Beat. What amazes you!

Theo. [Within.] Why, *Beatrix*, where are you?

Beat. You hear I am call'd; Adieu; and be sure to keep my Counsel.

Mask. Come, Sir, you see the Coast is clear. [Exit *Beat*.]

Enter Bellamy.

Bel. Clear, dost thou say? No, 'tis full of Rocks and Quicksands: Yet nothing vexes me so much, as that he is in love with such a poor Rogue.

Mask. But that he should lodge privately in the same House with us! 'twas odly contriv'd of Fortune.

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Bel. Hang him Rogue, methinks I see him perching
like an Owl by Day, and not daring to flutter out till
Moon-light. The Rascal invents Love, and brews his
Complements all Day, and broaches 'em at Night; just
as some of our dry Wits do their Stories, before they
come into Company: Well, if I could be reveng'd on
either of 'em.

Mask. Here she comes again with *Beatrix*; but, good
Sir, moderate your Passion.

Enter Theodofia and Beatrix.

Bel. Nay, Madam, you are known; and must not pass
all I have spoke with you. [*Bel. lifts up Theodofia's Vail.*

Theo. This Rudeness to a Person of my Quality may
cost you dear. Pray, when did I give you Encourage-
ment for so much Familiarity?

Bel. When you scorn'd me in the Chappel.

Theo. The truth is, I deny'd you as heartily as I could;
that I might not be twice troubled with you.

Bel. Yet you have not this Aversion for all the World:
However, I was in hope, though the Day frown'd, the
Night might prove as propitious to me as it is to others.

Theo. I have now a Quarrel both to the Sun and
Moon, because I have seen you by both their Lights.

Bel. Spare the Moon, I beseech you, Madam, she is a
very trusty Planet to you.

Bea. O, *Maskall*, you have ruin'd me.

Mask. Dear Sir, hold yet.

Bel. Away.

Theo. Pray, Sir, expound your Meaning; for I confess
I am in the Dark.

Bel. Methinks you should discover it by Moon-light.
Or if you would have me speak clearer to you, give me
leave to wait on you at a Midnight Affignation; and
that it may not be discover'd, I'll feign a Voyage beyond
sea, as if I were gone a Captaining to *Flanders*.

Mask. A Pox on's Memory, he has not forgot one
syllable.

Theo. Ah *Beatrix*, you have betray'd and sold me.

Bea. You have betray'd and sold your self, Madam,
by your own Rashness to confess it; Heav'n knows I
have serv'd you but too faithfully.

Theo.

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Theo. Peace, Impudence; and see my Face no more.

Mask. Do you know what work you have made, Sir

Bel. Let her see what she has got by slighting me.

Mask. You had best let *Beatrix* be turn'd away for me
to keep: If you do, I know whose Purse shall pay for

Bel. That's a Curse I never thought on: Cast about
quickly, and save all yet. Range, quest, and spring,
Lie immediately.

Theo. to *Beat.* Never importune me farther; you shall
go; there's no removing me.

Beat. Well; this is ever the Reward of Innocence—

Mask. Stay, guiltless Virgin, stay; thou shalt not go. [Going]

Theo. Why, who should hinder it?

Mask. That will I, in the Name of Truth. (If this
hard-bound Lie would but come from me:) Madam,
must tell you it lyes in my Power to appease this Tem-
pest with one Word.

Beat. Would it were come once.

Mask. Nay, Sir, 'tis all one to me, if you turn me
way upon't; I can hold no longer.

Theo. What does the Fellow mean?

Mask. For all your Noddings, and your Mathematic
Grimaces, in short, Madam, my Master has been con-
versing with the Planets; and from them has had the
Knowledge of your Affairs.

Bel. This Rogue amazes me.

Mask. I care not, Sir, I am for truth; that will shame
you, and all your Devils: In short, Madam, this Master
of mine that stands before you, without a Word to say
for himself, so like an Oph, as I may say with Re-
verence to him——

Bel. The Raskal makes me mad.

Mask. Is the greatest *Astrologer* in Christendom.

Theo. Your Master an *Astrologer*?

Mask. A most profound one.

Bel. Why you Dog, do you consider what an improba-
ble Lie this is; which you know I can never make good
Disgorge it, you Cormorant, or I'll pinch your Throat
out: —————

[Takes him by the Throat]

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Mask. 'Tis all in vain, Sir, you are and shall be an Astrologer what e'er I suffer; You know all things, see to all things, foretel all things; and if you pinch more with out of me, I will confess you are a Conjuror.

Bel. How, Sirrah, a Conjuror?

Mask. I mean, Sir, the Devil is in your Fingers: Own you had best, Sir, and do not provoke me farther; *While he is speaking, Bellamy stops his Mouth by Fits.* That, did not I see you an Hour ago, turning over a great Folio with strange Figures in it, and then muttering to your self like any Poet, and then naming *Theodosius*, and then staring up in the Sky, and then poring upon the Ground; so that betwixt God and the Devil, Madam, he came to know your Love.

Bel. Madam, if ever I knew the least Term in Astrology, I am the arrantest Son of a Whore breathing.

Beat. O, Sir, for that matter you shall excuse my Lady: Nay, hide your Talents if you can, Sir.

Theo. The more you pretend Ignorance, the more we are resolv'd to believe you Skilful.

Bel. You'll hold your Tongue yet.

Mask. You shall never make me hold my Tongue, except you conjure me to Silence: What, did you not bid me to look into a Crystal; and there shew'd me a Garden, and a *Spaniard* stalking in his narrow Breeches, and walking underneath a Window? I should know him again amongst a thousand.

Beat. Don *Melchor*, in my Conscience, Madam.

Bel. This Rogue will invent more Stories of me, than were father'd upon *Lilly*.

Mask. Will you confess then; do you think I'll stain my Honour to swallow a Lie for you?

Bel. Well, a Pox on you, I am an Astrologer.

Beat. O, are you so, Sir?

Theo. I hope then, learned Sir, as you have been curious in enquiring into my Secrets, you will be so much Cavalier as to conceal 'em.

Bel. You need not doubt me, Madam; I am more in your Power than you can be in mine: Besides, if I were once known in Town, the next thing, for ought I know,

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know, would be to bring me before the Fathers of Inquisition.

Beat. Well, Madam, what do you think of me now? I have betray'd you, I have sold you; how can you make me amends for this Imputation? I did not think you could have us'd me so——

[*Cries, and claps her Hands at*

Theo. Nay, prethee *Beatrix* do not cry; I'll leave my new Gown to morrow, and thou shalt have it.

Beat. No, I'll cry eternally; you have taken away my good Name from me; and you can never make me amends—except you give me your new Gown too.

Theo. No more words; thou shalt have it, Girl.

Beat. O, Madam, your Father has surpriz'd us!

Enter Don Alonzo, and frowns.

Bel. Then I'll be gone, to avoid Suspicion.

Theo. By your Favour, Sir, you shall stay a little; the Happiness of so rare an Acquaintance, ought to be cherish'd on my side by a longer Conversation.

Alon. Theodosia, what Business have you with this valier?

Theo. That, Sir, which will make you as ambitious as I have been: Under the Habit of a Gallant he conceals the greatest *Astrologer* this Day living.

Alon. You amaze me, Daughter.

Theo. For my own part I have been consulting with him about some particulars of my Fortunes past and future; both which he has resolv'd me with that admirable Knowledge.——

Bel. Yes, Faith, Sir, I was foretelling her of a Disaster that severely threaten'd her: And (one thing I foresee already by my Stars, that I must bear up boldly, or I am lost.)

Mask. to Bel. Never fear him, Sir; he's an ignorant Fellow, and credulous I warrant him.

Alon. Daughter, be not too confident in your Belief; there's nothing more uncertain than the old Prophecies of these *Nostradamusses*; but of what Nature was the Question which you ask'd him?

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Theo. What should be my Fortune in Marriage.

Alon. And, pray, what did you answer, Sir?

Bel. I answer'd her the Truth, that she is in danger of carrying a Gentleman without a Fortune.

Theo. And this, Sir, has put me into such a fright—

Alon. Never trouble your self about it, Daughter; follow my Advice, and I warrant you a rich Husband.

Bel. But the Stars say she shall not follow your Advice: If it happens otherwise, I'll burn my Folio Volumes, and my Manuscripts too, I assure you that, Sir.

Alon. Be not too confident, young Man; I know somewhat in *Astrology* my self; for in my younger Years study'd it; and though I say it, made some small Proficiency in it.

Bel. Marry Heaven forbid. ————— [*Aside.*]

Alon. And I could only find it was no way demonstrative, but altogether fallacious.

Mask. On what a Rock have we split our selves!

Bel. Now my Ignorance will certainly come out!

Beat. Sir, remember you are old and crazy, Sir; and the Evening Air should take you—beseech you, Sir, retire.

Alon. Knowledge is to be prefer'd before Health; I must needs discuss a Point with this learned Cavalier, concerning a difficult Question in that Art, which almost travels me.

Mask. How I sweat for him, *Beatrix*, and my self too, who have brought him into this *Premunire*!

Beat. You must be impudent; for our old Man will stick like a Burr to you, now he's in a Dispute.

Alon. What Judgment may a Man reasonably form from the Trine Aspect of the two Infortunes in Angular Houses?

Bel. That's a Matter of nothing, Sir; I'll turn my back loose to you for such a Question. —

[*Puts Maskall forward.*]

Alon. Come on, Sir, I am the Quærent.

Mask. Meaning me, Sir! I vow to God, and your worship knows it, I never made that Science my Study the least, Sir.

Bel.

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Bel. The Gleanings of mine are enough for that: What you impudent Rogue you, hold forth your Gifts, or I'll—
What a Devil, must I be pester'd with every trivial Question, when there's not a Master in Town of any Science, but has his Usher for these mean Offices?

Theo. Try him in some deeper Question, Sir; you shall see he will not put himself forth for this.

Alon. Then I'll be more abstruse with him: What think you, Sir, of the taking *Hyleg*? or of the best way of Rectification for a Nativity? Have you been conversant in the *Centiloquium* of *Trismegistus*: What think you of *Mars* in the Tenth when 'tis his own House, or of *Jupiter* configurated with malevolent Planets?

Bel. I thought what your Skill was! to answer your Question in two words, *Mars* rules over the Martial, and *Jupiter* over the Jovial; and so of the rest, Sir.

Alon. This every School-boy could have told me.

Bel. Why then you must not ask such School-boy Questions. (But your Carcass, Sirrah, shall pay for this.)

[*Aside to Mask*]

Alon. You seem not to understand the Terms, Sir.

Bel. By your Favour, Sir, I know there are five 'em; do not I know your *Michaelmas*, your *Hillary*, your *Easter*, your *Trinity*, and your *Long Vacation* Term, Sir?

Alon. I do not understand a word of this *Fargon*.

Bel. It may be not, Sir; I believe the Terms are the same in *Spain* they are in *England*.

Mask. Did one ever hear so impudent an Ignorance?

Alon. The Terms of Art are the same every where.

Bel. Tell me that! you are an old Man, and they alter'd since you studied them.

Alon. That may be, I must confess; however if you please to discourse something of the Art to me, you shall find me an apt Scholar.

Enter a Servant to Alonzo.

Ser. Sir, ———

[*Whisper*]

Alon. Sir, I am sorry a Business of Importance calls me hence; but I'll wait on you some other time, to discourse more at large of *Astrology*.

Bel. Is your Business very pressing?

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Alon. It is, I assure you, Sir.

Bel. I am very sorry, for I should have instructed you such rare Secrets; I have no Fault, but that I am too communicative.

Alon. I'll dispatch my Business, and return immediately away, Daughter.

[*Exeunt Alon. Theo. Beat. and Serv.*]

Bel. A Devil on's Learning; he had brought me to last Legs; I was fighting as low as ever was Squire *Adwington*.

Mask. Who would have suspected it from that wicked Ser?

Bel. Suspected it? why 'twas palpable from his very synomy; he looks like *Haly*, and the Spirit *Fircu* in Fortune-book.

Enter Wildblood.

Wild. How now *Bellamy*, in wrath? prethee, what's the matter?

Bel. The Story is too long to tell you; but this Rogue has made me pass for an errant Fortune-teller.

Mask. If I had not, I am sure he must have pass'd for an errant Madman; he had discover'd, in a Rage, all that *Beatrice* had confess'd to me concerning her Mistress's Love; and I had no other way to bring him off, but to say he saw it by the Planets.

Wild. And art thou such an Oph to be vex'd at this? the Adventure may be manag'd, it may make the most pleasant one in all the Carnival.

Bel. Death! I shall have all *Madrid* about me within these two Days.

Wild. Nay, all *Spain*, i'faith, as fast as I can divulge thee: Not a Ship shall pass out from any Port, but shall wait for a Wind; thou shalt have all the Trade of the world within a Month.

Bel. And do you think it reasonable for me to stand defendant to all the impertinent Questions that the Town shall ask me?

Wild. Thou shalt do't, Boy: Pox on thee, thou dost not know thine own Happiness; thou wilt have the Ladies come to thee; and if thou dost not fit them with fortunes, thou art bewitch'd.

Mask.

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Mask. Sir, 'tis the easiest thing in Nature; you may but speak doubtfully, or keep your self in general Terms; and for the most part tell good rather than bad Fortune.

Wild. And if at any time thou ventur'st at particular have an Evasion ready like *Lilly*; as thus, It will infallibly happen if our Sins hinder not. I would undertake with one of his Almanacks to give very good Content to all Christendom, and what good Luck fell not out of one Kingdom, should in another.

Mask. The Pleasure on't will be to see how all his Customers will contribute to their own deceiving; and will rily believe he told them that, which they told him.

Bel. Umh! now I begin to taste it; I am like the drunken Tinker in the Play, a great Prince, and never knew it.

Wild. A' great Prince, a great Turk; we shall have thee within these two Days, do grace to the Ladies by throwing out a Handkerchief; 'life, I could feast upon thy Fragments.

Bel. If the Women come, you shall be sure to help me to undergo the Burden; for though you make me an *Astronomer*, I am no *Atlas*, to bear all upon my Back. But who are these?

Enter Musicians with Disguises; and some in their Habits.

Wild. You know the Men, if their Masquing Habits were off; they are the Musick of our Embassador's Retinue: My Project is to give our Mistress a Serenade this being the last Evening of the Carnival; and to prevent Discovery, here are Disguises for us too——

Bel. 'Tis very well; come *Maskall*, help on with 'em while they Tune their Instruments.

Wild. Strike up Gentlemen; we'll entertain 'em with a Song a l' *Angloise*, pray be ready with your Chorus.

S O N G.

*After the Pangs of a desperate Lover,
When Day and Night I have sigh'd all in vain,
Ah what a Pleasure it is to discover
In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!*

*When with Unkindness our Love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the Pain,
Ah what a Pleasure the Touch of her Hand is,
Ah what a Pleasure to press it again!*

*When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
Ah what a Trembling I feel, when I venture,
Ah what a Trembling does usher my Joy!*

*When, with a Sigh, she accords me the Blessing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt Pleasure and Pain;
Ah what a Joy, 'tis beyond all expressing,
Ah what a Joy to hear, shall we again!*

Theodosia and Jacintha above.

*[Jacintha throws down her Handkerchief with a Favour
ty'd to it.*

Jac. Ill Musicians must be rewarded: There, Cavalier,
to buy your Silence—— *[Exeunt Women from above.*

Wild. By this light, which at present is scarce an
th, an Handkerchief, and a Favour.

[Musick and Guittars tuning on the other side of the Stage.

Bel. Hark, Wildblood, do you hear? there's more Me-
y; on my Life some Spaniards have taken up this Post
the same Design.

Wild. I'll be with their Cats-guts immediately.

Bel. Prethee be patient; we shall lose the Sport else.

*[Don Lopez and Don Melchor disguis'd, with Servants,
and Musicians on the other side.*

Wild. 'Tis some Rival of yours or mine, Bellamy:
he addressees to this Window.

Bel. Damn him, let's fall on then.

*[The two Spaniards and the English fight: The Spani-
ards are beaten off the Stage; the Musicians on both
sides, and Servants fall confusedly one over the other.*

They all get off, only Maskall remains upon the Ground.
Mask. *[Rising.]* So, all's past, and I am safe: A Pox on
these fighting Masters of mine, to bring me into this
danger with their Valours and Magnanimities. When I

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go a Serenading again with 'em, I'll give 'em leave to make Fiddle-strings of my Small-guts.

To him Don Lopez.

Lop. Who goes there?

Mask. 'Tis Don Lopez by his Voice.

Lop. The same; and by yours you should belong to my two *English* Guests. Did you hear no Tumult hereabouts?

Mask. I heard a clashing of Swords, and Men a fighting.

Lop. I had my Share in't; but how came you here?

Mask. I came hither by my Master's Order, to see if you were in any danger.

Lop. But how could he imagine I was in any?

Mask. 'Tis all one for that, Sir, he knew it, by—Heav'n, what was I agoing to say, I had like to have discover'd all!

Lop. I find there is some Secret in't; and you dare not trust me.

Mask. If you will swear on your Honour to be very Secret, I will tell you.

Lop. As I am a Cavalier, and by my Beard, I will.

Mask. Then, in few Words, he knew it by Astrology or Magick.

Lop. You amaze me! Is he conversant in the occult Sciences?

Mask. Most profoundly.

Lop. I always thought him an extraordinary Person but I could never imagine his Head lay that way.

Mask. He shew'd me Yesterday in a Glafs, a Lady's Maid at London, whom I well knew; and with whom I us'd to converse on a Pallet in a Drawing-room, while he was paying his Devotions to her Lady in the Bed-chamber.

Lop. Lord, what a Treasure for a State were here and how much might we save by this Man, in Foreign Intelligence!

Mask. And just now he shew'd me, how you were assaulted in the dark by Foreigners.

Lop. Could you guess what Countrymen?

Mask.

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Mask. I imagin'd them to be *Italians*.

Lop. Not unlikely; for they play'd most furiously at our Back-fides.

Mask. I will return to my Master with the good News of your Safety; but once again be secret; or disclose it to none but Friends——So, there's one Woodcock more in the Spring—— [Exit.]

Lop. Yes, I will be very secret; for I will tell it only to one Person; but she is a Woman. I will to *Aurelia*, and acquaint her with the Skil of this rare Artist: She is curious as all Women are; and, 'tis probable, will desire to look into the Glass to see Don *Melchor*, whom she believes absent. So that by this means, without breaking my Oath to him, he will be discover'd to be in Town. Then his Intrigue with *Theodosia* will come to light too, for which *Aurelia* will, I hope, discard him, and receive me. I will about it instantly:

Success, in Love, on Diligence depends;

No lazy Lover e'er attain'd his Ends.

[Exit.]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Bellamy and Maskall.

Bel. **T**Hen, they were certainly Don *Lopez* and Don *Melchor* with whom we fought.

Mask. Yes, Sir.

Bel. And when you met *Lopez*, he swallow'd all you told him?

Mask. As greedily, as if it had been a new Saint's Miracle.

Bel. I see 'twill spread.

Mask. And the Fame of it will be of use to you in your next Amour: for the Women you know run mad after Fortune-tellers and Preachers.

Bel.

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Bel. But for all my Bragging, this Amour is not yet worn off. I find Constancy, and once a Night come naturally upon a Man towards thirty: Only we set a Face on't; and call our selves unconstant for our Reputation.

Mask. But, what say the Stars, Sir?

Bel. They move faster than you imagine; for I have got me an *Argol*, and an *English-Almanack*; by help of which in one half-hour I have learn'd to Cant with an indifferent good Grace: *Conjunction*, *Opposition*, *Trine Square* and *Sextile*, are now no longer Bug-bears to me. I thank my Stars for't.

Enter Wildblood.

—— Monsieur *Wildblood*, in good time! What, you have been taking Pains too, to divulge my Talent?

Wild. So successfully, that shortly there will be no talk in Town, but of you only: Another Miracle or two, and a Sharp Sword, and you stand fair for a New Prophet.

Bel. But where did you begin to blow the Trumpet?

Wild. In the Gaming-house: Where I found most of the Town-wits; the Prose-wits playing, and the Verse-wits rooking.

Bel. All sorts of Gamesters are so Superstitious, that need not doubt of my Reception there.

Wild. From thence I went to the latter End of a Comedy, and there whisper'd it to the next Man I knew who had a Woman by him.

Mask. Nay, then it went like a Train of Powder, once they had it by the End.

Wild. Like a Squib upon a Line, i'faith, it ran through one Row, and came back upon me in the next: At my going out I met a Knot of *Spaniards*, who were formally listning to one, who was relating it: But he told the Story so ridiculously, with his Marginal Notes upon it, that I was forc'd to contradict him.

Bel. 'Twas discreetly done.

Wild. Ay, for you, but not for me: What, says he, must such Boracho's as you take upon you to vilifie a Man of Science? I tell you, he's of my intimate Acquaintance, and I have known him long, for a prodigious Person—

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erson—When I saw my Don so fierce, I thought it not
Wisdom to quarrel for so slight a Matter as your Repu-
tation, and so withdrew,

Bel. A pox of your Success! now shall I have my
Chamber besieg'd to morrow Morning: There will be
no stirring out for me; but I must be fain to take up
their Questions in a Cleft-cane, or a Begging-box, as
they do Charity in Prisons.

Wild. Faith, I cannot help what your Learning has
brought you to: Go in and Study; I foresee you will
have but few Holy-days: In the mean time I'll not fail
to give the World an Account of your Indowments.
Fare-well: I'll to the Gaming-house. [*Exit Wild.*]

Mask. O, Sir, here is the rarest Adventure, and which
more, come home to you.

Bel. What is it?

Mask. A fair Lady, and her Woman, wait in the out-
er Room to speak with you.

Bel. But how know you she is fair?

Mask. Her Woman pluck'd up her Vail when she
spoke to me; so that having seen her this Evening, I
know her Mistress to be Donna *Aurelia*, Cousin to your
Mistress *Theodosia*, and who lodges in the same House
with her: She wants a Star or two, I warrant you.

Bel. My whole Constellation is at her Service; But
what is she for a Woman?

Mask. Fair enough, as *Beatrix* has told me; but suffi-
ciently Impertinent. She is one of those Ladies who
make ten Visits in an Afternoon; and entertain her they
see, with speaking ill of the last, from whom they par-
ted: In few Words, she is one of the greatest Coquette's
in *Madrid*: And to shew she is one, she cannot speak
ten Words without some affected Phrase that is in fashion.

Bel. For my Part I can suffer any Impertinence from
a Woman, provided she be handsome: My Business is
with her Beauty, not with her Morals: Let her Confessor
look to them.

Mask. I wonder what she has to say to you?

Bel. I know not; but I sweat for fear I should be
gravell'd.

Mask.

312 *An EVENING'S LOVE; Or,*

Mask. Venture out of your Depth, and plunge bold Sir; I warrant you will swim.

Bel. Do not leave me, I charge you; but when I lo mournfully upon you, help me out.

Enter Aurelia and Camilla.

Mask. Here they are already. [*Aur. plucks up her V*

Aur. How am I drest to Night, *Camilla*? is noth disorder'd in my Head?

Cam. Not the least Hair, Madam.

Aur. No? let me see: Give me the Counsellor of Graces.

Cam. The Counsellor of the Graces, Madam?

Aur. My Glafs, I mean: What, will you never be spiritual as to understand refin'd Language?

Cam. Madam!

Aur. Madam me no Madam, but learn to retri your Words; and say Mam; as yes Mam, and no Ma as other Ladies Women do. Madam! 'tis a Year pronouncing.

Cam. Pardon me, Madam.

Aur. Yet again, Ignorance! Par-don, Madam! fie, what a Superfluity is there, and how much sweeter Cadence is, parn me Mam! and for your Ladyship, y Laship——Out upon't, what a furious Indige of Ribbands is here upon my Head! This Dress is a bel to my Beauty; a meer Lampoon. Would any that had the least Revenue of common Senſe have d this?

Cam. Mam the Cavalier approaches your Laship.

Bel. to Mask. *Maskall*, pump the Woman; and ſe you can discover any thing to ſave my Credit.

Aur. Out upon it; now I ſhould ſpeak, I want A rance.

Bel. Madam, I was told you meant to honour with your Commands.

Aur. I believe, Sir, you wonder at my Confidence this Viſit: But I may be excus'd for waving a little deſty, to know the only Perſon of the Age.

Bel. I wiſh my Skill were more to ſerve you, Mad

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Aur. Sir, you are an unfit Judge of your own Merits: for my own Part I confess, I have a furious Inclination to the occult Sciences; but at present, 'tis my Misfortune—
[Sighs.]

Bel. But why that Sigh, Madam?

Aur. You might spare me the Shame of telling you; since I am sure you can divine my Thoughts: I will therefore tell you nothing.

Bel. What the Devil will become of me now! [Aside.]

Aur. You may give me an Essay of your Science, by declaring to me the Secret of my Thoughts.

Bel. If I know your Thoughts, Madam, 'tis in vain to you to disguise them to me: Therefore as you tender your own Satisfaction, lay them open without Bashfulness.

Aur. I beseech you let us pass over that Chapter; for I am shame-fac'd to the last Point: Since, therefore, I cannot put off my Modesty, succour it, and tell me what you think.

Bel. Madam, Madam, that Bashfulness must be laid aside: Not, but that I know your Business perfectly; and all if you please unfold it to you all, immediately.

Aur. Favour me so far, I beseech you, Sir; for I foolishly desire it.

Bel. But then I must call up before you a most dreadful Spirit, with Head upon Head, and Horns upon Horns: therefore consider how you can endure it.

Aur. This is furiously Furious; but rather than fail of my Expectances, I'll try my Assurance.

Bel. Well then, I find you will force me to this unbecoming, and abominable Act of Conjururation: Remember that Sin is yours too.

Aur. I espouse the Crime also.

Bel. I see when a Woman has a Mind to't, she'll never boggle at a Sin. Pox on her, what shall I do?— Well, I'll tell you your Thoughts, Madam; but after that I expect no farther Service from me; for 'tis your Conscience must make my Art successful:— Well, you are obstinate, then; I must tell you your Thoughts?

Aur. Hold, hold, Sir, I am content to pass over that Chapter, rather than be depriv'd of your Assistance.

314 *An EVENING'S LOVE; Or,*

Bel. 'Tis very well; what need these Circumstances between us two? Confess freely, is not Love your Business?

Aur. You have touch'd me to the Quick, Sir.

Bel. La you there; you see I knew it; nay, I'll tell you more, 'tis a Man you love.

Aur. O prodigious Science! I confess I love a Man most furiously, to the last point, Sir.

Bel. Now proceed Lady, your way is open; I am resolv'd, I'll not tell you a Word farther.

Aur. Well then, since I must acquaint you with what you know much better than my self; I will tell you I lov'd a Cavalier, who was noble, young, and handsome; this Gentleman is since gone for *Flanders*; now whether he has preserv'd his Passion inviolate or not, is that which causes my Inquietude.

Bel. Trouble not your self, Madam; he's as constant as a Romance Heres.

Aur. Sir, your good News has ravish'd most furiously; but that I may have a Confirmation of it, I beg only that you would lay your Commands upon his Genius or Idea, to appear to me this Night, that I may have my Sentence from his Mouth. This, Sir, I know is a slight Effect of your Science, and yet will infinitely oblige me.

Bel. What the Devil does she call a slight Effect? Why Lady, do you consider what you say? you desire me to shew you a Man whom your self confesses to be in *Flanders*.

Aur. To view him in a Glass is nothing, I would speak with him in Person, I mean his Idea, Sir.

Bel. Ay, but, Madam, there is a vast Sea betwixt us and *Flanders*; and Water is an Enemy to Conjuratio. A Witches Horse you know, when he enters into Water, returns into a Bottle of Hay again.

Aur. But, Sir, I am not so ill a Geographer, or speak more properly, a Chorographer, as not to know there is a Passage by Land from hence to *Flanders*.

Bel. That's true, Madam, but Magick works in a direct Line. Why should you think the Devil such

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Is to go about? 'gad he'll not stir a step out of his Road
for you or any Man.

Ans. Yes; for a Lady, Sir; I hope he's a Person that
wants not that Civility for a Lady: Especially a Spirit
that has the Honour to belong to you, Sir.

Bel. For that matter he's your Servant, Madam; but
his Education has been in the Fire, and he's naturally an
Enemy to Water, I assure you.

Ans. I beg his Pardon for forgetting his Antipathy;
but it imports not much, Sir; for I have lately receiv'd
Letter from my Servant, that he is yet in *Spain*; and
says for a Wind in *St. Sebastian*.

Bel. Now I am lost, past all Redemption — *Maskall!*
— must you be smickering after Wenches, while
I am in Calamity?

Mask. It must be he, I'll venture on't. [*Aside.*] Alas,
I was complaining to my self of the Condition of
Don *Melchor*, who you know is wind-bound at *St.*
Sebastian.

Bel. Why you impudent Villain, must you offer to
name him publickly, when I have taken so much care
to conceal him all this while?

Ans. Mitigate your Displeasure, I beseech you; and
without making farther Testimony of it, gratifie my
expectances.

Bel. Well, Madam, since the Sea hinders not, you shall
get your desire. Look upon me with a fix'd Eye —
— or a little more amorously, if you please —
God. Now favour me with your Hand.

Ans. Is it absolutely necessary you should press my
Hand thus?

Bel. Furiously necessary, I assure you, Madam; for
now I take Possession of it in the Name of the Idea of
Don *Melchor*. Now, Madam, I am farther to desire of
you, to write a Note to his Genius, wherein you desire
him to appear, and this we Men of Art call a Compact
with the Idea's.

Ans. I tremble furiously.

Bel. Give me your Hand, I'll guide it. [*They write.*

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Mask. to Cam. Now, Lady mine, what think you of my Master?

Cam. I think I would not serve him for the World Nay, if he can know our Thoughts by looking on us we Women are Hypocrites to little purpose.

Mask. He can do that and more; for by casting his Eyes but once upon them, he knows whether they are Maids, better than a whole Jury of Midwives.

Cam. Now Heaven defend me from him.

Mask. He has a certain small Familiar which he carries still about him, that never fails to make discovery.

Cam. See, they have done writing; not a word more for fear he knows my Voice.

Bel. One thing I had forgot, Madam, you must subscribe your Name to't.

Aur. There 'tis; farewell Cavalier, keep your Promise for I expect it furiously.

Cam. If he sees me, I am undone. [*Hiding her Face*]

Bel. Camilla!

Cam. starts and shrieks. Ah he has found me; I am ruin'd!

Bel. You hide your Face in vain; for I see into your Heart.

Cam. Then, sweet Sir, have pity on my Frailty; if my Lady has the least inkling of what we did last Night, the poor Coachman will be turn'd away.

[*Exit after her Leave*]

Mask. Well, Sir, how like you your new Profession?

Bel. Would I were well quit on't; I sweat all over.

Mask. But what faint-hearted Devils yours are that will not go by Water? Are they all *Lancashire* Devils, of that Brood of *Tybert* and *Grimalkin*, that they dare not show their Feet?

Bel. Mine are honest Land Devils, good plain Foot-Posts, that beat upon the Hoof for me: But to save your Labour, here take this, and in some Disguise deliver it to Don *Melchor*.

Mask. I'll serve it upon him within this Hour, when he sallies out to his Assignment with *Theodosia*: 'Tis

cou

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counterfeiting my Voice a little; for he cannot know me in the dark. But let me see, what are the Words?

Reads.] *Don Melchor, if the Magick of Love have any power upon your Spirit, I conjure you to appear this Night before me: You may guess the greatness of my Passion, since it has forc'd me to have recourse to Art: But no Shape which resembles you can fright*
Aurelia:

Bel. Well, I am glad there's one Point gain'd; for by this means he will be hinder'd to Night from entertaining *Theodosia*.——Pox on him, is he here again?

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Cavalier *Ingles*, I have been seeking you: I have Present in my Pocket for you; read it by your Art and take it.

Bel. That I could do easily; — but to shew you I am generous, I'll none of your Present; do you think I am mercenary?

Alon. I know you will say now 'tis some Astrological Question, and so 'tis perhaps.

Bel. Ay, 'tis the Devil of a Question without dispute.

Alon. No, 'tis within dispute: 'Tis a certain Difficulty in the Art; a Problem which you and I will discuss, with the Arguments on both sides.

Bel. At this time I am not problematically given; I have a humour of Complaisance upon me, and will contradict no Man.

Alon. We'll but discuss a little.

Bel. By your Favour I'll not discuss; for I see by the stars that if I dispute to Day, I am infallibly threatned to be thought ignorant all my Life after.

Alon. Well then, we'll but cast an Eye together, upon my eldest Daughter's Nativity.

Bel. Nativity!——

Alon. I know what you would say now, that there wants the Table of Direction for the five Hylegiacalls; the Ascendant, *Medium Cæli*, Sun, Moon, and Stars: But we'll take it as it is.

Bel. Never tell me that, Sir——

318 *An EVENING'S LOVE; Or,*

Alon. I know what you would say again, Sir—

Bel. 'Tis well you do, for I'll be sworn I do not—

[*Aside*]

Alon. You would say, Sir—

Bel. I say, Sir, there is no doing without the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir. And so you may make use of your Paper for your Occasions. Come to a Man of Art without the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir— [Tears in his Eyes]

Alon. 'Tis no matter; this shall break no Squares betwixt us: [*Gathers up the torn Papers.*] I know what you would say now, that Men of Parts are always cholerick. I know it by my self, Sir. [*He goes to match the Papers.*]

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Don *Alonzo* in my House! this is a most happy Opportunity to put my other Design in execution; for if I can persuade him to bestow his Daughter on Don *Melchor*, I shall serve my Friend, though against his Will. And, when *Aurelia* sees she cannot be his, perhaps she will accept my Love.

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, 'tis all piec'd right, both top sides and bottom; for, look you, Sir, here was *Aldeboran*, and there *Cor Scorpii*—

Lop. Don *Alonzo*, I am happy to see you under my Roof: And shall take it—

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, that though I am your Neighbour, this is the first time I have been here— [To *Bellamy*.] But, come, Sir, by Don *Lopez* his Permission let us return to our Nativity.

Bel. Would thou wert there, in thy Mother's Belly again, [To *Alonzo*.]

Lop. But *Sennor*—

[To *Alonzo*.]

Alon. It needs not *Sennor*; I'll suppose your Compliment; you would say that your House and all things in it are at my Service: But let us proceed without his Interruption.

Bel. By no means, Sir; this Cavalier is come on purpose to perform the Civilities of his House to you.

Alon. But, good Sir—

Bel. I know what you would say, Sir.

[*Exeunt Bellamy and Maskall.*]

Lop.

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Lop. No matter, let him go, Sir; I have long desir'd this Opportunity to move a Suite to you in the behalf of Friend of mine: If you please to allow me the hearing of it.

Alon. With all my Heart, Sir.

Lop. He is a Person of Worth and Virtue, and is infinitely ambitious of the Honour ———

Alon. Of being known to me; I understand you, Sir.

Lop. If you will please to favour me with your Patience, which I beg of you a second time.

Alon. I am dumb, Sir.

Lop. This Cavalier of whom I was speaking, is in love ———

Alon. Satisfie your self, Sir, I'll not interrupt you.

Lop. Sir, I am satisfied of your Promise.

Alon. If I speak one Syllable more, the Devil take me! Speak when you please.

Lop. I am going, Sir.

Alon. You need not speak twice to me to be silent: though I take it somewhat ill of you to be tutor'd —

Lop. This eternal old Man will make me mad. [*Aside.*]

Alon. Why when do you begin, Sir? How long must Man wait for you? Pray make an end of what you have to say quickly, that I may speak in my turn too.

Lop. This Cavalier is in Love ———

Alon. You told me that before, Sir; do you speak Oracles that you require this strict Attention? Either let me share the Talk with you, or I am gone.

Lop. Why, Sir, I am almost mad to tell you, and you will not suffer me.

Alon. Will you never have done, Sir; I must tell you, you have tatted long enough; and 'tis now good manners to hear me speak. Here's a torrent of Words flood; a very *impetus dicendi*; will you never have done?

Lop. I will be heard in spite of you.

[*This next Speech of Lopez, and the next of Alonzo's, with both their Replies, are to be spoken at one time; both raising their Voices by little and little, till they bawl, and come up close to Shoulder one another.*]

320 *An EVENING'S LOVE; Or,*

Lop. There's one Don Melchor de Guzman, a Friend and Acquaintance of mine, that is desperately in Love with your eldest Daughter Donna Theodosia.

Alon. at the same time.] 'Tis the Sentence of a Philosopher, *Loquere ut te videam*; speak that I may know thee; now if you take away the Power of speaking from me——

[*Both pause a little; then speak together again*]

Lop. I'll try the Language of the Law; sure the Devil cannot out-talk that Gibberish——For this Don Melchor of Madrid aforesaid, as premised, I request, move, and supplicate, that you would give, bestow, marry, and give in Marriage, this your Daughter aforesaid, to the Cavalier aforesaid——not yet, thou Devil of a Man thou shalt be silent——

[*Exit Lopez running*]

Alon. [*At the same time with Lopez his last Speech, and after Lopez is run out.*] Oh, how I hate, abominate, detest and abhor, these perpetual Talkers, Disputants, Controversers, and Duellers of the Tongue! But, on the other side, if it be not permitted to prudent Men to speak their Minds, appositely, and to the purpose, and in few words——If, I say, the prudent must be Tongue-ty'd then let great Nature be destroy'd; let the order of all things be turn'd topsie-turvy; let the Goose devour the Fox, let the Infants preach to their Great-Grandfathers let the tender Lamb pursue the Wolf, and the Sick prescribe to the Physician. Let Fishes live upon dry Land and the Beasts of the Earth inhabit in the Water.——Let the fearful Hare——

Enter Lopez with a Bell, and rings it in his Ears.

Alon. Help, help, murder, murder, murder!

[*Exit Alonzo running*]

Lop. There was no way but this to be rid of him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are some Women without in Masquerade; and, I believe, Persons of Quality; who are come to Play here.

Lop. Bring 'em in with all Respect.

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Enter again the Servant, after him Jacintha, Beatrix, and other Ladies and Gentlemen; all masqued.

Lop. Cavaliers, and Ladies, you are welcome: I wish I had more Company to entertain you:—Oh, here comes one sooner than I expected.

Enter Wildblood and Maskall.

Wild. I have swept your Gaming house, i'faith, *Ecce signum.* [Shows Gold.

Lop. Well, here's more to be had of these Ladies, if it be your Fortune.

Wild. The first Stakes I would play for, should be their Wails, and Visor Masks.

Jac. to Beat. Do you think he will not know us?

Beat. If you keep your Design of passing for an *African.*

Jac. Well, now I shall make an absolute tryal of him; for, being thus *Incognita*, I shall discover if he make Love to any of you. As for the Gallantry of his Sereade, we will not be indebted to him, for we will make him another with our Guittars.

Beat. I'll whisper your Intention to the Servant, who shall deliver it to Don Lopez. [*Beat. whispers to the Serv.*

Serv. to Lopez. Sir, the Ladies have commanded me to tell you, that they are willing, before they Play, to present you with a Dance; and to give you an Essay of their Guittars.

Lop. They much Honour me.

A DANCE.

After the Dance the Cavaliers take the Ladies and Court them. Wildblood takes Jacintha.

Wild. While you have been Singing, Lady, I have been Praying: I mean, that your Face and Wit may not prove equal to your Dancing; for, if they be, there's a heart gone astray, to my Knowledge.

Jac. If you pray against me before you have seen me, I'll curse me when you have look'd on me.

Wild. I believe I shall have cause to do so, if your duty be as killing as I imagine it.

322 *An EVENING'S LOVE; Or,*

Fac. 'Tis true, I have been flatter'd in my own Country, with an Opinion of a little Handsomness; but, how it will pass in *Spain* is a Question.

Wild. Why Madam, are you not of *Spain*?

Fac. No, Sir, of *Morocco*: I only came hither to see some of my Relations who are settled here, and turn'd *Christians*, since the Expulsion of my Countrymen the *Moors*.

Wild. Are you then a *Mahometan*?

Fac. A *Musullman* at your Service.

Wild. A *Musullwoman* say you? I protest by your Voice I should have taken you for a *Christian* Lady of my Acquaintance.

Fac. It seems you are in love then: If so, I have done with you. I dare not invade the Dominions of another Lady; especially in a Country where my Ancestors have been so unfortunate.

Wild. Some little liking I might have, but that was only a Morning-dew, 'tis drawn up by the Sun-shine of your Beauty: I find your *African-Cupid* is a much surer Archer than ours of *Europe*. Yet would I could see you; one Look would secure your Victory.

Fac. I'll reserve my Face to gratifie your Imagination with it; make what Head you please, and set it on my Shoulders.

Wild. Well, Madam, an Eye, a Nose, or a Lip shall break no Squares: The Face is but a Spans breadth of Beauty; and where there is so much besides, I'll never stand with you for that.

Fac. But, in earnest, do you love me?

Wild. Ay, by *Alha* do I, most extreemly: You have Wit in abundance, you Dance to a Miracle, you Sing like an Angel, and I believe you look like a Cherubim.

Fac. And can you be constant to me?

Wild. By *Mahomet*, can I.

Fac. You Swear like a *Turk*, Sir; but, take heed: For our Prophet is a severe Punisher of Promise-breakers.

Wild. Your Prophet's a Cavalier; I honour your Prophet and his Law, for providing so well for us Lovers in the other World, black Eyes, and fresh Maidenhead

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every Day; go thy way little *Mahomet*, i'faith thou shalt have my good Word. But, by his Favour, Lady, give me leave to tell you, that we of the Uncircumcised, in civil way, as Lovers, have somewhat the advantage of your Musfullman.

Jac. The Company are rejoin'd, and set to play; we must go to 'em: Adieu, and when you have a Thought to throw away, bestow it on your Servant *Fatyma*.

[*She goes to the Company.*]

Wild. This Lady *Fatyma* pleases me most infinitely: Now am I got among the *Hamets*, the *Zegrys*, and the *Encerrages*. Hey, what Work will the *Wildbloods* make among the *Cids* and the *Bens* of the *Arabians*!

Beat. to *Jac.* False, or true, Madam?

Jac. False as Hell; but by Heav'n, I'll fit him for't: Have you the high-running Dice about you?

Beat. I got them on purpose, Madam.

Jac. You shall see me win all their Mony; and when I have done, I'll return in my own Person, and ask him for the Money which he promis'd me.

Beat. 'Twill put him upon a streight to be so surpris'd: But, let us to the Table; the Company stays for us.

[*The Company sit.*]

Wild. What is the Ladies Game, Sir?

Lop. Most commonly they use Raffle. That is, to throw with three Dice, till Duplets, and a Chance be thrown; and the highest Duplet wins, except you throw an and In, which is call'd Raffle; and that wins all.

Wild. I understand it: Come, Lady, 'tis no matter what I lose; the greatest Stake, my Heart, is gone already. [To *Jacintha*. *They play: and the rest by Couples.*]

Wild. So, I have a good Chance, two Quarters and a Dice.

Jac. Two Sixes and a Trey wins it——

[*Sweeps the Money.*]

Wild. No matter; I'll try my Fortune once again: What have I here, two Sixes and a Quarter?——an hundred Pistoles on that Throw,

Jac. I take you, Sir. — *Beatrix*, the high running Dice,——

Beat.

324 *The EVENING'S LOVE; Or,*

Beat. Here, Madam.——

Jac. Three Fives: I have won you, Sir.

Wild. Ay, the Pox take me for't, you have won me: It would never have vex'd me to have lost my Mony to a Christian; but to a Pagan, an Infidel——

Mask. Pray, Sir, leave off while you have some Mony.

Wild. Pox of this Lady *Fatyma*! Raffle thrice together, I am out of patience.

Mask. [*To him.*] Sir, I beseech you if you will lose, to lose *en Cavalier*.

Wild. Tol de ra, tol de ra——pox and curse——tol de ra, &c. What the Devil did I mean to play with this Brunet of *Afrik*? [*The Ladies rise*]

Wild. Will you be gone already, Ladies?

Lop. You have won our Mony; but however we are acknowledging to you for the Honour of your Company.

[*Jac. makes a Sign of farewell to Wild.*]

Wild. Farewel, Lady *Fatyma*.

[*Exeunt all but Wild. and Mask.*]

Mask. All the Company took notice of your Concernment.

Wild. 'Tis no matter; I do not love to fret inwardly, as your silent Losers do, and in the mean time be ready to choak for want of Vent.

Mask. Pray consider your Condition a little; a younger Brother in a foreign Country, living at a high Rate, your Mony lost, and without hope of a Supply. Now curse if you think good.

Wild. No, now I will laugh at my self most unmercifully: For my Condition is so ridiculous that 'tis past cursing. The pleasantest Part of the Adventure is, that I have promis'd three hundred Pistoles to *Jacintha*: But there is no remedy, they are now fair *Fatyma*'s.

Mask. *Fatyma*!

Wild. Ay, ay, a certain *African* Lady of my Acquaintance, whom you know not.

Mask. But who is here, Sir!

Enter Jacintha and Beatrix in their own Shapes.

Wild. Madam, what happy Star has conducted you hither to Night!—A thousand Devils of this Fortune! [*Aside*]

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Fac. I was told you had Ladies here, and Fiddles ; so I came partly for the Divertisement, and partly out of Jealousie.

Wild. Jealousie ! why sure you do not think me a Papist, an Infidel ? But the Company's broke up, you see. Will you wait upon you home, or will you be so kind to take a hard Lodging with me to Night ?

Fac. You shall have the Honour to lead me to my Father's.

Wild. No more words then, let's away to prevent Discovery.

Beat. For my Part, I think he has a Mind to be rid of you.

Wild. No : But if your Lady should want Sleep, it would spoil the Lustre of her Eyes to morrow. There is a Conquest lost.

Fac. I am a peaceable Princess, and content with my share ; I mean your Heart and Purse ; for the truth is, I have lost my Mony to Night in Masquerade, and am come to claim your Promise of supplying me.

Wild. You make me happy by commanding me : To morrow Morning my Servant shall wait upon you with three hundred Pistoles.

Fac. But I left my Company with promise to return to play.

Wild. Play on tick, and lose the Indies, I'll discharge you all to morrow.

Fac. To Night, if you'll oblige me.

Wild. Maskall, go and bring me three hundred Pistoles immediately.

Mask. Are you mad, Sir ?

Wild. Do you expostulate, you Rascal ! how he stares ; he hang'd, if he have not lost my Gold at Play : If he have, confess you had best, and perhaps I'll pardon you ; but if you do not confess, I'll have no Mercy : Will you lose it ?

Mask. Sir 'tis not for me to dispute with you.

Wild. Why, then let me tell you, you did lose it.

Fac. Ay, as sure as e'er he had it, I dare swear for it. But commend me to you for a kind Master, that can let

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let your Servant play off three hundred Pistoles, without the least sign of Anger to him.

Beat. 'Tis a sign he has a greater Bank in store to comfort him.

Wild. Well, Madam, I must confess I have more than I will speak of at this time; but till you have given me Satisfaction——

Fac. Satisfaction; why, are you offended, Sir?

Wild. Heav'n! that you should not perceive it in me. I tell you, I am mortally offended with you.

Fac. Sure, 'tis impossible.

Wild. You have done nothing, I warrant, to make a Man jealous: Going out a Gaming in Masquerade, at unseasonable Hours, and losing your Mony at Play that Loss above all provokes me.

Beat. I believe you; because she comes to you for more. [Aside]

Fac. Is this the Quarrel? I'll clear it immediately.

Wild. 'Tis impossible you should clear it; I'll stop your Ears, if you but offer it. There's no Satisfaction in the Point.

Fac. You'll hear me?——

Wild. To do this in the Beginning of an Amour, as to a jealous Servant as I am; had I all the Wealth of Peru, I would not let go one Maravedis to you.

Fac. To this I answer——

Wild. Answer nothing, for it will but inflame the Quarrel betwixt us: I must come to my self by little and little; and when I am ready for Satisfaction, I will take it: But at present it is not for my Honour to fight with Friends.

Beat. Pray let us neighbour Princes interpose a little.

Wild. When I have conquer'd, you may interpose; but at present the Mediation of all Christendom would be fruitless,

Fac. Though Christendom can do nothing with you yet I hope an *African* may prevail. Let me beg you for the sake of the Lady *Fatyma*.

Wild. I begin to suspect that Lady *Fatyma* is no better than she should be. If she be turn'd Christian again I am undone.

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fac. By *Alha*, I am afraid on't too: By *Mahomet*, I

Wild. Well, well, Madam, any Man may be over-
come with an Oath; but I never meant to perform it
with her: You know, no Oaths are to be kept with
Mehels. But——

fac. No, the Love you made was certainly a Design
of Charity you had to reconcile the two Religions.
There's scarce such another Man in *Europe* to be sent A-
ble to convert the *Moor Ladies*.

Wild. Faith, I would rather widen their Breaches,
than make 'em up.

fac. I see there's no hope of a Reconcilement with
her; and therefore I give it o'er as desperate.

Wild. You have gain'd your Point, you have my Mo-
ther, and I was only angry, because I did not know 'twas
her, who had it.

fac. This will not serve your turn, Sir; what I have
done, I have conquer'd from you.

Wild. Indeed you use me like one that's conquer'd;
you have plunder'd me of all I had.

fac. I only disarm'd you, for fear you should rebel a-
gain; for if you had the Sinews of War, I am sure you
would be flying out.

Wild. Dare but to stay without a new Servant, till I
can flush again; and I will love you, and treat you, and
resent you at that unreasonable Rate; that I will make
you an Example to all unbelieving Mistresses.

fac. Well, I will try you once more; but you must
make haste then, that we may be within our Time;
it thinks our Love is drawn out so subtle already, that
it's near breaking.

Wild. I will have more care of it on my Part, than
the kindred of an old Pope have to preserve him.

fac. Adieu; for this time I wipe off your Score,
and you're caught tripping in some new Amour.

[*Ex. Women.*]

Mask. You have us'd me very kindly, Sir, I thank you.

Wild. You deserv'd it for not having a Lie ready for
all Occasions. A good Servant should be no more with-
out

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out it, than a Soldier without his Arms. But pret
advise me what's to be done to get *Jacintha*.

Mask. You have lost her, or will lose her by yo
Submitting: If we Men could but learn to value
selves, we should soon take down our Mistresses fr
all their Altitudes, and make 'em dance after our P
longer perhaps than we had a Mind to't——But
must make haste, or I shall lose Don *Melchor*——

Wild. Call *Bellamy*, we'll both be present at thy En
prise: Then I'll once more to the Gaming-house with
small Stock, for my last Refuge: If I win, I have win
withal to mollify *Jacintha*.

If I throw out, I'll bear it off with huffing;
And snatch the Mony like a Bully-Ruffin. [Exit



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood: Maskall in a Vis

Bel. **H**ERE comes one, and in all probability it m
be Don *Melchor*, going to *Theodosia*.

Mask. Stand close, and you shall see me serve
Writ upon him,

Enter Don Melchor.

Wild. Now, *Maskall*.

Mask. I stay'd here, Sir, by express Order from
Lady *Aurelia*, to deliver you this Note; and to del
you from her to meet her immediately in the Garden.

Mel. Do you hear, Friend!

Mask. Not a Syllable more, Sir, I have perform'd m
Orders. [Mask. retires to his Maske

Mel. He's gone; and 'tis in vain for me to look af
him. What envious Devil has discover'd to *Aurelia* th
I am in Town? It must be Don *Lopez*, who to advan
his own Pretensions to her, has endeavour'd to ruin min

Wild. It works rarely.

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Mel. But I am resolv'd to see *Aurelia*; if it be but to
[Exit *Mel.*

Wild. Let's make haste after him; I long to see the
end of this Adventure.

Mask. Sir, I think I see some Women coming yon-

Bel. Well; I'll leave you to your Adventures; while I
pursue my own.

Wild. I warrant you have made an Assignment to in-
vest some Lady in the Mathematicks.

Bel. I'll not tell you my Design; because, if it does
succeed, you shall not laugh at me. [Exit *Bel.*

Enter Beatrix; and Jacintha in the Habit of a Mulatta.

Wild. Let us withdraw a little, and see if they will
do this way.

Beat. We are right, Madam, 'tis certainly your En-
chanter, and his Servant with him. But, why this se-
cond Tryal, when you engag'd to break with him, if he
did in the first?

Jac. 'Tis true, he has been a little inconstant; Chole-
ric, or so.

Beat. And it seems you are not contented with those
trials; but are searching him for more. This is the
way of a bleeding Gamester, who will obstinately pur-
sue a losing Hand.

Jac. On t'other side you would have me throw up
Cards, before the Game be lost: Let me make this
more tryal, when he has Mony, whether he will
quit it me, and then, if he fails——

Beat. You'll forgive him again.

Jac. He's already in Purgatory; but the next Offence
will put him in the Pit, past all Redemption; prethee
draw him nearer: Sure he cannot know me in
disguise.

Beat. Make haste then; for I have more Irons in the
fire: When I have done with you, I have another As-
signment of my Lady *Theodosia's* to Don *Melchor*.

S O N G.

S O N G.

CALM was the Even, and clear was the Sky;
 And the new budding Flowers did spring,
 When all alone went Amyntas and I,
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
 I sat, and he laid him down by me;
 But scarcely his Breath he could draw;
 For when with a Fear he began to draw near;
 He was dash'd with *A ha, ha, ha, ha!*

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for a while,
 And his Modesty curb'd his Desire;
 But straight I convinc'd all his Fear with a Smile,
 Which added new Flames to his Fire.
 O Sylvia, said he, you are cruel,
 To keep your poor Lover in awe;
 Then once more he prest with his Hand to my Breast;
 But was dash'd with *A ha, ha, ha, ha.*

I knew 'twas his Passion that caus'd all his Fear;
 And therefore I pry'd his Case:
 I whisper'd him softly, There's no body near,
 And laid my Cheek close to his Face:
 But as he grew bolder and bolder,
 A Shepherd came by us and saw;
 And just as our Bliss we began with a Kiss,
 He laugh'd out with *A ha, ha, ha, ha.*

Wild. If you dare be the Sylvia, Lady, I have brought
 you a more confident Amyntas, than that bashful Gentle-
 man in your Song—— [Goes to lay hold of her]

Fac. Hold, hold, Sir; I am only an Ambassadress sent
 you from a Lady, I hope you will not violate the Law
 of Nations.

Wild. I was only searching for your Letters of Con-
 dence: But methinks with that Beauty, you look more
 like a Herald that comes to denounce War to all Mankind——

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Fac. One of the Ladies in the Masque to Night has taken a liking to you; and sent you by me this Purse of Gold, in recompence of that, she saw you lose.

Wild. And she expects in return of it, that I should do on her; I'll do't, where lives she? I am desperate in Love with her.

Fac. Why, can you love her unknown?

Wild. I have a Bank of Love, to supply every ones passions; some for her, some for another, and some for you; charge what you will upon me, I pay all at once, and without questioning who brought the Bill.

Fac. Heyday, you dispatch your Mistresses as fast, as you meant to o'er-run all Woman-kind: Sure you are at the Universal-Monarchy.

Wild. Now I think on't, I have a foolish Fancy to give thy Lady a Taste of my Love by thee.

Fac. 'Tis impossible your Love should be so humble, to descend to a *Mulatta*.

Wild. One would think so, but I cannot help it. Gad, I think the Reason is, because there's something more in thy Colour than in ours. I know not what's the matter, but a *Turkey-Cock* is not more provok'd at a black than I bristle at the Sight of black. Come, be kind to me. Young, and slip an Opportunity? 'Tis an opportunity lost out of your Life.

Fac. These fine things you have said over a thousand times; your cold Compliment's the cold Pye of Love, which you serve up to every new Guest whom you in-

Wild. Come; because thou art very moving, here's some of the Gold, which thou brought'st to corrupt me. My Lady: Truth is, I had promis'd a Sum to a Spanish Lady—but thy Eyes have allur'd it from me.

Fac. You'll repent to morrow.

Wild. Let to morrow starve: or provide for himself, Night has done: To morrow is a Cheat in Love, who will not trust it.

Fac. Ay, but Heav'n that sees all things——

Wild. Heav'n that sees all things, will say nothing: 'Tis all Eyes, and no Tongue; *Et la lune, & les étoiles*——you know the Song.

Fac.

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Fac. A poor Slave, as I am——

Wild. It has been always my Humour to love downward. I love to stoop to my Prey, and to have it my Power to Sowse at, when I please. When a Man comes to a great Lady, he is fain to approach her with Fear and Reverence; methinks there's something Godliness in't.

Fac. Yet I cannot believe, but the Meanness of my Habit must needs scandalize you.

Wild. I tell thee, my Friend and so forth, that I exceedingly honour coarse Linnen; 'tis as proper sometimes in an under Garment, as a coarse Towel is to wash and scrub me.

Fac. Now I am altogether of the other side, I love no where but above me: Methinks the rattling of a Coach and six sounds more eloquently, than the blarney of a Harangue a Wit could make me.

Wild. Do you make no more esteem of a Wit than I?

Fac. His Commendations serve only to make others have a mind to me; he does but say Grace to me like a Chaplain; and like him is the last that shall fall on. I ought to get no more by it, than a poor Silk-weaver does by the Ribband which he works, to make a Girdle as fine.

Wild. Then what is a Gentleman to hope from you?

Fac. To be admitted to pass my time with, while better comes: To be the lowest Step in my Stair-case for a Knight to mount upon him, and a Lord upon him, and a Marquess upon him, and a Duke upon him, till I get as high as I can climb.

Wild. For ought I see, the great Ladies have the appetites which you Slaves should have; and you Slaves the Pride which ought to be in Ladies. For, I observe, that all Women of your Condition are like Women of a Play-house, still piquing at each other, who shall go best dress'd, and in the richest Habits: Till you work one another by your high flying, as the Heron and the falcon do. If you cannot out-shine your Fellow women one Lover; you fetch her up with another: And in the end all you get by it is only to put Finery out of Countenance.

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to make the Ladies of Quality go plain, because they will avoid the Scandal of your Bravery.

Beat. running in. Madam, come away; I hear Company in the Garden.

Wild. You are not going?

Fac. Yes, to cry out a Rape if you follow me.

Wild. However, I am glad you have left your Treasure behind you: Farewel, Fairy.

Fac. Farewel Changeling——Come, *Beatrix*.

[*Exeunt Women.*]

Mask. Do you know how you came by this Money, *Beatrix*? You think, I warrant, that it came by Fortune.

Wild. No, Sirrah, I know it came by my own Industry. Did not I come out diligently to meet this Gold, in the very way it was to come? What could Fate do for me? They are such thoughtless, and undesigning rogues as you, that make a drudge of poor Providence, and set it a shifting for you. Give me a brave Fellow like my self; that if you throw him down into the World, lights every where upon his Legs, and helps himself without being beholden to Fate, that is the Hospitality of Fools.

Mask. But after all your Jollity, what think you if it was *Facintha* that gave it you in this Disguise? I am sure I heard her call *Beatrix* as she went away.

Wild. Umh! thou awaken'st a most villainous Apprehension in me! methought indeed I knew the Voice; but the Face was such an Evidence against it! if it were so, she is lost for ever.

Mask. And so is *Beatrix*.

Wild. Now could I cut my Throat for madness.

Mask. Now could I break my Neck for despair; if I could find a Precipice absolutely to my liking.

Wild. 'Tis in vain to consider on't There's but one way; go you *Maskall*, and find her out, and invent some Excuse for me, and be sure to beg leave I may come and wait upon her with the Gold before she sleeps.

Mask. In the mean time you'll be thinking at your Lodging.

Wild.

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Wild. But make haste then to relieve me; for I think over all my Thoughts in half an Hour. [Exit Melchor]

Wild. solus. Hang't, now I think on't, I shall be melancholick at my Lodging, I'll go pass my Hour at the Gaming-house, and make use of this Money while I have Tools, to win more to it. Stay, let me see, I have the Box and throw. My Don he sets me ten Pistoles a nick him: Ten more, I sweep them too. Now in reason he is nettled, and sets me twenty: I win them too. Now he kindles, and butters me with forty. These are all my own: In fine, he is vehement, and bleeds me to fourscore or an hundred; and I not willing to tempt Fortune, come away a moderate winner of two hundred Pistoles.

The SCENE opens and discovers Aurelia and Camilla: Behind them a Table and Lights set out. The Scene is a Garden with an Arbour in the back.

The Garden Door opens! How now, *Aurelia* and *Camilla* in expectation of *Don Melchor* at the Garden Door! I must away lest I prevent the design, and within this half Hour come sailing back with full Pockets, as wanting as a laden Galleon from the *Indies*. [Exit Aurelia]

Aur. But dost thou think the *Englishman* can keep his Promise? For I confess, I furiously desire to see the face of *Don Melchor*.

Cam. But, Madam, if you should see him, it will not be he, but the Devil in his Likeness; and then what should you desire it?

Aur. In effect 'tis a very dark *Enigma*; and one must be very spiritual to understand it. But be what it will, Body or Fantom, I am resolv'd to meet it.

Cam. Can you do it without Fear?

Aur. No; I must avow it, I am furiously fearful; but yet I am resolv'd to sacrifice all things to my Love. Therefore let us pass over that Chapter.

[*Don Melchor* within]

Cam. Do you hear, Madam, there's one treading ready; how if it be he?

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Aur. If it be he; that is to say his Specter, that is to say his Phantom, that is to say his Idea, that is to say, he is not he.

Cam. crying out. Ah, Madam, 'tis he himself; but he's bigger again as he us'd to be, with Eyes like Sawcers.— Save my self. [*Runs under the Table.*]

Enter Don Melchor: They both shriek.

Aur. Oh Heav'n! Humanity is not able to support it. [*Running.*]

Mel. Dear *Aurelia*, what mean you?

Aur. The Tempter has imitated his Voice too; avoid, avoid Specter.

Cam. If he should find me under the Table now!

Mel. Is it thus, my Dear, that you treat your Servant?

Aur. I am not thy Dear; I renounce thee, Spirit of Darknefs.

Mel. This Spirit of Darknefs is come to see an Angel Light by her Command; and to assure her of his constancy, that he will be hers eternally.

Aur. Away Infernal, 'tis not thee, 'tis the true Don Melchor that I would see.

Mel. Hell and Furies.

Aur. Heav'n and Angels! Ah—— [*Runs out shrieking.*]

Mel. This is a Riddle past my finding out, to send for me, and then to shun me; but here's one shall resolve it for me: *Camilla*, what dost thou there?

Cam. Help, help, I shall be carried away, bodily.

[*She rises up, overthrows the Table and Lights, and runs out. The Scene shuts.*]

Mel. alone. Why *Aurelia*, *Camilla*! they are both run away of hearing! this amazes me; what can the meaning of it be? Sure she has heard of my Unfaithfulness, and is resolv'd to punish me by this Contrivance! to put Affront upon me by this abrupt Departure, as I did her by my seeming Absence.

Enter Theodosia and Beatrix.

Theo. Don *Melchor*! is it you, my Love, that have frighted *Aurelia* so terribly?

Mel. Alas, Madam, I know not; but coming hither by my Appointment, and thinking my self secure in the Night

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Night without Disguise, perhaps it might work up her Fancy, because she thought me absent.

Theo. Since 'tis so unluckily fallen out that she knows you are at *Madrid*, it can no longer be kept a Secret therefore you must now pretend openly to me, and the risque of a Denial from my Father.

Mel. O, Madam, there's no Question but he'll refuse me: For alas, what is it he can see in me worthy that Honour? Or if he should be so partial to me, some in the World are, to think me valiant, learned and not altogether a Fool, yet my want of Fortune would weigh down all.

Theo. When he has refus'd you his Consent, I will with Justice dispose of my self; and that, while you are constant, shall never be to any but your self: In witness of which, accept this Diamond as a Pledge of my Heav'nly firmness to you.

Beat. Madam, your Father is coming this way.

Theo. 'Tis no matter; do not stir; since he must know you are return'd, let him now see you.

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Daughter, what make you here at this unreasonable Hour?

Theo. Sir, ———

Alon. I know what you would say, that you heard Noise, and ran hither to see what it might be——But us! who is this with you?

Mel. 'Tis your Servant Don *Melchor*; just returned from *St. Sebastians*.

Alon. But, Sir, I thought you had been upon the march for *Flanders*.

Mel. I had so design'd it.

Alon. But, why came you back from *St. Sebastians*?

Mel. As for that, Sir, 'tis not material——

Theo. An unexpected Law Suite has call'd him back from *St. Sebastians*.

Alon. And, how fares my Son-in-Law that lives there?

Mel. In Catholick Health, Sir.

Alon. Have you brought no Letters from him?

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Mel. I had, Sir, but I was set upon by the way, by Pickarons: and, in spite of my Resistance, robb'd, and my Portmantua taken from me.

Theo. And this was that which he was now desiring me to excuse to you.

Alon. If my Credit, Friends, or Counsel can do you any Service in your Sute, I hope you will command them freely.

Mel. When I have dispatch'd some private Business, I shall not fail to trouble you; till then, humbly kisses your Hands, the most oblig'd of your Servants.

[*Exit Melchor.*]

Alon. Daughter, now this Cavalier is gone, what Occasion brought you out so late? I know what you would say, that it is Melancholy; a Tincture of the Hypochondriach you mean: But, what Cause have you for this Melancholy? Give me your Hand, and answer me without Ambages or Ambiguities.

Theo. He will find out I have given away my Ring—must prevent him—Sir, I am ashamed to confess to you; but, in hope of your Indulgence, I have lost the Table Diamond you gave me.

Alon. You would say, The fear of my Displeasure has caus'd this Perturbation in you; well, do not disquiet your self too much, you say 'tis gone; I say so too. 'Tis stolen; and that by some Thief, I take it: But, I will and consult the Astrologer immediately. [*He is going.*]

Theo. What have I done? To avoid one Inconvenience, I have run into another: This Devil of an Astrologer will discover that Don Melchor has it. [*Aside.*]

Alon. When did you lose this Diamond? The Minute and Second I should know; but the Hour will serve for the Degree ascending.

Theo. Sir, the precise time I know not; but, it was betwixt six and seven this Evening, as near as I can guess.

Alon. 'Tis enough; by all the Stars I'll have it for you: therefore go in, and suppose it on your Finger.

Beat. I'll watch you at a distance, Sir, that my *English* may have wherewithal to answer you. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit Theo. Beat.*]

Alon.

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Alon. This Melancholy wherewith my Daughter's laboureth, is — a — I know what I would say, is certain Species of the Hysterical Disease; or a certain Motion, caused by a certain Appetite, which at a certain Time heaveth in her, like a certain Motion of an Earthquake —

Enter Bellamy.

Bel. This is the Place, and very near the Time that *Theodosia* appoints her Meeting with *Don Melchor*. He this Night otherwise dispos'd of with *Aurelia*: 'Tis but trying my Fortune to tell her of his Infidelity, and my Love. If she yields, she makes me happy; if not, I shall be sure *Don Melchor* has not planted the Arms of Spain in the Fort before me. However, I'll push my Fortune as sure as I am an *Englishman*.

Alon. Sennor *Inglés*, I know your Voice, tho' I cannot perfectly discern you.

Bel. How the Devil came he to cross me?

Alon. I was just coming to have ask'd another Favour of you.

Bel. Without Ceremony command me, Sir.

Alon. My Daughter *Theodosia* has lost a fair Diamond from her Finger, the time betwixt six and seven this evening; now I desire you, Sir, to erect a Scheme to find it, and if it be lost, or stolen, to restore it to me — This is all, Sir.

Bel. There is no end of this old Fellow; thus will he bait me from Day to Day, 'till my Ignorance be found out. [A]

Alon. Now is he casting a Figure by the Art of Memory, and making a Judgment of it to himself. That Astrology is a very mysterious Speculation. [A]

Bel. 'Tis a madness for me to hope I can deceive him longer. Since then he must know I am no Astrologer, I'll discover it my self to him, and blush once more all. [A]

Alon. Well, Sir, and what do the Stars hold forth? What says nimble Master *Mercury* to the matter?

Bel. Sir, not to keep you longer in Ignorance, I now ingenuously declare to you that I am not the Man who

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whom you take me. Some smattering in Astrology I have; which my Friends, by their Indiscretion, have blown abroad, beyond my Intentions. But, you are not Person to be impos'd on like the Vulgar: Therefore, to satisfy you in one word, my Skill goes not far enough to give you knowledge of what you desire from me.

Alon. You have said enough, Sir, to persuade me of your Science; if Fame had not publish'd it, yet this very Humility of yours were enough to confirm me in the belief of it.

Bel. Death, you make me mad, Sir: Will you have me Swear? As I am a Gentleman, a Man of the Town, one who wears good Cloaths. Eats, Drinks, and Wenchcs abundantly; I am a damn'd ignorant, and senseless Fellow.

Enter Beatrix.

Alon. How now, Gentlewoman—What, are you going to Relief by Moonshine?

Beat. I was going on a very charitable Office, to help a Friend that was gravell'd in a very doubtful Business.

Bel. Some good News, Fortune, I beseech thee.

Beat. But now I have found this learned Gentleman, shall make bold to propound a Question to him from a Lady.

Alon. I will have my own Question first resolv'd.

Bel. O, Sir, 'tis from a Lady——

Beat. If you please, Sir, I'll tell it in your Ear——My Lady has given Don *Melchor* the Ring; in whose company her Father found her but just now at the Garden Door.

[In whisper.]

Bel. aloud. Come to me to Morrow, and you shall receive an Answer.

Beat. Your Servant, Sir.

[Exit Beatrix.]

Alon. Sir, I shall take it very unkindly if you satisfy any other, and leave me in this Perplexity.

Bel. Sir, if my Knowledge were according——

Alon. No more of that, Sir, I beseech you.

Bel. Perhaps I may know something by my Art concerning it; but, for your Quiet, I wish you would not vex me.

Alon. Do you think I am not Master of my Passions?

Bel. Since you will needs know what I would willingly have conceal'd, the Person who has your Diamond is he whom you saw last in your Daughter's Company.

Alon. You would say 'tis *Don Melchor de Guzman* who the Devil would have suspected him of such an Action? But he is of a decay'd Family, and Poverty seems has inforc'd him to it: Now I think on't better he has e'en stoln it for a Fee to bribe his Lawyer; to requite a Lie with a Theft; I'll seek him out, and tell him part of my Mind before I sleep. [Exit Alon.]

Bel. So, once more I am at Liberty: But this Astrology is so troublesome a Science——would I were well rid on't.

Enter Don Lopez, and a Servant.

Lop. Astrology, does he say? O Cavalier, is it you not finding you at home, I came on purpose to seek you out: I have a small Request to the Stars by your Mediation.

Bel. Sir, for pity let 'em shine in quiet a little; for what for Ladies, and their Servants, and younger Brothers, they scarce get a Holy-day in a Twelvemonth.

Lop. Pray pardon me, if I am a little curious of my Destiny, since all my Happiness depends on your Answer.

Bel. Well, Sir, what is it you expect?

Lop. To know whether my Love to a Lady will be successful.

Bel. 'Tis *Aurelia*, he means. [Aside.]—— Sir, in one word I answer you, that your Mistress loves another one, who is your Friend: But comfort your self; the Dragon's Tail is between him and home, he never shall enjoy her.

Lop. But what Hope for me?

Bel. The Stars have partly assur'd me, you shall be happy, if you acquaint her with your Passion, and with the double Dealing of your Friend, who is false to her.

Lop. You speak like an Oracle. But I have engag'd my Promise to that Friend, to serve him in his Passion to my Mistress.

Bel. We *English* seldom make such Scruples; Women are not compris'd in our Laws of Friendship: They

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vera natura; our common Game, like Hare and Partridge: every Man has equal Right to them, as he has to the Sun and Elements.

Lop. Must I then betray my Friend?

Bel. In that case my Friend is a *Turk* to me, if he will be so barbarous as to retain two Women to his private Use; I will be factious for all distressed Damsels; who would much rather have their Cause try'd by a full Jury, then a single Judge.

Lop. Well, Sir, I will take your Counsel; and if I err, the Fault be on Love and you. [Exit *Lop.*

Bel. Were it not for Love, I would run out of the Town, that's the short on't; for I have engag'd my self in so many Promises, for the Sun and Moon, and those little Minc'd-meats of 'em, that I must hide before my day of Payment comes. In the mean time I forget *Belofia*; but now I defy the Devil to hinder me.

As he is going out, he meets Aurelia, and almost justles her down. With her Camilla enters.

Aur. What Rudeness is this?

Bel. Madam *Aurelia*, is it you?

Aur. Monsieur *Bellamy*!

Bel. The same, Madam.

Aur. My Uncle told me, he left you here: And indeed I came hither to complain of you: For you have treated me so inhumanly, that I have some reason to resent it.

Bel. What Occasion can I have given you for a Complaint?

Aur. Don *Melchor*, as I am inform'd by my Uncle, effectively at *Madrid*: So that it was not his Idea, but myself in Person whom I saw: And since you knew this, why did you conceal it from me?

Bel. When I spoke with you, I knew it not: But I discover'd it in the erecting of my Figure. Yet if instead of his Idea, I constrain'd himself to come, in spite of his Resolution to remain conceal'd, I think I have obtain'd a greater Effect of my Art than what I promis'd.

Aur. I render my self to so convincing an Argument: that by over-hearing a Discourse just now betwixt my

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Cousin *Theodosia* and her Maid, I find that he has conceal'd himself upon her Account, which has given me Jealousie to the last Point; for to avow an incontestible Truth, my Cousin is furiously handsome.

Bel. Madam, Madam, trust not your Ears too far; she talk'd on purpose, that you might hear her: But I assure you, the true Cause of Don *Melchor's* Concealment, was not Love of her, but Jealousie of you: He staid in private to observe your Actions: Build upon't, Madam, he is inviolably yours.

Aur. Then will he sacrifice my Cousin to me?

Bel. 'Tis furiously true, Madam.

Aur. O most agreeable Assurance!

Cam. *Albricias*, Madam, for my good News; Don *Melchor* is coming this way; I know him by his Voice but he is in company with another Person.

Aur. It will not be convenient to give him any Unbrage, by seeing me with another Person; therefore will go before; do you stay here, and conduct him to my Apartment. Good-night, Sir. [Exit]

Bel. I have promis'd Don *Lopez*, he shall possess her and I have promis'd her, she shall possess Don *Melchor*. 'Tis a little difficult, I confess, as to the Matrimonial Part of it: But if Don *Melchor* will be civil to her, and she be civil to Don *Lopez*, my Credit is safe without the Benefit of my Clergy. But all this is nothing to *Theodosia*. [Exit]

Enter Don Alonzo and Don Melchor.

Cam. Don *Melchor*, a word in private.

Mel. Your Pleasure, Lady; Sir, I will wait on you immediately.

Cam. I am sent to you from a fair Lady, who begs you no ill Will. You may guess whom I mean.

Mel. Not by my own Merits, but by knowing whom you serve: But I confess, I wonder at her late strange Usage, when she fled from me.

Cam. That was only a Mistake; but I have now, her Command, been in a thousand Places in quest of you.

Mel. You overjoy me.

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Cam. And where amongst the rest do you think, I have been looking you?

Mel. Pray refresh my Memory.

Cam. In that same Street, by that same Shop: you know where by a good Token.

Mel. By what Token?

Cam. Just by that Shop, where, out of your Nobleness, you promis'd me a new Silk Gown.

Mel. O, now I understand you.

Cam. Not that I press you to a Performance——

Mel. Take this, and please your self in the Choice of
[Gives her Money.]

Cam. Nay, dear Sir, now you make me blush; in faith I——am ashamed——I swear, 'tis only because I would keep something for your sake——But my Lady expects you immediately in her Apartment.

Mel. I'll wait on her, if I can possibly—— [Exit *Cam.*] But if I can prevail with Don *Alonzo* for his Daughter, then will I again consider, which of the Ladies best deserves me. [Aside.]——Sir, I beg your Pardon for this Rudeness in leaving you. [To *Alon.*]

Alon. I cannot possibly resolve with my self to tell him openly he is a Thief; but I'll gild the Pill for him to swallow. [Aside.]

Mel. I believe he has discover'd our Amour: How he surveys me for a Son-in-Law! [Aside.]

Alon. Sir, I am sorry for your sake, that true Nobility is not always accompanied with Riches to support it in it's Lustre.

Mel. You have a just Exception against the Capriciousness of Destiny; yet if I were Owner of any noble Qualities, (which I am not) I should not much esteem the Goods of Fortune.

Alon. But pray conceive me, Sir, your Father did not leave you flourishing in Wealth.

Mel. Only a very fair Seat in *Andalusia*, with all the pleasures imaginable about it; That alone, were my poor deserts according, which I confess they are not, were enough to make a Woman happy in it.

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Alon. But give me leave to come to the Point, I beseech you, Sir. I have lost a Jewel, which I value infinitely, and I hear it is in your Possession: But I accuse your Wants, not you, for it.

Mel. Your Daughter is indeed a Jewel, but she were not lost, were she in Possession of a Man of Parts.

Alon. A precious Diamond, Sir. —

Mel. But a Man of Honour, Sir —

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, that a Man of Honour is not capable of an unworthy Action; but therefore I do not accuse you of the Theft, I suppose the Jewel was only put into your Hands.

Mel. By honourable ways, I assure you, Sir.

Alon. Sir, Sir, will you restore my Jewel?

Mel. Will you please, Sir, to give me leave to be the unworthy Possessor of her? I know how to use her with that respect —

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, but if it belongs to our Family; otherwise I assure you, it were at your Service.

Mel. As it belongs to your Family, I covet it; not that I plead my own Deserts, Sir.

Alon. Sir, I know your Deserts; but, I protest I cannot part with it: For, I must tell you, this Diamond Ring was originally my Great Grandfather's.

Mel. A Diamond Ring, Sir, do you mean? —

Alon. By your Patience, Sir, when I have done you may speak your Pleasure. I only lent it to my Daughter: but, how she lost it, and how it came upon your Finger, I am yet *in tenebris*.

Mel. Sir —

Alon. I know it, Sir; but spare your self the trouble I'll speak for you; you would say you had it from some other Hand; I believe it, Sir.

Mel. But, Sir —

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, I'll bring you off without your speaking; from another Hand you had it; and now, Sir, as you say, Sir, and as I am saying for you, Sir, you are loath to part with it.

Mel. Good Sir, — let me —

Alon.

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Alon. I understand you already, Sir, that you have taken a Fancy to it, and would buy it; but, to that I answer, as I did before, that it is a Relick of my Family: Now, Sir, if you can urge ought farther, you have liberty to speak without Interruption.

Mel. This Diamond you speak on, I confess —

Alon. But, what need you confess, Sir, before you are accus'd?

Mel. You promis'd you would hear me in my Turn, but —

Alon. But, as you were saying, it is needless, because I have already spoken for you.

Mel. The truth is, Sir, I was too presumptuous to take this Pledge from *Theodosia* without your Knowledge; but, you will pardon the invincible Necessity, when I tell you —

Alon. You need not tell me, I know your Necessity was the Reason of it, and that Place and Opportunity have caus'd your Error.

Mel. This is the goodest old Man I ever knew; he prevents me in my Motion for his Daughter.—Since, Sir, you know the Cause of my Errors, and are pleas'd to lay part of the Blame upon Youth and Opportunity; beseech you favour me so far, to accept me, as fair *Theodosia* already has —

Alon. I conceive you, Sir, that I would accept of your excuse: Why, restore the Diamond, and 'tis done.

Mel. More joyfully than I receiv'd it: And with it, beg the Honour to be receiv'd by you, as your Son-in-law.

Alon. My Son-in-Law! this is the most pleasant Proposition I ever heard.

Mel. I am proud you think it so; but, I protest, I think not I deserve this Honour.

Alon. Nor I, I assure you, Sir; marry my Daughter — ha, ha, ha.

Mel. But, Sir —

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, that there is too much Hazard in the Profession of a Thief, and therefore you would marry my Daughter to become a Gentleman, without venturing your Neck for't. I beseech

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you, Sir, steal on, be apprehended, and if you please, hang'd, it shall make no breach betwixt us. For my Part, I'll keep your Counsel, and so good Night, Sir.

[Exit Al]

Mel. Is the Devil in this old Man, first to give me occasion to confess my Love, and, when he knew it, promise he would keep my Counsel? But, who are they I'll not be seen; but to my old Appointment with *Thadofia*, and desire her to unriddle it——

[Exit M]

Enter Maskall, Jacintha, and Beatrix.

Mask. But, Madam, do you take me for a Man of Honour?

Jac. No.

Mask. Why there's it; if you had, I would have sworn that my Master has neither done nor intended you any Injury; I suppose you'll grant he knew you in your Disguise?

Beat. Nay, to know her, and use her so, is an Aggravation of his Crime.

Mask. Unconscionable *Beatrix*! would you two have all the Carnival to your selves? He knew you, Madam, and was resolv'd to countermine you in all your Pleasures. But, when he saw you so much piqued, he was too good-natur'd to let you sleep in Wrath, and sent me to you to disabuse you: for, if the Business had gone on till to Morrow, when *Lent* begins, you would have grown so peevish (as all good Catholicks are with fasting) that the Quarrel would never have been ended.

Jac. Well; this mollifies a little: I am content he should see me.

Mask. But, that you may be sure he knew you, I will bring the Certificate of the Purse along with him.

Jac. I shall be glad to find him innocent.

Enter Wildblood at the other end of the Stage.

Wild. No mortal Man ever threw out so often. I could not be me, it must be the Devil that did it: He took all the Chances, and chang'd 'em after I had thrown 'em: But, I'll be even with him; for, I'll never throw one of his Dice more.

Mask. Madam, 'tis certainly my Master; and he is a zealous

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alous to make his Peace, that he could not stay till I
told him to you——Sir.

Wild. Sirrah, I'll teach you more Manners than to leave
me another time: You Rogue, you have lost me two
hundred Pistoles, you and the Devil your Accomplice;
you, by leaving me to my self, and he by tempting me
to Play it off.

Mask. Is the Wind in that Door? Here's like to be fine
things.

Wild. O Mischief! am I fallen into her Ambush? I
must face it out without another Quarrel.——[*Aside.*

Jac. Your Man has been treating your Accommoda-
tion; 'tis half made already.

Wild. Ay, on your part it may be.

Jac. He says you knew me.

Wild. Yes; I do know you so well, that my poor
Heart akes for't: I was going to Bed without telling
you my Mind; but, upon Consideration I am come——

Jac. To bring the Mony with you.

Wild. To declare my Grievances, which are great, and
many.

Mask. Well, for Impudence, let thee alone.

Wild. As in the first place ——

Jac. I'll hear no Grievances; where's the Mony?

Beat. Ay; keep to that, Madam.

Wild. Do you think me a Person to be so us'd?

Jac. We will not quarrel; where's the Mony?

Wild. By your favour we will quarrel.

Beat. Mony, Mony——

Wild. I am angry, and can hear nothing.

Beat. Mony, Mony, Mony, Mony.

Wild. Do you think it a reasonable thing to put on
two Disguises in a Night, to tempt a Man? (Help me,
Maskall, for I want Arguments abominably) I thank
Heav'n I was never so barbarously us'd in all my Life.

Jac. He begins to anger me in good earnest.

Mask. A thing so much against the Rules of Modesty:
So undecent a thing.

Wild. Ay, so undecent a thing: Nay, now I do not
wonder at my self for being angry. And then to won-
der

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der I should love her in those Disguises? To quarrel at the natural Desires of human Kind, assaulted by powerful Temptations; I am inrag'd at that——

Fac. Hey day! you had best quarrel too for my bringing you the Mony!

Wild. I have a grudging to you for't: (*Maskall*, the Mony, *Maskall*; now help or we are gone.)

Mask. Would she offer to bring Mony to you? first to affront your Poverty——

Wild. Ay; to affront my Poverty. But, that's no great matter; and then——

Mask. And then, to bring you Mony. (I stick fast, Sir,

Wild. (Forward, you Dog, and invent, or I'll cut your Throat;) and then as I was saying, to bring me Mony——

Mask. Which is the greatest and most sweet of all Temptations; and to think you could resist it: Being also aggravated by her Handfomness who brought it.

Wild. Resist it? No; I would she would understand it. I know better what belongs to Flesh and Blood than for

Beat. to Fac. This is plain Confederacy; I smook it; he came on purpose to quarrel with you; break first with him, and prevent it.

Fac. If it be come to that once, the Devil take the hindmost; I'll not be last in love; for that will be a Dishonour to my Sex.

Wild. And then——

Fac. Hold, Sir; there needs no more: You shall fall out; and I'll gratifie you with a new Occasion: I only try'd you in hope you would be false; and rather than fail of my Design, brought Gold to bribe you to't.

Beat. As People when they have an ill Bargain, are content to lose by't, that they may get it off their Hands.

Mask. *Beatrix*, while our Principals are engag'd, I hold it not for our Honour to stand idle.

Beat. With all my Heart: Please you let us draw off to some other Ground.

Mask. I dare meet you on any Spot, but one.

Wild. I think we shall do well to put it to an issue: this is the last time you shall ever be troubled with my Addresses.

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Jac. The Favour had been greater to have spar'd this

Mask. *Beatrix*, let us dispatch; or they'll break off before us.

Beat. Break as fast as thou wilt, I am as brittle as thou art for thy Heart.

Wild. Because I will absolutely break off with you, I will keep nothing that belongs to you: Therefore take back your Picture, and your Handkerchief.

Jac. I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal Promises. Take 'em in Imagination.

Wild. Not to be behind hand with you in your Frumps, I give you back your Purse of Gold: Take you that—in Imagination.

Jac. To conclude with you, take back your Oaths and Proteftations; they are never the worse for the wearing, I assure you: Therefore take 'em, spick and span new, for the use of your next Mistress.

Mask. *Beatrix*, follow your Leader; here's the sixpenny Whittle you gave me, with the Mutton Haft: I can spare it, for Knives are of little use in *Spain*.

Beat. There's your Cizars with the sinking Brass Chain to 'em: 'Tis well there was no Love betwixt us; for they had been too dull to cut it.

Mask. There's the Dandriff Comb you lent me.

Beat. There's your Ferret Ribbanding for Garters.

Mask. I would never have come so near as to have taken 'em from you.

Beat. For your Letter, I have it not about me; but upon Reputation I'll burn it.

Mask. And for yours, I have already put it to a fitting Employment.——Courage, Sir; how goes the Battel on your Wings?

Wild. Just drawing off on both Sides. Adieu *Spain*.

Jac. Farewell, old *England*.

Beat. Come away in Triumph; the Day's your own, Madam.

Mask. I'll bear you off upon my Shoulders, Sir; we have broke their Hearts.

Wild.

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Wild. Let her go first then; I'll stay, and keep the Honour of the Field.

Fac. I'll not retreat, if you stay 'till Midnight.

Wild. Are you sure then we have done loving?

Fac. Yes, very sure; I think so.

Wild. 'Tis well you are so; for otherwise I feel my Stomach a little maukish. I should have doubted another Fit of Love were coming up.

Fac. No, no; your Inconstancy secures you enough for that.

Wild. That's it which makes me fear my own returning: Nothing vexes me, but that you should part with me so slightly, as though I were not worth your keeping; well, 'tis a sign you never lov'd me.

Fac. 'Tis the least of your Care whether I did or did not: It may be it had been more for the Quiet of myself, if I——but 'tis no matter, I'll not give you that Satisfaction.

Wild. But what's the Reason you will not give it me?

Fac. For the Reason that we are quite broke off.

Wild. Why are we quite broke off?

Fac. Why are we not?

Wild. Well, since 'tis past, 'tis past; but a Pox of a foolish quarrelling for my part.

Fac. And a Mischief of all foolish Disguisements for my part.

Wild. But if it were to do again with another Mistress, I would e'en plainly confess I had lost my Money.

Fac. And if I had to deal with another, Servant, would learn more Wit than to tempt him in Disguise. For that's to throw a Venice-Glass to the Ground, to try if it would not break.

Wild. If it were not to please you, I see no necessity of our parting.

Fac. I protest I do it only out of Complaisance to you.

Wild. But if I should play the Fool and ask you Pardon, you would refuse it.

Fac. No, never submit, for I should spoil you again with pardoning you.

Mask. Do you hear this, *Beatrix*? They are just upon the

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the point of Accommodation; we must make haste or they'll make a Peace by themselves; and exclude us from the Treaty.

Beat. Declare your self the Aggressor then; and I'll take you into Mercy.

Wild. The worst that you can say of me is, that I have lov'd you thrice over.

Jac. The prime Articles between *Spain* and *England* are seal'd; for the rest concerning a more strict Alliance, if you please we'll dispute them in the Garden.

Wild. But in the first place let us agree on the Article of Navigation, I beseech you——

Beat. These Leagues offensive and defensive will be too strict for us, *Maskall*: A Treaty of Commerce will serve our turn.

Mask. With all my Heart; and when our Loves are veering,

We'll make no Words, but fall to privateering.

[*Exeunt, the Men leading the Women.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lopez, Aurelia, and Camilla.

Lop. 'TIS true, if he had continu'd constant to you, I should have thought my self oblig'd in Honour to be his Friend; but I could no longer suffer him to abuse a Person of your Worth and Beauty with a feign'd Affection.

Aur. But is it possible *Don Melchor* should be false to Love? I'll be sworn I did not imagine such a Treachery could have been in Nature; especially to a Lady who had so oblig'd him.

Lop. 'Twas this, Madam, which gave me the Confidence to wait upon you at an Hour which would be otherwise unseasonable.

Anr. You are the most obliging Person in the World.

Lop.

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Lop. But to clear it to you that he is false; he is at this very Minute at an Assignment with your Cousin in the Garden; I am sure he was endeavouring it not an Hour ago.

Aur. I swear this Evening's Air begins to incommode me extremely with a Cold; but yet in hope of detecting this perjur'd Man, I am content to stay abroad.

Lop. But withal you must permit me to tell you, Madam, that it is but just I should have some share in a Heart which I endeavour to redeem: In the Law of Arms you know that they who pay the Ransom, have right to dispose of the Prisoner.

Aur. The Prize is so very inconsiderable, that 'tis not worth the claiming.

Lop. If I thought the Boon were small, I would not importune my Princess with the asking it: But since my Life depends upon the Grant——

Cam. Mam, I must needs tell your Laship that Don Lopez has deserv'd you: For he has acted all along like a Cavalier; and more for your Interest than his own; besides, Mam, Don Melchor is as poor as he is false: For my part I shall ne'er endure to call him Master.

Aur. Don Lopez, go along with me, I can promise nothing, but I swear I will do my best to disengage my Heart from this furious Tender which I have for him.

Cam. If I had been a Man I could never have forsaken you: Ah those languishing Casts, Mam; and that pouting Lip of your Laship, like a Cherry-bough weigh'd down with the weight of Fruit.

Aur. And that Sigh too I think is not altogether disagreeable: But something *charmante* and *mignonne*.

Cam. Well, Don Lopez, you'll be but too happy.

Lop. If I were once Possessor——

Enter Bellamy and Theodosia.

Theo. O we are surpriz'd.

Bel. Fear nothing, Madam, I think I know 'em: Don Lopez?

Lop. Our famous Astrologer, how come you here!

Bel. I am infinitely happy to have met you with Donna Aurelia, that you may do me the favour to satisfy

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See this Lady of a Truth which I can scarce perswade to believe.

Lop. I am glad our Concernments are so equal: For I desire the like Favour to ask from Donna *Theodosia*.

Theo. Don *Lopez* is too noble to be refus'd any thing within my Power; and I am ready to do him any Service, after I have ask'd my Cousin if ever Don *Melchor* intended to her?

Aur. 'Tis the very Question which I was furiously resolv'd to have ask'd of you.

Theo. I must confess he has made some Professions to me; and withal I will acknowledge my own Weakness as far as to tell you, I have given way he should often visit me, when the World believ'd him absent.

Aur. O Cavalier Astrologer; how have you betray'd me! did you not assure me that Don *Melchor's* Tender Inclination was for me only?

Bel. I had it from his Star, Madam, I do assure you; and if that twinkled false, I cannot help it: The truth is there's no trusting the Planet of an inconstant Man: He was moving to you when I look'd on't, and if since he has chang'd the Course, I am not to be blam'd for't.

Lop. Now, Madam, the Truth is evident. And for this Cavalier he might easily be deceiv'd in *Melchor*, for I dare affirm it to you both, he never knew to which of you he was most inclin'd: For he visited one, and sent Letters to the other.

Bel. to Theo. Then, Madam, I must claim your Promise, (Since I have discover'd to you that Don *Melchor* unworthy of your Favours) that you would make me happy, who amongst my many Imperfections can never be guilty of such a Falsehood.

Theo. If I have been deceiv'd in *Melchor* whom I have known so long, you cannot reasonably expect I should visit you at a Day's Acquaintance.

Bel. For that, Madam, you may know as much of me in a Day as you can in all your Life: All my Humours circulate like my Blood, at farthest within twenty-four Hours. I am plain and true, like all my Countrymen; you see to the bottom of me as easily as you do the Gravel of a clear Stream in Autumn.

Lop.

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Lop. You plead so well, Sir, that I desire you would speak for me too: My Cause is the same with yours only it has not so good an Advocate.

Aur. Since I cannot make my self happy, I will have the glory to felicitate another: And therefore I declare will reward the Fidelity of Don Lopez.

Theo. All that I can say at present is, that I will never be Don Melchor's: The rest Time and your Service must make out.

Bel. I have all I can expect, to be admitted as eldest Servant; as Preferment falls I hope you will remember my Seniority.

Cam. Mam, Don Melchor.

Aur. Cavaliers, retire a little; we shall see to which of us he will make his Court. [The Men withdraw]

Enter Don Melchor.

Don Melchor, I thought you had been a-Bed before this time.

Mel. Fair *Aurelia*, this is a Blessing beyond Expectation, to see you again so soon.

Aur. What important Business brought you hither?

Mel. Only to make my Peace with you before I sleep. You know you are the Saint to whom I pay my Devotions.

Aur. And yet it was beyond your Expectances to meet me? This is furiously incongruous.

Theo. advancing. Don Melchor, whither were you bound so late?

Mel. What shall I say? I am so confounded that I know not to which of them I should excuse my self. [Aside]

Theo. Pray answer me truly to one Question: Did you never make any Addresses to my Cousin?

Mel. Fic, fie, Madam, there's a Question indeed.

Aur. How, Monster of Ingratitude, can you deny this Declaration of your Passion to me?

Mel. I say nothing, Madam.

Theo. Which of us is it for whom you are concerned?

Mel. For that, Madam, you must excuse me; I have more Discretion than to boast a Lady's Favour.

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Aur. Did you counterfeit an Address to me?

Mel. Still I say nothing, Madam; but I will satisfy either of you in private; for these Matters are too tender for publick Discourse.

Lopez and Bellamy hastily with their Swords drawn.
Bellamy and Lopez! This is strange!

Lop. Ladies, we would not have disturb'd you, but as we were walking to the Garden Door, it open'd suddenly against us, and we confusedly saw by Moon-light, some Persons entring, but who they were we know not.

Bel. You had best retire into the Garden-house, and leave us to take our Fortunes, without prejudice to your reputations.

Enter Wildblood, Maskall, Jacintha, and Beatrix.

Wild. to Jacintha entring. Do not fear, Madam, I think I have heard my Friend's Voice.

Bel. Marry hang you, is it you that have given us this sort of Alarm?

Wild. There's more in't than you imagine, the whole House is up: For seeing you two, and not knowing you, after I had enter'd the Garden-Door, I made too much haste to get out again, and have left the Key broken in it. With the Noise one of the Servants came running in, whom I forc'd back; and doubtless he is come for Company, for you may see Lights running through every Chamber.

Theo. Jac. What will become of us?

Bel. We must have recourse to our former Resolution. Let the Ladies retire into the Garden-house. And now think on't, you Gentlemen shall go in with 'em, and leave me and *Maskall* to bear the brunt on't.

Mask. Me, Sir? I beseech you let me go in with the Ladies too; dear *Beatrix*, speak a good word for me, I protest 'tis more out of Love to thy Company than for any Fear I have.

Bel. You Dog, I have need of your Wit and Counsel. We have no time to deliberate. Will you stay, Sir?

[*To Maskall.*

Mask. No, Sir, 'tis not for my Safety.

Bel.

356 *An EVENING'S LOVE; Or,*

Bel. Will you in, Sir?

[To Melchior]

Mel. No, Sir, 'tis not for my Honour, to be assisting to you: I'll to Don *Alonzo*, and help to revenge the injury you are doing him.

Bel. Then we are lost, I can do nothing.

Wild. Nay, and you talk of Honour, by your leave Sir. I hate your *Spanish* Honour ever since it spoil'd our *English* Plays, with Faces about and t'other side.

[Falls upon him and throws him down]

Mel. What do you mean, you will not murder me? Must Valour be oppress'd by Multitudes?

Wild. Come yarely my Mates, every Man to his share of the Burthen. Come yarely hay.

[The four Men take him each by a Limb, and carry him out, he crying Murder.]

Theo. If this *Englishman* save us now, I shall admire his Wit.

Beat. Good Wits never think themselves admir'd till they are well rewarded: You must pay him in specie. Madam, give him Love for his Wit.

Enter the Men again.

Bel. Ladies fear nothing, but enter into the Garden house with these Cavaliers——

Mask. Oh that I were a Cavalier too!

[Is going with them]

Bel. Come you back, Sirrah. [Stops him.] Think yourselves as safe as in a Sanctuary, only keep quiet whatever happens.

Fac. Come away then, they are upon us.

[Exeunt all but Bel. and Mask]

Mask. Hark, I hear the Foe coming: Methinks they threaten too, Sir; pray let me go in for a Guard to the Ladies and poor *Beatrix*. I can fight much better where there is a Wall betwixt me and Danger.

Bel. Peace, I have occasion for your Wit to help me to lie.

Mask. Sir, upon the Faith of a Sinner you have had my last Lie already; I have not one more to do me Credit, as I hope to be fav'd, Sir.

Bel. *Victore, Victore*; knock under you Rogue, and confess me Conqueror, and you shall see I'll bring all off.

Enter

The Mock-Astrologer. 357

Enter Don Alonzo and six Servants; with Lights, and Swords drawn.

Alon. Search about there.

Bel. Fear nothing, do but vouch what I shall say.

Mask. For a passive Lie I can yet do something.

Alon. Stand: Who goes there?

Bel. Friends.

Alon. Friends? Who are you?

Bel. Noble Don Alonzo, such as are watching for your good.

Alon. Is it you, Sennor Ingles? Why all this Noise and tumult? Where are my Daughters and my Niece? But the first place, though last nam'd, how came you hither, Sir?

Bel. I came hither——by Astrology, Sir.

Mask. My Master's in, Heavens send him good shipping with his Lie, and all kind Devils stand his Friends.

Alon. How, by Astrology, Sir? Meaning you came hither by Art Magick.

Bel. I say by pure Astrology, Sir; I foresaw by my art, a little after I had left you, that your Niece and Daughters would this Night run a Risque of being carried away from this very Garden.

Alon. O the Wonders of this Speculation!

Bel. Thereupon I call'd immediately for my Sword, and came in all haste to advertise you; but I see there's no resisting Destiny, for just as I was entering the Garden Door, I met the Women with their Gallants all under sail, and outward bound.

Mask. Thereupon what does me he but draws by my advice——

Bel. How now, Mr. Raskal? Are you itching to be in?

Mask. Pray, Sir, let me go snip with you in this Lie, and be not too covetous of Honour? You know I never stood with you; now my Courage is come to me, I cannot resist the Temptation.

Bel. Content; tell on.

Mask. So in short, Sir, we drew, first I, and then my Master; but, being overpower'd, they have escap'd us, so that I think you may go to Bed and trouble your self no further, for gone they are.

Bel.

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Bel. You tell a Lie! you have curtail'd my Invention. You are not fit to invent a Lie for a Bawd, when you would wheedle a young Squire.

Alon. Call up the Officers of Justice, I'll have the Town search'd immediately.

Bel. 'Tis in vain, Sir; I know by my Art you'll never recover 'em: Besides, 'tis an Affront to my Friends and Stars, who have otherwise dispos'd of 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Key is broken in the Garden-door, and the Door lock'd, so that of necessity they must be in the Garden yet.

Alon. Disperse your selves, some into the Wilderness, some into the Allies and some into the Parterre: You *Diego*, go try to get out the Key, and run to the Corridor for his Assistance: In the mean time I'll search the Garden-house myself. *[Exeunt all the Servants but one]*

Mask. I'll be unbetted again if you please, Sir, and let you all the Honour of it. *[To Bellamy]*

Alon. Come Cavalier, let us in together.

Bel. holding him. Hold, Sir, for the love of Heav'n, you are not mad.

Alon. We must leave no Place unsearch'd. A Light there.

Bel. Hold I say, do you know what you are undertaking? and have you arm'd your self with Resolution for such an Adventure?

Alon. What Adventure?

Bel. A Word in private—The place you would go into is full of Enchantments; there are at this time, I ought I know, a Legion of Spirits in it.

Alon. You confound me with Wonder, Sir!

Bel. I have been making there my magical Operation to know the Event of your Daughters flight: And, to perform it rightly, have been forc'd to call up Spirits several Orders: And there they are humming like a Swarm of Bees, some stalking about upon the Ground, some flying, and some sticking upon the Walls like Ro-mice.

Mask. The Devil's in him, he's got off again.

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Alon. Now, Sir, I shall try the truth of your Friendship to me. To confess the Secret of my Soul to you, I have all my Life been curious to see a Devil: And to that purpose have con'd *Agrippa* through and through, and made Experiment of all his Rules, *Pari die & incremento Luna*, and yet could never compass the sight of one of these *Demoniums*: If you will ever oblige me, let me be on this Occasion.

Mask. There's another Storm arising.

Bel. You shall pardon me, Sir, I'll not expose you to that Peril for the World, without due Preparations of Ceremony.

Alon. For that, Sir, I always carry a Talisman about me; that will secure me: And therefore I will venture on, a God's Name, and defie 'em all once. [*Going in.*]

Mask. How the Pox will he get off from this?

Bel. Well, Sir, since you are so resolv'd, send off your servant, that there may be no Noise made on't, and we'll make our venture.

Alon. *Pedro*, leave your Light, and help the Fellows search the Garden. [*Exit Servant.*]

Mask. What does my incomprehensible Master mean?

Bel. Now I must tell you, Sir, you will see that which will very much astonish you, if my Art fail me not. [*Goes to the Door.*] You Spirits and Intelligences that are within there, stand close, and silent, at your Peril, and fear nothing, but appear in your own Shapes, boldly.—*Maskall*, open the Door.

[*Maskall goes to one Side of the Scene, which draws, and discovers* *Theo. Jac. Aur. Beat. Cam. Lop. Wild.* *standing all without Motion in a rank.*]

Now, Sir, what think you?

Alon. They are here, they are here: We need search no farther. Ah you ungracious-Baggages!

[*Going toward them.*]

Bel. Stay, or you'll be torn in pieces: These are the very Shapes I conjur'd up, and truly represent to you in what Company your Niece and Daughters are, this very Moment.

Alon. Why, are they not they? I durst have sworn
that

360 *An EVENING'S LOVE; Or,*

that some of 'em had been my own Flesh and Blood Look; one of them is just like that Rogue your Co-
rade. [Wildblood shakes his Head and frowns at him]

Bel. Do you see how you have provok'd that Eng-
Devil: Take heed of him; if he gets you once into
Clutches:—— [Wildblood embracing Jacinta]

Alon. He seems to have got Possession of the Spirit
of my *Jacinta*, by his hugging her.

Bel. Nay, I imagin'd as much: Do but look upon
Physiognomy, you have read *Baptista Porta*: Has he not
the leer of a very lewd debauch'd Spirit?

Alon. He has indeed: Then there's my Niece *Aurelia*
with the Spirit of *Don Lopez*; but that's well enough
and my Daughter *Theodosia* all alone: Pray how comes that
about?

Bel. She's provided for with a Familiar too: One that
is in this very Room with you, and by your Elbow
but I'll shew you him some other time.

Alon. And that Baggage *Beatrix*, how I would frown
her if I had her here; I'll lay my Life she was in the
Plot for the flight of her Mistresses.

[*Bat. claps her Hands at him*]

Bel. Sir, you do ill to provoke her: For being the
Spirit of a Woman, she is naturally mischievous: You
see she can scarce hold her Hands from you already.

Mask. Let me alone to revenge your Quarrel upon
Beatrix: If e'er she come to Light, I'll take a Course
with her, I warrant you, Sir.

Bel. Now come away, Sir, you have seen enough
The Spirits are in pain whilst we are here: We keep
'em too long condens'd in Bodies: If we were gone, they
would rarifie into Air immediately. *Maskall*, shut the
Door.

[*Maskall goes to the Scene and it closes*]

Alon. *Monstrum hominis!* O Prodigy of Science!

Enter two Servants with Don Melchor.

Bel. Now help me with a Lie, *Maskall*, or we are lost.

Mask. Sir, I could never lie with Man or Woman in
fright.

Ser. Sir, we found this Gentleman bound and gagged
and he desir'd us to bring him to you with all haste im-
aginable.

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Mel. O Sir, Sir, your two Daughters and your Niece—

Bel. They are gone, he knows it: But are you mad, Sir, to set this pernicious Wretch at liberty?

Mel. I endeavour'd all that I was able——

Mask. Now, Sir, I have it for you——[*Aside to his Master.*] He was endeavouring indeed to have got away with 'em: For your Daughter *Theodosia* was his Prize. But we prevented him, and left him in the Condition in which you see him.

Alon. I thought somewhat was the matter, that *Theodosia* had not a Spirit by her, as her Sister had.

Bel. This was he I meant to shew you.

Mel. Do you believe him, Sir?

Bel. No, no, believe him, Sir: You know his Truth, ever since he stole your Daughter's Diamond.

Mel. I swear to you by my Honour. —

Alon. Nay, a Thief I knew him, and yet after that he had the Impudence to ask me for my Daughter.

Bel. Was he so impudent? The Case is plain, Sir, put him quickly into Custody.

Mel. Hear me but one word, Sir, and I'll discover all to you.

Bel. Hear him not, Sir: For my Art assures me if he speaks one Syllable more, he will cause great Mischief.

Alon. Will he so? I'll stop my Ears, away with him.

Mel. Your Daughters are yet in the Garden, hidden by this Fellow and his Accomplices.

Alon. at the same time drowning him. I'll stop my Ears, I'll stop my Ears.

Bel. Mask. at the same time also. A Thief, a Thief, away with him. [Servants carry Melchor off struggling.]

Alon. He thought to have born us down with his confidence.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. Sir, with much ado we have got out the Key and open'd the Door.

Alon. Then, as I told you, run quickly to the Corrigitor, and desire him to come hither in Person to examine this Malefactor. [Wildblood sneezes within.] Hark, what noise is that within? I think one Sneezes.

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Q

Bel.

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Bel. One of the Devils I warrant you has got a Cold with being so long out of the Fire.

Alon. Bless his Devilship, as I may say.

[*Wildblood sneezes again*]

Ser. to Don Alonzo. This is a Man's Voice; do not suffer your self to be deceiv'd so grossly, Sir.

Mask. A Man's Voice, that's a good one indeed! that you should live to these Years, and yet be so silly as not to know a Man from a Devil.

Alon. There's more in't than I imagin'd: Hold up your Torch and go in first, *Pedro*, and I'll follow you.

Mask. No, let me have the Honour to be your Usher.

[*Takes the Torch and goes in*]

Mask. within. Help, help, help!

Alon. What's the Matter?

Bel. Stir not upon your Life, Sir.

[*Enter Maskall again without the Torch.*]

Mask. I was no sooner enter'd, but a huge Giant seized my Torch, and fell'd me along, with the very whiff of his Breath as he past by me.

Alon. Bless us!

Bel. at the Door to them within. Pass out now while you have time in the dark: The Officers of Justice will be here immediately, the Garden-door is open for you.

Alon. What are you muttering there, Sir?

Bel. Only dismissing these Spirits of Darknes, that they may trouble you no further: Go out, I say.

[*They all come out upon the Stage, grooping their way. Wildblood falls into Alonzo's Hands.*]

Alon. I have caught some Body; are these your Spirits? Another Light quickly, *Pedro*.

Mask. slipping between Alonzo and Wildblood. 'Tis Maskall you have caught, Sir; do you mean to strangle me that you press me so hard between your Arms?

Alon. letting Wildblood go. Is it thee, *Maskall*? I did have sworn it had been another.

Bel. Make haste now, before the Candle comes.

[*Aurelia falls into Alonzo's Arms*]

Alon. Now I have another.

Anr. 'Tis *Maskall* you have caught, Sir.

The Mock-ASTROLOGER. 363

Alon. No, I thank you Niece, this Artifice is too
ols! I know your Voice a little better. What ho,
ing Lights there.

Bel. Her Impertinence has ruin'd all.

Enter Servants with Lights and Swords drawn.

Serv. Sir, the Corigidor is coming according to your
fire: In the mean time we have secur'd the Garden
doors.

Alon. I am glad on't: I'll make some of 'em severe
examples.

Wild. Nay, then as we have liv'd merrily, so let us
together: But we'll shew the Don some Sport first.

Theo. What will become of us!

Fac. We'll die for Company: Nothing vexes me, but
I am not a Man to have one Thrust at that malici-
old Father of mine, before I go.

Lop. Let us break our way through the Corigidor's
d.

Fac. A match i'faith: We'll venture our Bodies with
: You shall put the Baggage in the Middle.

Wild. He that pierces thee, I say no more, but I shall
somewhat angry with him:—[To Alonzo.] In the
an time I arrest you, Sir, in the behalf of this good
company. As the Corigidor uses us, so we'll use you.

Alon. You do not mean to murder me!

Bel. You murder your self, if you force us to it.

Wild. Give me a Razor there, that I may scrape his
eson, that the Bristles may not hinder me, when I
e to cut it.

Bel. What need you bring matters to that Extremity?
have your Ransom in your Hand: Here are three
, and there are three Women; you understand me.

Fac. If not, here's a Sword, and there's a Throat.
understand me.

Alon. This is very hard!

Geo. The Propositions are good, and Marriage is as
ourable as it us'd to be.

Ant. You had best let your Daughters live branded
the Name of Strumpets: For whatever befalls the
that will be sure to be their Share.

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Alon. I can put them into a Nunnery.

All the Women. A Nunnery!

Fac. I would have thee to know, thou graceless Man, that I defie a Nunnery: Name a Nunnery once more, and I disown thee for my Father.

Lop. You know the Custom of the Country, in this case, Sir: 'Tis either Death or Marriage: The Business will certainly be Publick; and if they die, they have sworn you shall bear 'em company.

Alon. Since it must be so, run *Pedro*, and stop the Carrier: Tell him it was only a Carnival Merriment which I mistook for a Rape and Robbery.

Fac. Why now you are a dutiful Father again, and I receive you into grace.

Bel. Among the rest of your Mistakes, Sir, I must direct you to let my Astrology pass for one: My Mathematics, and Art Magick were only a Carnival Device, and now that's ending, I have more mind to deal with the Flesh, than with the Devil.

Alon. No Astrologer! 'tis impossible!

Mask. I have known him, Sir, this seven Years, and dare take my Oath, he has been always an utter Stranger to the Stars: And indeed to any thing that belongs to Heav'n.

Lop. Then I have been cozen'd among the rest.

Theo. And I; but I forgive him.

Beat. I hope you will forgive me, Madam; who have been the Cause on't: but what he wants in Astrology he shall make up to you some other way, I'll pass my Word for him.

Alon. I hope you are both Gentlemen?

Bel. As good as the Cid himself, Sir.

Alon. And for your Religion, right *Romans*——

Wild. As ever was *Marc Anthony*.

Alon. For your Fortunes and Courages——

Mask. They are both desperate, Sir; especially your Fortunes.

Theo. to Bel. You should not have had my Consent soon, but only to revenge my self upon the Falseness of *Don Melchor*.

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Aur. I must avow that Gratitude for Don *Lopez*, is as prevalent with me, as Revenge against Don *Melchor*.

Alon. Lent you know begins to morrow; when that's over Marriage will be proper.

Jac. If I stay till after Lent, I shall be to marry when I have no Love left: I'll not bate you an Ace of to Night, rather; I mean to bury this Man e'er Lent be done, and get me another before *Easter*.

Alon. Well, make a Night on't then. [*Giving his Daughters.*]

Wild. *Jacintha Wildblood*, welcome to me: Since our wars have doom'd it so, we cannot help it: But 'twas meer Trick of Fate to catch us thus at unawares: To draw us in, with a what do you lack, as we pass'd by: Had we once separated to Night, we should have had more Wit, than ever to have met again to morrow.

Jac. 'Tis true, we shot each other flying: We were both upon the Wing, I find; and had we pass'd this Critical minute, I should have gone for the *Indies*, and you for *Greenland* e'er we had met in a Bed, upon consideration.

Mask. You have quarrell'd twice to Night without bloodshed, 'ware the third time.

Jac. *A propos!* I have been retrieving an old Song of a Lover, that was ever quarrelling with his Mistress: I think it will fit our Amour so well, that if you please, I give it you for an Epithalamium: And you shall sing
[*Gives him a Paper.*]

Wild. I never sung in all my Life; nor ever durst try, when I was alone, for fear of braying.

Jac. Just me, up and down; but for a Frolick, let's sing together: For I am sure, if we cannot sing now, we shall never have cause when we are married.

Wild. Begin then; give me my Key, and I'll set my voice to't.

Jac. Fa la, fa la, fa la.

Wild. Fala, fala, fala. Is this your Best, upon the Faith of a Virgin?

Jac. Ay, by the Muses, I am at my Pitch.

Wild. Then do your Worst: And let the Company be large who sings worst.

Jac. Upon Condition the best Singer shall wear the breeches: Prepare to strip, Sir; I shall put you into your Drawers presently.

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Wild. I shall be reveng'd, with putting you into yo
Smock anon; St. George for me.

Fac. St. James for me: Come start, Sir.

S O N G.

Damon. Celimena, of my Heart
None shall e'er bereave you:
If, with your good Leave, I may
Quarrel with you once a Day,
I will never leave you.

Celimena. Passion's but an empty Name,
Where Respect is wanting:
Damon, you mistake your Aim;
Hang your Heart, and burn your Flame,
If you must be ranting.

Damon. Love as dull and muddy is,
As decaying Liquor:
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

Celimena. Love by Quarrels to beget
Wisely you endeavour;
With a grave Physician's Wit,
Who to cure an Ague fit
Put me in a Fever.

Damon. Anger rouses Love to fight,
And his only bait is,
'Tis the Spur to dull Delight,
And is but an eager Bite,
When desire at Height is.

Celimena. If such Drops of Heat can fall
In our Wooing Weather;
If such Drops of Heat can fall,
We shall have the Devil and all
When we come together.

The MOCK-ASTROLOGER. 367

Will. Your Judgment, Gentlemen; a Man, or a Maid?

Bel. And you make no better Harmony after you are married than you have before, you are the miserablest Couple in Christendom.

Will. 'Tis no great matter; if I had had a good Voice he would have spoil'd it before to Morrow.

Bel. When *Maskall* has married *Beatrix*, you may learn of her.

Mask. You shall put her Life into a Lease then.

Will. Upon Condition that when I drop into your House from hunting, I may set my Slippers at your Door, as a *Turk* does at a *Jew's*, that you may not enter.

Theo. And while you refresh your self within, he shall wind the Horn without.

Mask. I'll throw up my Lease first.

Bel. Why, thou would'st not be so impudent, to marry *Beatrix* for thy self only?

Beat. For all his ranting and tearing now, I'll pass my Word he shall degenerate into as tame, and peaceable a Husband as a civil Woman would wish to have.

Enter Don Melchor with a Servant.

Mel. Sir——

Alon. I know what you would say, but your Discove-ry comes too late now.

Mel. Why, the Ladies are found.

Aur. But their Inclinations are lost, I can assure you.

Jac. Look you, Sir, there goes the Game: Your Plate-
Fleet is divided; half for *Spain*, and half for *England*.

Theo. You are justly punish'd for loving two.

Mel. Yet I have the Comfort of a cast Lover: I will think well of my self; and despise my Mistresses. [*Exit.*

D A N C E.

Bel. Enough, enough; let's end the Carnival abed.

Will. And for these Gentlemen, when e'er they try,
May they all speed as soon, and well as I.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

E P I L O G U E.

MY Part being small, I have had time to Day,
 To mark your various Censures of our Play.
 First, looking for a Judgment or a Wit,
 Like Jews I saw 'em scatter'd through the Pit:
 And where a Knot of Smilers lent an Ear
 To one that talk'd, I knew the Foe was there.
 The Club of Fests went round; he who had none,
 Borrow'd o'th' next, and told it for his own:
 Among the rest they kept a fearful stir,
 In whispering that he stole th' Astrologer;
 And said, betwixt a French and English Plot
 He eas'd his half-tir'd Muse, on Pace and Trot.
 Up starts a Monsieur, new come o'er; and warm
 In the French Stoop; and the Pull-back o'th' Arm;
 Morbleu dit il, and cocks, I am a Rogue
 But he has quite spoil'd the feign'd Astrologue.
 'Pox, says another; here's so great a stir
 With a Son of a Whore, Farce that's regular,
 A Rule where nothing must decorum shock!
 Dam' me 'ts as dull as Dining by the Clock.
 An Evening! Why the Devil should we be vext,
 Whether he gets the Wench this Night or next?
 When I heard this, I to the Poet went,
 Told him the House was full of Discontent,
 And ask'd him what Excuse he could invent.
 He neither swore or storm'd, as Poets do,
 But, most unlike an Author, 'twas true.
 Yet said, he us'd the French like Enemies,
 And did not steal their Plots, but made 'em Prize.
 But should he all the Pains and Charges count
 Of taking 'em, the Bill so high wou'd mount
 That, like Prize-goods, which through the Office come,
 He could have had 'em much more cheap at home.
 He still must write; and Banquier-like, each Day
 Accept new Bills, and he must break, or pay.
 When through his Hands such Sums must yearly run,
 You cannot think the Stock is all his own.
 His haste his other Errors might excuse;
 But there's no Mercy for a guilty Muse:
 For, like a Mistress, she must stand or fall,
 And please you to a keighth, or not at all.

TYRANNICK LOVE;

OR, THE

Royal Martyr.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATER - ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Non jam prima peto——neque vincere certo;

Extremum rediisse pudet——

Virg.



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REVOLUTIONARY

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To the most Illustrious PRINCE,

JAMES *Duke of* MONMOUTH
and BUCCLUGH,

*One of His Majesty's most Honourable
Privy-Council; and Knight of the
most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

S I R,



THE favourable Reception which your
Excellent Lady afforded to one of
my former Plays, has encourag'd me
to double my Presumption, in ad-
dressing this to your Grace's Patro-
nage. So dangerous a thing it is to
admit a Poet into your Family, that you can ne-
ver afterwards be free from the Chiming of ill
Verses, perpetually sounding in your Ears, and
more troublesome than the Neighbourhood of
Steeple. I have been favourable to my self in
this Expression; a zealous Fanatick would have
gone farther; and have called me the Serpent,
who first presented the Fruit of my Poetry to
the Wife, and so gain'd the Opportunity to se-
duce the Husband. Yet I am ready to a-
know a Crime so advantagious to me; but the
World, which will condemn my Boldness, I am
sure will justifie and applaud my Choice. All
Men will join with me in the Adoration which
pay you; they would wish only I had brought
you

The Epistle Dedicatory.

you a more noble Sacrifice. Instead of an Heroick Play, you might justly expect an Heroick Poem, filled with the past Glories of your Ancestors, and the future Certainities of your own. Heaven has already taken care to form you for an Heroe. You have all the Advantages of Mind and Body, and an Illustrious Birth, conspiring to render you an extraordinary Person. The *Achilles* and the *Rinaldo* are present in you, even above their Originals; you only want a *Homer* or a *Tasso* to make you equal to them. Youth, Beauty, and Courage (all which you possess in the height of their Perfection) are the most desirable Gifts of Heaven: And Heaven is never prodigal of such Treasures, but to some uncommon Purpose. So goodly a Fabrick was never framed by an Almighty Architect for a vulgar Guest. He shewed the Value which he set upon your Mind, when he took care to have it so Nobly, and so Beautifully lodg'd. To a graceful Manner and Deportment of Body, you have joined a winning Conversation, and an easie Greatness, derived to you from the Best, and best-belov'd of Princes. And with a great Power of obliging, the World has observed in you, a Desire to oblige, even beyond your Power. This, and all that I can say on so excellent and large a Subject, is only History, in which Fiction has no Part; I can employ nothing of Poetry in it, any more than I do in that humble Protestation which I make, to continue ever

Your GRACE's most Obedient

and most devoted Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



T H E

P R E F A C E.



I Was mov'd to write this Play by many Reasons: Amongst others, the Commands of some Persons of Honour, for whom I have a most particular Respect, were daily sounding in my Ears, that it would be of good Example to undertake a Poem of this Nature. Neither were my own Inclinations wanting to second their Desires. I considered that Pleasure was not the only End of Poesie; And that even the Instructions of Morality were not so wholly the Business of a Poet, as that the Precepts and Examples of Piety were to be omitted. For to leave that Employment altogether to the Clergy, were to forget that Religion was first taught in Verse: (which the Lazyness or Dulness of succeeding Priesthood, turn'd afterwards into Prose.) And it were also to grant, (which I never shall) that Representations of this kind may not as well be conducing to Holiness, as good Manners. Yet far be it from me, to compare the use of Dramatick Poesie with that of Divinity: I only maintain, against the Enemies of the Stage, that Patterns of Piety, decently Represented, and equally Remov'd from the Extreame of Superstition and Prophaneness, may be of excellent Use

P R E F A C E.

Use to second the Precepts of our Religion. By the Harmony of Words we elevate the Mind to a Sense of Devotion, as our solemn Musick, which is intricate Poesie, does in Churches. And by the lively Images of Piety, adorn'd by Action, through the Senses allure the Soul: Which while it is charmed in a silent Joy of what it sees and hears is struck at the same time with a secret Veneration of Things Celestial; and is wound up insensibly into the Practice of that which it admires. Now, instead of this, we sometimes see on our Theatres the Examples of Vice rewarded, or at least unpunish'd; yet it ought not to be an Argument against the Art, any more than the Extravagances and Impieties of the Pulpit in the late Times of Rebellion, can be against the Office and Dignity of the Clergy.

But many times it happens, that Poets are wrongfully accus'd; as it is my own Case in this very Play; where I am charg'd by some ignorant or malicious Persons, with no less Crimes than Profaneness and Irreligion.

The Part of Maximin, against which these bold Criticks so much declaim, was designed by me to set off the Character of St. Catharine. And those who have read The Roman History, may easily remember, that Maximin was not only a bloody Tyrant, vastus corpore, animo ferus, as Herodian describes him; but also a Persecutor of the Church against which he raised the Sixth Persecution. So that whatsoever he speaks or acts in this Tragedy, is no more than a Record of his Life and Manners; a Picture as near as I could take it, from the Original. If with much Pains, and some Success, I have drawn a deform'd Piece, there is as much of Art, and as near an Imitation of Nature, in

Lazar

P R E F A C E.

Lazare as in a Venus. Maximin was an Hea-
then, and what he speaks against Religion, is in
Contempt of that which he profess'd. He defies the
Gods of Rome, which is no more than St. Catha-
rine might with Decency have done. If it be ur-
ged, that a Person of such Principles who scoffs at
any Religion, ought not to be presented on the
Stage; why then are the Lives and Sayings of so
many wicked and prophane Persons, recorded in the
Holy Scriptures? I know it will be answer'd, That
due Use may be made of them; that they are re-
membered with a Brand of Infamy fixt upon them;
and set as Sea-marks for those who behold them to
avoid. And what other Use have I made of Maxi-
min? have I propos'd him as a Pattern to be imi-
tated, whom, even for his Impiety to his false Gods,
have so severely punished? Nay, as if I had fore-
seen this Objection, I purposely remov'd the Scene
of the Play which ought to have been at Alexan-
dia in Egypt, (where St. Catharine suffer'd) and
set it under the Walls of Aquileia in Italy, where
Maximin was slain: That the Punishment of his
Crime might immediately succeed its Execution.
This, Reader, is what I ow'd to my just De-
ference, and the due Reverence of that Religion which
I profess, to which all Men, who desire to be esteem-
ed Good or Honest, are oblig'd: I have neither Lei-
sure nor Occasion to write more largely on this Sub-
ject, because I am already justified by the Sentence
of the best and most discerning Prince in the World,
and the Suffrage of all unbiass'd Judges; and above
all, by the Witness of my own Conscience, which
abhors the Thought of such a Crime; to which I
will leave to add my outward Conversation, which
shall never be justly tax'd with the Note of A-
theism or Prophaneness.

In

P R E F A C E.

In what else concerns the Play, I shall be brief: For the Faults of the Writing and Contrivance, I leave them to the Mercy of the Reader. For I am as little apt to defend my own Errors, as to find those of other Poets. Only I observe, that the great Censors of Wit and Poetry, either produce nothing of their own, or what is more ridiculous than any thing they reprehend. Much of ill Nature, and a very little Judgment, go far in finding the Mistakes of Writers.

I pretend not that any thing of mine can be correct: This Poem, especially, which was contrived and written in seven Weeks, though afterwards hindred by many Accidents from a speedy Representation, which would have been its best Excuse.

Yet the Scenes are every where unbroken, and the Unities of Place and Time more exactly kept, than perhaps is requisite in a Tragedy; or at least, than I have since preserv'd them in the Conquest of Granada.

I have not every where observed the Equality of Numbers, in my Verse; partly by reason of my haste; but more especially, because I would not have my Sense a Slave to Syllables.

'Tis easie to discover, that I have been very bold in my Alteration of the Story, which of it self was too barren for a Play: And, that I have taken from the Church two Martyrs, in the Persons of Porphyrius, and the Empress, who suffer'd for the Christian Faith, under the Tyranny of Maximin.

I have seen a French Play, called the Martyrdom of St. Catharine: But those who have read it, will soon clear me from stealing out of so dull an Author. I have only borrow'd a Mistake from him, of one Maximin for another: For finding him in the

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French Poet, call'd the Son of a Thracian
 Craftsman, and an Alane Woman, I too easily be-
 liev'd him to have been the same Maximin menti-
 on'd in Herodian. Till afterwards, consulting Eu-
 sebius and Metaphrastes, I found the Frenchman
 had betrayed me into an Error (when it was too
 late to alter it) by mistaking that first Maximin for
 the second, the Contemporary of Constantine the
 Great, and one of the Usurpers of the Eastern Em-
 pire.

But neither was the other Name of my Play
 more Fortunate: For, as some, who had heard of
 the Tragedy of St. Catharine, imagin'd I had taken
 my Plot from thence; so others, who had heard of
 another Play called L'Amour Tyrannique, with
 the same Ignorance, accus'd me to have borrow'd
 my Design from it, because I have accidentally gi-
 ven my Play the same Title; not having to this Day
 seen it: And knowing only by Report, that such a
 Comedy is extant in French, under the Name of
 Monsieur Scudery.

As for what I have said of Astral or Aerial Spi-
 rits, it is no Invention of mine, but taken from those
 who have written on that Subject. Whether there
 be such Beings or not, it concerns not me; 'tis
 sufficient for my Purpose, that many have believ'd
 the Affirmative: And that these Heroick Representa-
 tions, which are of the same Nature with the Epick,
 are not limited, but with the extreamest Bounds of
 what is credible.

For the little Criticks, who pleas'd themselves
 with thinking, they have found a Flaw in that Line
 of the Prologue, (And he who servilely creeps af-
 ter Sense, is safe, &c.) as if I patroniz'd my own
 Conscience, I may reasonably suppose they have never
 read

P R E F A C E.

read Horace. *Serpit humi tutus, &c.* are Words: He, who creeps after plain, dull, common Sense, is safe from committing Absurdities; but can never reach any height, or excellence of Wit. And sure I could not mean, that any Excellencies were to be found in Nonsense. With the same Ignorance or Malice, they would accuse me for using empty Arms, when I writ of a Ghost or Shadow Which has only the Appearance of a Body or Limb, and is empty or void of Flesh and Blood; and *vacuum amplectitur ulnis*, was an Expression of Ovid's on the same subject. Some Fool before them, has charg'd me in The Indian Emperor with Nonsense in these Words, And follow Fate, which does too fast pursue. Which was borrow'd from Virgil, in the sixth of his *Æneids*, *Eludit gyros anterior, sequiturque sequentem*. I quote not this to prove, that I never write Nonsense; but only shew, that they are so unfortunate as not to have found it.





PROLOGUE.

Self-Love (*which never rightly understood*)
Makes Poets still conclude their Plays are good,
And Malice in all Criticks, reigns so high,
That for small Errors, they whole Plays decry;
That to see this Fondness, and that Spite,
You'd think that none but Mad-men judge or write.
Therefore our Poet, as he thinks not fit
To impose upon you, what he writes, for Wit;
He hopes, that leaving you your Censures free,
You equal Judges of the whole will be:
They judge but half, who only Faults will see.
Poets like Lovers, should be bold and dare,
They spoil their Business with an Over-care.
And he who servilely creeps after Sense,
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an Excellence.
Hence 'tis our Poet, in his Conjuring,
Allow'd his Fancy the full Scope and Swing.
But when a Tyrant for his Theme he had,
He loos'd the Reins, and bid his Muse run mad:
And though he stumbles in a full Career;
Yet Rashness is a better Fault than Fear.
He saw his Way; but in so swift a Pace,
To chuse the Ground, might be to lose the Race.
They then, who of each Trip th' Advantage take,
And but those Faults, which they want Wit to make.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Maximin, *Tyrant of Rome*, Major Mohun.
Porphyrius, *Captain of the Pre-* } Mr. Hart.
torian Bands,
Charinus, *the Emperor's Son*, Mr. Harris.
Placidius, *a great Officer*. Mr. Kynaston.
Valerius, } *Tribunes of the* } Mr. Lydal.
Albinus, } *Army*, } Mr. Littlewood.
Nigrinus, *a Tribune and Con-* } Mr. Beeston.
jurer,
Amariel, *Guardian-Angel to* } Mr. Bell.
St. Catharine,
Apollonius, *a Heathen Phi-* } Mr. Cartwright.
losopher,

W O M E N.

Berenice, *Wife to Maximin*, Mrs. Marshal.
Valeria, *Daughter to Maximin*, Mrs. Ellen Guyn.
St. Catharine, *Princess of A-* } Mrs. Bowtel.
lexandria,
Felicia, *her Mother*, Mrs. Knepp.
Erotion, } *Attendants*, } Mrs. Uphill.
Cydnon, } Mrs. Eastland.

SCENE the Camp of Maximin, under
the Walls of Aquileia.

TYRAN



TYRANNICK LOVE; OR, THE Royal Martyr.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE *a Camp or Pavilion Royal.*

*Enter Maximin, Charinus, Placidius, Albinus,
Valerius, Apollonius, and Guards.*

MAXIMIN.

THUS far my Arms have with Success been
crown'd; [they found.
And found no Stop, or vanquish'd what
The *German* Lakes my Legions have o'er-
past,
With all the Bars which Art or Nature cast:
My Foes, in watry Fastnesses inclos'd,
I fought, alone, to their whole War expos'd.
Did first the Depth of trembling Marshes found,
And fix'd my Eagles in unfaithful Ground:

By

382 T Y R A N N I C K L O V E ; O r ,

By Force submitted to the *Roman* Sway
Fierce Nations, and unknowing to obey:
And now, for my Reward, ungrateful *Rome*,
For which I fought abroad, rebels at home

Alb. Yet 'tis their Fear which does this War maintain
They cannot brook a Martial Monarch's Reign:
Your Valour would their Sloth too much accuse;
And therefore, like themselves, they Princes chuse.

Plac. Two tame gown'd Princes, who at ease debate,
In lazy Chairs, the Business of the State:
Who reign, but while the People they can please,
And only know the little Arts of Peace.

Char. In Fields they dare not fight, where Honour calls
But breathe a faint Defiance from their Walls.
The very Noise of War their Souls does wound;
They quake, but hearing their own Trumpets sound.

Val. An easie Summons but for Form they wait,
And to your Fame will open wide the Gate.

Plac. I wish our Fame that swift Success may find;
But Conquests, Sir, are easily design'd:
However soft within themselves they are,
To you they will be valiant by Despair:
For having once been Guilty, well they know
To a revengeful Prince they still are so.

Alb. 'Tis true, that, since the Senates Succours came,
They grow more bold.

Max. — That Senate's but a Name:
Or they are Pageant Princes which they make;
That Pow'r they give away, they would partake.
Two equal Pow'rs, two different Ways will draw,
While each may check, and give the other Law.
True, they secure Propriety and Peace;
But are not fit an Empire to increase.
When they should Aid their Prince, the Slaves dispute;
And fear Success should make him absolute.
They let Foes conquer, to secure the State,
And lend a Sword, whose Edge themselves rebate.

Char. When to increase the Gods you late are gone,
I'll swiftly chuse to die, or reign alone:
But these half Kings our Courage cannot fright;
The thrifty State will bargain e'er they fight:

just so much for every Victory;
rather lose a Fight, than over-buy.

Max. Since all Delays are dangerous in War,
our Men, *Albinus*, for Assault prepare;

Spinus and *Menephilus*, I hear
two Consulars, these *Aquileians* cheer;

whom they may, if we protract the time,
taught the Courage to defend their Crime.

Plac. Put off th' Assault but only for this Day:
Loss can come by such a small Delay.

Char. We are not sure to Morrow will be ours:
ours have, like Love, their favourable Hours:

let us use all; for if we lose one Day;
that white one, in the Crowd, may slip away.

Max. Fate's dark Recesses we can never find;
that Fortune at some Hours to all is kind;
the lucky have whole Days, which still they chuse;
the unlucky have but Hours, and those they loose.

Plac. I have consulted one, who reads Heav'n's Doom,
and sees, as present, things which are to come.

Is that *Nigrinus*, made by your Command
Tribune in the new *Parthian* Band.

him have I seen, (on *Ister's* Banks he stood,
where last we winter'd) bind the head-long Flood
sudden Ice; and where most swift it flows,
crystal Nets, the wond'ring Fishes close.
then, with a Moment's Thaw, the Streams enlarge,
and from the Mesh the twinkling Guests discharge.

a deep Vale, or near some ruin'd Wall
he would the Ghosts of slaughter'd Soldiers call;
who, slow, to wounden Bodies did repair,
and loath to enter, shiver'd in the Air;
these his dread Wand did to short Life compel,
and forc'd the Fates of Battels to foretel.

Max. 'Tis wond'rous strange! But, good *Placidius*, say,
What prophecies *Nigrinus* of this Day?

Plac. In a lone Tent, all hung with black, I saw
where in a Square he did a Circle draw:
four Angles, made by that Circumference,
more holy Words inscrib'd. of mystick Sense.

When

384 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

When first a hollow Wind began to blow,
The Sky grew black, and belly'd down more low,
Around the Fields did nimble Lightning play,
Which offer'd us by fits, and snatch'd the Day.
'Midst this, was heard the shrill and tender Cry
Of well-pleas'd Ghosts, which in the Storm did fly;
Danc'd to and fro, and skim'd along the Ground,
'Till to the Magick Circle they were bound.
They coursing it, while we were fenc'd within,
We saw this dreadful Scene of Fate begin.

Char. Speak without fear; what did the Vision shew?

Plac. A Curtain drawn presented to our view,
A Town besieg'd; and on the neigh'ring Plain
Lay heaps of visionary Soldiers slain.

A rising Mist obscur'd the gloomy Head
Of one, who in Imperial Robes lay dead.
Near this, in Fetters stood a Virgin, crown'd;
Whom many *Cupids* strove in vain to wound:
A Voice, To Morrow, still to Morrow rung:
Another *Io*; *Io*, *Paan* sung.

Char. Visions and Oracles still doubtful are,
And ne'er expounded till th'event of War.
The Gods fore-knowledge on our Swords will wait:
If we fight well, they must fore-shew good Fate.

To them a Centurion.

Cent. A rising Dust which troubles all the Air,
And this way travels, shews some Army near.

Char. I hear the Sound of Trumpets from afar.

[Exit Albinus]

Max. It seems the voice of Triumph, not of War.

To them Albinus again.

Alb. Health and Success our Emperor attends:
The Forces marching on the Plain, are Friends.
Porphyrius, whom you *Ægypt's* Prætor made,
Is come from *Alexandria* to your Aid.

Max. It well becomes the Conduct and the Care
Of one so fam'd and fortunate in War.
You must resign, *Placidius*, your Command
To him I promis'd the Prætorian Band.
Your Duty in your swift Compliance show,
I will provide some other Charge for you.

Plac. May *Cæsar's* Pleasure ever be obey'd
With that Submission, which by me is paid.—
Now all the Curses Envy ever knew,
Could invent, *Porphyrius* pursue.

[*Aside.*

Alb. *Placidius* does too tamely bear his Loss;

[*To Charinus.*

His new Pretender will all Pow'r ingross:
Things must now by his Direction move;
And you, Sir, must resign your Father's Love.

Char. Yes; every Name to his Repute must bow;
There grow no Bays for any other Brow.

He blasts my early Honour in the Bud,
Like some tall Tree the Monster of the Wood,
Shading all which under him would grow,
Sheds his Venome on the Plants below.

Alb. You must some noble Action undertake;
Equal with his your own Renown to make.

Char. I am not for a slothful Envy born,
Nor do't this Day, in the dire Vision's Corn.
We come: We two, like the twin Stars appear;
To shine together in one Sphere.

[*Exit cum Alb.*

Enter Porphyrius attended.

Max. *Porphyrius*, welcome, welcome as the Light
Of cheerful Birds; or as to Lovers, Night.
Welcome as what thou bring'st me, Victory.

Tor. That waits, Sir, on your Arms, and not on me.
You left a Conquest more than half achiev'd;
And for whose Ease I almost griev'd.

For us only the *Ægyptian* Laurels are;
Bringing you but the Reliques of your War.

The Christian Princess, to receive your Doom,
From her conquer'd *Alexandria* come.

Her Mother in another Vessel sent,
Storm surpriz'd; nor know I the Event:

And from your Bounty must receive their State;
Must on your triumphant Chariot wait.

Max. From me they can expect no Grace, whose Minds
By execrable Superstition blinds.

[*mand,*

Pol. The Gods, who rais'd you to the World's Com-
mand, require these Victims from your grateful Hand.

OL. II.

R

Tor.

386 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Por. To Minds resolv'd, the Threats of Death are vain;
They run to Fires, and there enjoy their Pain:
Not *Mucius* made more haste his Hand t' expose
To greedy Flames, than their whole Bodies those.

Max. How, to their own Destruction, they are blind!
Zeal is the pious Madness of the Mind.

Por. They all our fam'd Philosophers defie;
And would our Faith by force of Reason try.

Apol. I beg it, Sir, by all the Pow'rs Divine,
That in their right, this Combat may be mine.

Max. It shall; and fifty Doctors of our Laws,
Be added to you, to maintain the Cause.

*Enter Berenice the Empress, Valeria Daughter to the
Emperor, Erotion.*

Plac. The Empress and your Daughter, Sir, are here.

Por. What Dangers in those charming Eyes appear!

[Looking on the Empress]

How my old Wounds are open'd at this view!

And in my Murd'rer's Presence bleed anew!

Max. I did expect your coming, to partake. *[To the Ladies]*
The general gladness which my Triumphs make,
You did *Porphyrius* as a Courtier know,
But as a Conqueror behold him now.

Ber. You know *[I read it in your blushing Face]* To *Por*
To merit, better than receive a Grace:

And I know better silently to own,
Than with vain words to pay your Service done.

Por. Princes, like Gods, reward e're we deserve;

[Kneeling to kiss her Hand]

And pay us in permitting us to serve.

O might I still grow here, and never move! *[Lamenting]*

Ber. How dangerous are these Ecstasies of Love!

He shews his Passion to a thousand Eyes!

He cannot stir, nor can I bid him rise!

That Word my Heart refuses to my Tongue! *[Alas]*

Max. Madam, you let the General kneel too long.

Por. Too long! as if Eternity were so! *[Alas]*

Ber. Rise, good *Porphyrius*, *[since it must be so.]* *[Alas]*

Por. Like Hermits from a Vision I retire;
With Eyes too weak to see what I admire. *[Alas]*

The ROYAL MARTYR. 387

Val. The Empress knows your Worth; but, Sir, there
be *[To Porphyrius, who kisses her Hand.*

Those who can value it as high as she.

And 'tis but just (since in my Father's Cause
You fought) your Valour should have my Applause.

Plac. O Jealousie, how art thou Eagle-ey'd!
She loves; and would her Love in Praises hide:

How am I bound this Rival to pursue,
Who ravishes my Love and Fortune too! *[Aside.*

[A dead March within, and Trumpets.
Max. Somewhat of mournful, sure, my Ears does wound;
Like the hoarse murmurs of a Trumpet's sound,
And Drums unbrac'd, with Soldiers broken Cries.

Enter Albinus.

Albinus, whence proceeds this dismal Noise?

Alb. Too soon you'll know what I want words to tell.

Max. How fares my Son? Is my *Charinus* well?

Not answer me! Oh my prophetick Fear!

Alb. How can I speak; or how, Sir, can you hear?

Imagine that which you would most deplore,
And that which I would speak, is it, or more.

Max. Thy mournful Message in thy Looks I read:
He (oh that I live to ask it) dead?

Alb. Sir ——— *[last:*

Max. Stay; if thou speak'st that word, thou speak'st thy
Some God now, if he dares, relate what's past:
But he's dead, that God shall mortal be.

Alb. Then, what I dare not speak, look back and see.
[Charinus born in dead by Soldiers.

Max. See nothing, Eyes, henceforth, but Death and Wo,
You've done me the worst Office you can do.

You've shown me Destiny's prepos't'rous Crime;
A unripe Fate; disclos'd ere Nature's time.

Plac. Asswage, great Prince, your Passion, lest you show
There's somewhat in your Soul which Fate can bow.

Por. Fortune should by your Greatness be controul'd:
In your great Mind, and let her take no hold.

Max. To tame Philosophers teach Constancy;
There is no farther use of it in me.

Alb. (but why name I you!

388 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

All that was worth a Pray'r to you is gone:)
I ask not back my Virtue, but my Son.

Alb. His too great Thirst of Fame his Ruin brought.
Though, Sir, beyond all human Force he fought.

Plac. This was my Vision of this fatal Day!

Alb. With a fierce haste he led our Troops the way:
While fiery Show'rs of Sulphur on him rain'd;
Nor left he, till the Battlements he gain'd:
There with a Forest of their Darts he strove;
And stood like *Capaneus* defying *Jove*.
With his broad Sword the Boldest beating down,
While Fate grew pale lest he should win the Town.
And turn'd the Iron Leaves of its dark Book,
To make new Dooms; or mend what it mistook.
Till fought by many Deaths, he sunk though late,
And by his Fall asserted doubtful Fate.

Val. Oh my dear Brother! whom Heav'n let us see,
And would not longer suffer him to be!

Max. And didst not thou a Death with Honour chuse,
[To *Alb.*

But impudently liv'st to bring this News?
After his Loss how did'st thou dare to breath?
——But thy base Ghost shall follow him in death.

A Decimation I will strictly make
Of all, who my *Charinus* did forsake.
And of each Legion, each Centurion
Shall die:——*Plac. ius*, see my Pleasure done.

Por. Sir, you will lose, by this Severity,
Your Soldiers Hearts.

Max. ——Why, they take Pay to die.

Por. Then spare *Albinus* only.

Max. ——I consent

To leave his Life to be his Punishment.
Discharg'd from Trust; branded with Infamy
Let him live on, till he ask leave to die.

Ber. Let me petition for him.

Max. ——I have said:

And will not be intreated, but obey'd.
But, Empress, whence does your Compassion grow?

Ber. You need not ask it, since my Birth you know.

Th

The Race of *Antonines* was nam'd the Good:
I draw my Pity from my Royal Blood.

Max. Still must I be upbraided with your Line?
I know you speak it in Contempt of mine.
But your late Brother did not prize me less,
Because I could not boast of Images.
And the Gods own'd me more, when they decreed
A *Thracian* Shepherd should your Line succeed.

Ber. The Gods! O do not name the Pow'rs divine,
They never mingled their Decrees with thine.
My Brother gave me to thee for a Wife,
And for my Dowry thou didst take his Life.

Max. The Gods by many Victories have shown,
That they my Merits and his Death did own.

Ber. Yes: They have own'd it; witness this just Day,
When they begin thy Mischiefs to repay.
See the Reward of all thy wicked Care,
Before thee thy Succession ended there.

Yet, but in part my Brother's Ghost is pleas'd:
Refless till all the groaning World be eas'd.
For me; no other Happiness I own,
Than to have born no Issue to thy Throne.

Max. Provoke my Rage no farther, lest I be
Revenge'd at once upon the Gods and thee.

Por. What horrid Tortures seize my lab'ring Mind! [*Aside.*
O, only excellent of all thy Kind!
To hear thee threatned while I idle stand:
Heav'n! was I born to fear a Tyrant's Hand?

Max. to Ber. Hence from my Sight----thy Blood, if thou
dost stay-----

Ber. Tyrant! too well to that thou know'st the way.
[*Going.*

Por. Let baser Souls from falling Fortunes fly:
I'll pay my Duty to her, though I die. [*Exit leading her.*

Max. What made *Porphyrius* so officious be?
The Action look'd as done in Scorn of me.

Val. It did, indeed, some little Freedom show;
But somewhat to his Services you owe.

Max. Yet, if I thought it his Presumption were ——

Plac. Perhaps he did not your Displeasure hear.

Max. My Anger was too loud, not to be heard.

390 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Plac. I'm loth to think he did it not regard.

Max. How, not regard!

Val. Placinius, you foment,

On too light Grounds, my Father's Discontent.

But when an Action does two Faces wear,

'Tis Justice to believe what is most fair.

I think, that knowing what Respect there rests

For her late Brother in the Soldiers Breasts,

He went to serve the Emp'or: And design'd

Only to calm the Tempest in her Mind,

Lest some Sedition in the Camp should rise.

Max. I ever thought him Loyal as he's wife.

Since therefore all the Gods their might have shown

To rob my Age of a successive Throne;

And you who now remain

The only Issue of my former Bed,

In Empire cannot by your Sex succeed:

To bind *Porphyrius* firmly to the State,

I will this Day my *Cesar* him create:

And, Daughter, I will give him you for Wife.

Val. O Day, the best and happiest of my Life!

Plac. O Day, the most accurst I ever knew! [*Aside.*]

Max. See to my Son perform'd each Funeral due:

Then to the Toils of War we will return,

And make our Enemies our Losses mourn.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Royal Camp.*

Enter Berenice and Porphyrius.

Ber. **P**orphyrius, you too far did tempt your Fate,
In owning her the Emperor does hate.

'Tis true, your Duty to me it became;

But, praising that, I must your Conduct blame.

Por. Not to have own'd my Zeal at such a time,
Were to Sin higher than your Tyrant's Crime.

Ber.

Ber. 'Twas too much, my Disgrace t'accompany;
A silent Wish had been enough for me.

Por. Wishes are Aids faint Servants may supply,
Who ask Heav'n for you what themselves deny.
Could I do less than my Respect to pay,
Where I before had giv'n my Heart away?

Ber. You fail in that Respect you seem to bear,
When you speak Words unfit for me to hear.

Por. Yet you did once accept those Vows I paid.

Ber. Those Vows were then to *Berenice* made;
But cannot now be heard without a Sin,
When offer'd to the Wife of *Maximin*.

Por. Has, then, the Change of Fortune chang'd your Will?
Ah! why are you not *Berenice* still?

To *Maximin* you once declar'd your Hate;
Your Marriage was a Sacrifice to th' State:
Your Brother made it to secure his Throne,
Which this Man made a step to mount it on.

Ber. Whatever *Maximin* has been, or is,
I am to bear, since Heav'n has made me his.
For Wives, who must themselves of Pow'r divest,
When they love blindly, for their Peace love best.

Por. If mutual Love be vow'd when Faith you plight,
Then he, who forfeits first, has lost his Right.

Ber. Husbands a forfeiture of Love may make;
But what avails the Forfeit none can take?
As in a general Wreck

The Pirate sinks with his ill-gotten Gains,
And nothing to another's use remains:
So, by his Loss, no Gain to you can fall:
The Sea, and vast Destruction swallows all.

Por. Yet he, who from the Shore, the Wreck descries,
May lawfully enrich him with the Prize.

Ber. Who sees the Wreck, can yet no Title plead,
Till he be sure the Owner first is dead.

Por. If that be all the Claim I want to Love,
This Pirate of your Heart I'll soon remove;
And, at one Stroke, the World and you set free.

Ber. Leave to the Care of Heav'n that World and me.

Por. Heav'n as its instrument my Courage sends.

Ber. Heav'n ne'er sent those who fight for private Ends,

392 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

We both are bound by Trust, and must be true;
I to his Bed, and to his Empire you.

For he who to the Bad betrays his Trust,
Though he does good, becomes himself unjust.

Por. When *Brutus* did from *Caesar* Rome redeem,
The Act was good.

Ber. ——— But was not good in him.

You see the Gods adjudg'd it Parricide,
By dooming the Event on *Caesar*'s Side.

'Tis Virtue not to be oblig'd at all;
Or not conspire our Benefactor's Fall.

Por. You doom me then to suffer all this Ill,
And yet I doom my self to love you still.

Ber. Dare not *Porphyrus* suffer then with me,
Since what for him, I for my self decree?

Por. How can I bear those Grievs you disapprove?

Ber. To ease 'em, I'll permit you still to love.

Por. T'is at will but haste my Death, if you think fit
Not to reward, but barely to permit.

Love without Hope does like a Torture wound,
Which makes me reach in pain, to touch the Ground.

Ber. If Hope, then, to your Life so needful be,
Hope still.

Por. ——— Blest News!

Ber. ——— But hope, in Heav'n, not me.

Por. Love is too noble such Deceits to use.
Referring me to Heav'n, your Gift I lose.
So Princes cheaply may our Wants supply,
When they give that their Treasurers deny.

Ber. Love blinds my Virtue. If I longer stay,
It will grow dark, and I shall lose my Way.

Por. One Kiss from this fair Hand can be no Sin;
I ask not that you gave to *Maximin*.
In full Reward of all the Pains I've past,
Give me but one.

Ber. ——— Then let it be your last.

Por. 'Tis gone!

Like Soldiers prodigal of their Arrears,
One Minute spends the Pay of many Years.

——— Let but one more be added to the Sum,
And pay at once for all my Pains to come.

The ROYAL MARTYR. 393

Ber. Unthrifts will ftarve, if we before-hand give:
[Pulling back her Hand.]

I'll fee you fhall have juft enough to live.

Enter Erotion.

Ero. Madam, the Emperor is drawing near;
And comes, they fay, to feek *Porphyrius* here.

Ber. Alas!

Por. — I will not ask what he intends;
My Life, or Death, alone, on you depends.

Ber. I muft withdraw; but muft not let him know
[Aside.]

How hard the Precepts of my Virtue grow!
But what e'er Fortune is for me design'd,
Sweet Heav'n, be ftill to brave *Porphyrius* kind!

[Exit cum Erotion.]

Por. She's gone unkindly, and refus'd to caft
One Glance to feed me for fo long a Faft.

Enter Maximin, Placidius, and Guards.

Max. *Porphyrius*, fince the Gods have ravish'd one,
Come in you to feek another Son.

Succeed him then in my Imperial State;
Succeed in all, but his untimely Fate.

If I adopt you with no better Grace,
Gardon a Father's Tears, upon my Face,
And give 'em to *Charinus*' Memory:

May they not prove as ominous to thee.

Por. With what Misfortunes Heav'n torments me ftill!
Why muft I be oblig'd to one fo ill?

[Aside.]

Max. Thofe Offers which I made you, Sir, were fuch,
No private Man fhould need to ballance much.

Por. Who durft his Thoughts to fuch Ambition lift?

[Kneeling.]

The Greatnefs of it made me doubt the Gift.

The Distance was fo vaft, that to my View

made the Object feem at firft untrue;

And now 'tis near, the fudden Excellence

ftrikes through, and flafhes on my tender Senfe.

Max. Yet Heav'n and Earth, which fo remote appear,

[Raising him.]

are by the Air, which flows betwixt 'em, near.

394 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

And 'twixt us two my Daughter be the Chain,
One end with me, and one with you remain.

Por. You press me down with such a glorious Fate,
[*Kneeling again.*

I cannot rise against the mighty Weight.

Permit I may retire some little space,

And gather Strength to bear so great a Grace. [*Exit bowing.*

Plac. How Love and Fortune lavishly contend,

Which should *Porphyrus'* Wishes most befriend!

The Midstream's his; I, creeping by the Side,

Am shoulder'd off by his impetuous Tide. [*Aside.*

Enter Valerius hastily.

Val. I hope my Business may my Haste excuse;

For, Sir, I bring you most surprizing News.

The Christian Princess in her Tent confers

With fifty of your learn'd Philosophers;

Whom with such Eloquence she does persuade,

That they are Captives to her Reasons made.

I left 'em yielding up their vanquish'd Cause,

And all the Soldiers shouting her Applause;

Ev'n *Apolonius* does but faintly speak,

Whose Voice the Murmurs of th' Assistants break.

Max. Conduct this Captive Christian to my Tent;

She shall be brought to speedy Punishment.

I must in time some Remedy provide, [*Exit Val.*

Left this contagious Error spread too wide.

Plac. T'infected Zeal you must no Mercy show:

For, from Religion all Rebellions grow.

Max. The silly Crowd, by factious Teachers brought

To think that Faith untrue their Youth was taught,

Run on in new Opinions blindly bold;

Neglect, contempt, and then assault the Old.

Th' infectious Madness seizes every part,

And from the Head distils upon the Heart.

And first they think their Prince's Faith not true,

And then proceed to offer him a New;

Which if refus'd, all Duty from 'em cast,

To their new Faith they make new Kings at last.

Plac. Those Ills by Male-contents are often wrought,

That by their Prince their Duty may be bought.

They

They head those holy Factions which they hate,
To sell their Duty at a dearer Rate.
But, Sir, the Tribune is already here
With your fair Captive.

Max. ——— Bid 'em both appear.

Enter St. Catharine, Valerius, Apollonius, and Guards.

See where she comes with that high Air and Meen,
Which marks, in Bonds, the Greatness of a Queen.

What Pity 'tis! ——— but I no Charms must see

In her who to our Gods is Enemy ———

Fair Foe of Heav'n, whence comes this haughty Pride,
[To her.]

Or is it Frenzy does your Mind misguide
To scorn our Worship, and new Gods to find?

S. Cath. Nor Pride, nor Frenzy, but a settled Mind,
Enlightned from above, my way does mark.

Max. Though Heav'n be clear, the Way to it is dark.

S. Cath. But where our Reason with our Faith does go,
We're both above enlightned, and below.

But Reason with your fond Religion fights,

For many Gods are many Infinites:

This to the first Philosophers was known,

Who, under various Names, ador'd but one.

Though your vain Poets after did mistake,

Who ev'ry Attribute a God did make.

And so obscene their Ceremonies be,

As good Men loath, and *Cato* blush'd to see.

Max. War is my Province; Priest, why stand you mute?

You gain by Heav'n, and therefore should dispute.

Apol. In all Religions, as in ours, there are
Some solid Truths, and some things popular.

The Popular in pleasing Fables lye,

The Truths, in Precepts of Morality.

And these to human Life are of that use,

That no Religion can such Rules produce.

S. Cath. Then let the whole Dispute coneluded be
Betwixt these Rules and Christianity.

Apol. And what more noble can your Doctrine preach,

Than Virtues which Philosophy does teach?

To keep the Passions in severest Awe,

To live to Reason (Nature's greatest Law.)

To

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To follow Virtue, as its own reward;
And Good and Ill, as things without, regard.

S. Cath. Yet few could follow those strict Rules they ^[gave]
For human Life will human Frailties have;
And Love of Virtue is but barren Praise,
Airy as Fame: Nor strong enough to raise
The Actions of the Soul above the Sense.
Virtue grows cold without a Recompence.
We virtuous Acts as Duty do regard;
Yet are permitted to expect Reward.

Apol. By how much more your Faith Reward assures,
So much more frank our Virtue is than yours.

S. Cath. Blind Men! you seek ev'n those Rewards you ^[blame]
But ours are solid; yours an empty Name.
Either to open Praise your Acts you guide,
Or else reward your selves with secret Pride.

Apol. Yet still our moral Virtues you obey;
Ours are the Precepts, though apply'd your Way.

S. Cath. 'Tis true, your Virtues are the same we teach;
But in our Practice they much higher reach.
You but forbid to take another's due;
But we forbid ev'n to desire it too.
Revenge of Injuries you Virtue call;
But we Forgiveness of our Wrongs extol:
Immodest Deeds you hinder to be wrought,
But we proscribe the least immodest Thought.
So much your Virtues are in ours refin'd,
That yours but reach the Actions, ours the Mind.

Max. Answer in short to what you heard her speak. ^[To Apol.]

Apol. Where Truth prevails, all Arguments are weak.
To that convincing Power I must give place:
And with that Truth that Faith I will embrace.

Max. O Traytor to our Gods; but more to me;
Dar'st thou of any Faith but of thy Prince's be?
But sure thou rav'st; thy foolish Error find:
Cast up the Poison that infects thy Mind;
And shun the Torments thou art sure to feel.

Apol. Nor Fire, nor Torture, nor revenging Steel
Can on my Soul the least Impression make:
How gladly, Truth, I suffer for thy sake!

Once

Once I was ignorant of what was so;
But never can abandon Truth I know:
My Martyrdom I to thy Crown prefer;
Truth is a Cause for a Philosopher.

S. Cath. Lose not that Courage which Heav'n does inspire;
[To Apol.]

But fearless go to be baptiz'd in Fire.

Think 'tis a Triumph, not a Danger near:
Give him your Blood; but give him not a Tear.

Go, and prepare my Seat: And hovering be
Near that bright space which is reserv'd for me.

Max. Hence with the Traytor; bear him to his Fate.

Apol. Tyrant, I fear thy Pity, not thy Hate:
A Life Eternal I by Death obtain.

Max. Go, carry him, where he that Life may gain.

[Ex. Apol. Val. and Guards.]

Plac. From this Enchantress all these Ills are come:

You are not safe till you pronounce her Doom.

Each Hour she lives a Legion sweeps away;

She'll make your Army Martyrs in a Day.

Max. 'Tis just: This Christian Sorceress shall die.

Would I had never prov'd her Sorcery:)

Not that her charming Tongue this Change has bred;

I fear 'tis something that her Eyes have said.

I love; and am asham'd it should be seen.

[Aside.]

Plac. Sir, shall she die?

Max. ——— Consider she's a Queen.

Plac. Those Claims in *Cleopatra* ended were.

Max. How many *Cleopatra's* live in her!

[Aside.]

Plac. When you condemn'd her, Sir, she was a Queen.

Max. No, Slave; she only was a Captive then.

S. Cath. My joyful Sentence you defer too long.

Max. I never knew that Life was such a Wrong.

But if you needs will die: — It shall be so.

— Yet think it does from your Perverseness flow.

I then say, indeed, that I in Blood delight;

But you shall find — Haste, take her from my Sight.

— For *Maximin* I have too much confess't:

And for a Lover not enough exprest.

Absent;

Once

398 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Absent, I may her Martyrdom decree;
But one Look more will make that Martyr me.

[Exit S. Cath. guarded]

Plac. What is it, Sir, that shakes your mighty Mind?

Max. Somewhat I am ashamed that thou shouldst find

Plac. If it be Love which does your Soul possess—

Max. Are you my Rival, that so soon you guess?

Plac. Far, mighty Prince, be such a Crime from me;

[Kneeling]

Which, with the Pride, includes Impiety.
Could you forgive it, yet the Gods above
Would never pardon me a Christian Love.

Max. Thou ly'st:—There's not a God inhabits there,
But for this Christian would all Heav'n forswear.

Ev'n *Jove* would try more Shapes her Love to win:
And in new Birds, and unknown Beasts would Sin:
At least, if *Jove* could love like *Maximin*.

Plac. A Captive, Sir, who would a Martyr die?

Max. She courts not Death, but shuns Captivity.
Great Gifts, and greater Promises I'll make;
And what Religion is't, but they can shake?
She shall live high:—Devotion in distress
Is born, but vanishes in Happiness.

[Exit Max]

Plac. *solus*. His Son forgot, his Empress unappeas'd;
How soon the Tyrant with new Love is seiz'd!
Love various Minds does variously inspire:
He stirs in gentle Nature's gentle Fire,
Like that of Incense on the Altars laid:
But raging Flames tempestuous Souls invade.
A Fire which every windy Passion blows;
With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows.
But I accurs'd, who servilely must move;
And sooth his Passion for his Daughter's Love!
Small Hope, 'tis true, attends my mighty Care;
But of all Passions Love does last despair.

[Exit]

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Royal Pavilion.*

Maximin, Placidius, *Guards and Attendants.*

Max. THIS Love that never could my Youth engage,
Peeps out his coward Head to dare my Age.

Where hast thou been thus long, thou sleeping Form,

That wak'st like drowfie Sea-men in a Storm?

A sullen Hour thou chusest for thy Birth:

My Love shoots up in Tempests, as the Earth

Is stirr'd and loosen'd in a blust'ring Wind,

Whose Blasts to waiting Flowers her Womb unbind.

Plac. Forgive me, if I say your Passions are

Too rough, as if in Love you would make War.

But Love is soft——

And with soft Beauty tenderly complies;

In Lips it laughs, and languishes in Eyes.

Max. There let it laugh; or, like an Infant, weep:

cannot such a supple Passion keep.

Mine, stiff with Age, and stubborn as my Arms,

Walks upright; stoops not to, but meets her Charms.

Plac. Yet Fierceness suits not with her gentle Kind;

They brave Assaults; but may be undermin'd.

Max. Till I in those mean Arts am better read,

Court thou, and fawn, and flatter in my stead.

Enter S. Catharine.

She comes; and now, methinks, I could obey:

Her Form glides thro' me, and my Heart gives way:

This Iron Heart, which no Impression took

From Wars, melts down, and runs, if she but look.

[*Exit Maximin.*]

Plac. Madam, I from the Emperor am come

To applaud your Virtue, and reverse your Doom.

He thinks, whatever your Religion be,

This Palm is owing to your Constancy.

S. Cath.

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S. Cath. My Constancy from him seeks no Renown;
Heav'n, that propos'd the Course, will give the Crown.

Plac. But Monarchs are the Gods Vicegerents here;
Heav'n gives Rewards; but what it gives, they bear:
From Heav'n to you th' *Ægyptian* Crown is sent,
Yet 'tis a Prince who does the Gift present.

S. Cath. The Deity I serve, had he thought fit,
Could have preserv'd my Crown unconquer'd yet:
But when his secret Providence design'd
To level that, he levell'd too my Mind;
Which, by contracting its Desires, is taught
The humble quiet of possessing nought.

Plac. To Stoicks leave a Happiness so mean:
Your Virtue does deserve a nobler Scene.
You are not for Obscurity design'd:
But, like the Sun, must cheer all human Kind.

S. Cath. No Happiness can be, where is no Rest:
Th' unknown, untalk'd of Man is only blest.
He, as in some safe Cliff, his Cell does keep,
From thence he views the Labours of the Deep:
The Gold-fraught Vessel which mad Tempests beat,
He sees now vainly make to his Retreat:
And, when from far, the tenth Wave does appear,
Shrinks up in silent Joy, that he's not there.

Plac. You have a Pilot who your Ship secures;
The Monarch both of Earth and Seas is yours.
He who so freely gives a Crown away,
Yet asks no Tribute but what you may pay.
One Smile on him a greater Wealth bestows,
Than *Ægypt* yields, when *Nilus* overflows.

S. Cath. I cannot wholly innocent appear,
Since I have liv'd such Words as these to hear.
O Heav'n, which dost of Chastity take care!——

Plac. Why do you lose an unregarded Pray'r?
If Happiness, as you believe, be Rest,
That Quiet sure is by the Gods possess'd:——
'Tis Greatness to neglect, or not to know
The little Business of the World below.

S. Cath. This Doctrine well befitted him who thought
A casual World was from wild Atoms wrought:

But

But such an Order in each Chance we see,
Chain'd to its Cause, as that to its Decree,
That none can think a Workmanship so rare
Was built, or kept, without a Workman's Care.

• To them Maximin, Attendants and Guards.

Max. Madam, you from *Placidius* may have heard
Some News, which will your Happiness regard.
For what a greater Happiness can be
Than to be courted, and be lov'd by me?
Th' *Egyptian* Crown I to your Hands remit;
And, with it, take his Heart who offers it. [*She turns aside.*
Do you my Person and my Gift contemn?

S. Cath. My Hopes pursue a brighter Diadem.

Max. Can any brighter than the *Roman* be?
I find my proffer'd Love has cheapen'd me:

Since you neglect to answer my Desires,
Know, Princess, you shall burn in other Fires.

—Why should you urge me to so black a Deed?
Think all my Anger did from Love proceed.

S. Cath. Nor Threats nor Promises my Mind can move:
Your furious Anger, nor your impious Love.

Max. The Love of you can never impious be;
You are so pure——

That in the Act 'twould change th' Impiety.
Heav'n would unmake it Sin——

S. Cath. I take my self from thy detested Sight:
To my Respect thou hast no longer Right:
Such Pow'r in Bonds true Piety can have,
That I command, and thou art but a Slave. [*Ex. S. Cath.*

Max. To what a height of Arrogance she swells!
Pride or Ill-Nature still with Virtue dwells;
Her Death shall set me free this very Hour;

——But is her Death within a Lover's Pow'r?
Wild with my Rage, more wild with my Desire,
Like meeting Tides——but mine are Tides of Fire.
What petty Promise was't that caus'd this Frown?

Plac. You heard: No less than the *Egyptian* Crown.

Max. Throw *Egypt's* by, and offer in the stead;
Offer——the Crown on *Berenice's* Head.

I am resolv'd to double till I win;
About it straight, and send *Porphyrius* in.

[*Ex. Plac.*
We

402 TYRANNICK LOVE: Or,

We look like Eagles tow'ring in the Sky;
While her high Flight still raises mine more high.
To him Porphyrius.

Por. I come, Sir, to expect your great Commands.

Max. My Happiness lies only in thy Hands.
And, 'since I have adopted thee my Son,
I'll keep no Secret from thy Breast unknown.
Led by the Int'rest of my rising Fate,
I did espouse this Empress whom I hate:
And therefore with less Shame I may declare,
That I the Fetters of thy Captive wear.

Por. Sir, you amaze me with so strange a Love.

Max. Pity, my Son, those Flames you disapprove.
The cause of Love can never be assign'd;
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.

Por. Yet there are Beauties which attract all Hearts:
And all Mankind lies open to their Darts:
Whose Sovereignty, without dispute, we grant;
Such Graces, sure, your Empress does not want.

Max. Beauty has Bounds,——

And can no more to every Heart be so,
Than any Coin thro' every Land can go.
Some secret Grace, which is but so to me,
Tho' not so great, may yet more pow'ful be:
All guard themselves when stronger Foes invade;
Yet, by the weak, Surprizes may be made:
But you, my Son, are not to judge, but aid.

Por. What is it, Sir, you can require of me?

Max. I would from *Berenice's* Bonds be free:
This Yoke of Marriage from us both remove,
Where two are bound to draw, tho' neither love.

Por. Neither the Gods nor Man will give consent
To put in Practice your unjust Intent.

Max. Both must consent to that which I decree.

Por. The Soldiers love her Brother's Memory;
And for her sake some Mutiny will stir.

Max. Our parting therefore—shall be sought by her.
Go, bid her sue for a Divorce, or die;
I'll cut the Knot, if she will not untie:
Haste to prepare her, and thy self return;
Thy *Hymen's* Torch this Day with mine shall burn. [Exit

Por.

Rather my Funeral-torch;—for tho' I know
 Valeria's fair, and that she loves me too,
 Must her my Soul is arm'd on every part:
 There are secret Rivets to my Heart,
 Where Berenice's Charms have found the way;
 More terrible as Lightnings, but more fierce than they.
 How shall I this avoid, or gain that Love!
 Near the Rock, I to the Port must move.

To him Valeria attended.

Al. Porphyrius, now my Joy I may express,
 No longer hide the Love I must possess.
 Could I have stay'd till Marriage made us one,
 I might have thought it was by Duty done;
 Of my Heart I now a Present make;
 Give it you ere it be yours to take.
 Treat it as when early Fruit we send:

Let the Rareness the small Gift commend.
 Great Monarchs, like your Father, often give
 That is above a Subject to receive.

Faithful Officers should countermand,
 To stop the Gift that passes thro' their Hand:
 To their Prince that mass of Wealth restore,
 Which lavish'd thus, would make whole Nations poor.

Al. But to this Gift a double Right you have:
 Your Father gives but what before I gave.

Pr. I vain you such unequal Presents make,
 Which I still want Capacity to take.

A fatal Bounty once the Gauls did show;
 They threw their Rings, but threw their Targets too.
 Plenty so plac'd, does more like Ruin look;
 To pour the Ocean on a narrow Brook.

Al. Yet, if your Love before prepares a Bort,
 The Stream so pour'd, drowns not, but makes it float.

Pr. But when the Vessel is on Quick-sands cast,
 The flowing Tide does more the sinking haste.

Al. And on what Quick-sands can your Heart be
 Plac'd you a Love besides Valeria's own? [thrown?

Pr. If he who at your Feet his Heart would lay,
 Met with first, and robb'd upon the way,
 May indeed the Robber's Strength accuse,
 Pardon him who did the Present lose.

Fal.

404 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Val. Who is this Thief that does my Right possess?
Name her, and then we of her Strength may guess,
From whence does your unwonted Silence come?

Por. She bound and gagg'd me, and has left me dumb.

Val. But of my Wrongs I will aloud complain:
False Man, thou would'st excuse thy self in vain:
For thee I did a Maiden's Blush forsake;
And own'd a Love thou hast refus'd to take.

Por. Refus'd it!——like a Miser midst his Store
Who grasps and grasps, till he can hold no more;
And when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,
Looks back, and sighs on what he left behind.

Val. No, I resume that Heart thou didst possess;
My Father shall my Injuries redress:
With me thou lovest his Imperial Crown,
And speedy Death attends upon his Frown.

Por. You may revenge your Wrongs a nobler way
Command my Death, and I will soon obey.

Val. No, live; for on thy Life my Cure depends:
In Debter's Deaths all Obligation ends:
'Twill be some Ease Ungrateful thee to call;
And, Bankrupt-like, say, trusting him lost all.

Por. Upbraided thus, what gen'rous Man would live
But Fortune will revenge what you forgive.
When I refuse, (as in few Hours I must)
This offer'd Grace, your Father will be just.

Val. Be just! say rather he will cruel prove,
To kill that only Person I can love.
Yet so it is!——

Your Int'rest in the Army is so high,
That he must make you his, or you must die!
It is resolv'd! who e'er my Rival be, [*Aside after a pause*]
I'll show that I deserve him more than she.
And if at last he does ingrateful prove,
My Constancy it self rewards my Love.

Por. She's gone, and gazing round about, I see
Nothing but Death, or glorious Misery;
Here Empire stands, if I could Love displace;
There, hopeless Love, with more Imperial Grace:
Thus, as a sinking Hero compass'd round,
Beckens his bravest Foe for his last Wound,

him into his part of Fame does call,
turn my Face to Love, and there I'll fall.

To him Berenice, and Erotion.

er. I come, *Porphyrius*, to Congratulate
happy Change of your exalted Fate:
to the Empire are, I hear, design'd;
fair *Valeria* must th' Alliance bind.

er. Would Heav'n had my Succession so decreed,
I in all might *Maximin* succeed!

offers me th' Imperial Crown, 'tis true:
ould succeed him, but it is in you.

er. In me! I never did accept your Love;
you, I see, would handsomly remove:
I can give you Leave, without a Frown:
ways thought you merited a Crown.

er. I never sought that Crown but on your Brow;
you with such Indiff'rence would allow
Change, that you have kill'd me with that Breath:
el your Scorn cold as the Hand of Death.

er. You'll come to Life in your *Valeria's* Arms:
s true, I cannot boast of equal Charms;
if I could, I never did admit

er Love to me, but only suffer'd it.
m a Wife, and can make no return;
d 'twere but vain, in hopeless Fires to burn.

er. Unkind! can you whom only I adore,
open to your Slave the Prison-door?
u use my Heart just as you would afford
fatal Freedom to some harmless Bird,
hom, breeding, you ne'er taught to seek its Food;
d now let fly to perish in the Wood.

er. Then, if you will love on, and disobey,
d lose an Empire for my sake, you may.
ill a kind Look from me pay all this Score,
er you well know you must expect no more?

er. All I deserve it will, not all I wish:
t I will brave the Tyrant's Rage, for this.
I refuse, my Death must needs ensue;
t you shall see that I dare die for you.

er. Would you for me,
Beauty, and an Empire too deny?
love you now so well—that you shall die,

406 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Die mine; 'tis all I can with Honour give:
Nor should you die, if after, I would live.
But when your Marriage and your Death I view,
That makes you false, but this will keep you true.

Por. Unbind thy Brows, and look abroad to see,
O mighty Love, thy mightiest Victory!

Ber. And yet——is there no other way to try?
'Tis hard to say I love, and let you die.

Por. Yes, there remains some help which you might
If you, as I would die for Love, would live. [gives her Hand]

Ber. If Death for Love be sweet, sure Life is more
Teach me the means your Safety to restore.

Por. Your Tyrant the *Aegyptian* Princess loves;
And to that height his swelling Passion moves,
That, fearing in your Death the Soldiers force,
He from your Bed does study a Divorce.

Ber. Th' *Aegyptian* Princess I disputing heard,
And as a Miracle her Mind regard.

But yet I wish that this Divorce be true. [Gives her Hand]

Por. 'Tis, Madam, but it must be fought by you.
By this he will all Mutinies prevent;

And this, as well, secures your own Content.

Ber. I hate this Tyrant, and his Bed I loath;
But, once submitting, I am ty'd to both:
'Ty'd to that Honour, which all Women owe,
Tho' not their Husband's Person, yet their Vow.
Something so sacred in that Bond there is,
That none should think there could be ought amiss:
And if there be, we should in silence hide

Those Faults, which blame our Choice when they are spy'd.

Por. But, since to all the World his Crimes are known
And, by himself the Civil War's begun,
Would you th' advantage of the Fight delay,
If, striking first, you were to win the Day?

Ber. I would, like *Jews*, upon their Sabbath fall:
And rather than strike first, not strike at all.

Por. Against your self you sadly prophesie:
You either this Divorce must seek, or die.

Ber. Then Death from all my Grievs shall set me free.

Por. And would you rather chuse your Death, than mine?

Ber. My earthy part——

which

which is my Tyrant's Right, Death will remove,
 come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
 With silent Steps I'll follow you all Day,
 else before you, in the Sun-beams, play.
 I lead you thence to melancholy Groves,
 and there repeat the Scenes of our past Loves.
 At Night, I will within your Curtains peep;
 with empty Arms embrace you while you sleep.
 My gentle Dreams I often will be by;
 and sweep along, before your closing Eye.
 Dangers from your Bed I will remove;
 I guard it most from any future Love.
 And when at last, in pity, you will die,
 I watch your Birth of Immortality:
 Then, Turtle-like, I'll to my Mate repair;
 and teach you your first flight in open Air.

[Exit Berenice cum Erotio.]

Por. She has but done what Honour did require:
 nor can I blame that Love, which I admire.
 I then her Death!

I stand betwixt, it first shall pierce my Heart:
 he will be stuck together on his Dart.

Yet the Danger not so high does grow:

I charge Death first, perhaps repulse him too.

But if o'er-power'd, I must be overcome;

And e'd back, I'll fight each Inch into my Tomb. [Exit.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE an Indian Cave.

Enter Placidius, and Nigrinus. Nigrinus with two drawn
 Swords, held upward in his Hands.

ALL other means have fail'd to move her Heart;
 Our last Recourse is, therefore, to your Art.
 Of Wars, and Bloodshed, and of dire Events,
 Of Fates, and fighting Kings, their Instruments,

I

408 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

I could with greater Certainty foretel;
Love only does in Doubts and Darkneſs dwell.
For, like a Wind, it in no Quarter ſtays;
But points and veers each Hour a thouſand ways.
On Women Love depends, and they on Will;
Chance turns their Orb, while Deſtiny ſits ſtill.

Plac. Leave nothing unattempted in your Pow'r:
Remember you oblige an Emperor.

Nig. An earthy Fiend by Compact me obeys;
But him to light Intents I muſt not raiſe.
Some aſtral Forms I muſt invoke by Pray'r,
Fram'd all of pureſt Atoms of the Air;
Not in their Natures ſimply good or ill;
But moſt ſubſervient to bad Spirits Will.

Nakar of theſe does lead the mighty Band,
For eighty Legions move at his Command:
Gentle to all, but, far above the reſt,
Mild *Nakar* loves his ſoft *Damilcar* beſt.

In aery Chariots they together ride;
And ſip the Dew as thro' the Clouds they glide:
Theſe are the Spirits which in Love have Pow'r.

Plac. Haſte, and invoke 'em in a happy Hour.

Nig. And ſo it proves: For, counting ſev'n from Noon
'Tis *Venus* Hour, and in the waxing Moon.

With Chalk I firſt deſcribe a Circle here,
Where theſe Ætherial Spirits muſt appear.
Come in, come in; for here they will be ſtrait:
Around, around, the Place I fumigate:
My Fumigation is to *Venus*, juſt:

The Souls of Roſes, and red Coral's Duſt:
A Lump of *Sperma Ceti*; and to theſe
The Stalks and Chips of *Lignum Aloes*.

And, laſt, to make my Fumigation good,
'Tis mixt with Sparrows Brains, and Pigeons Blood.

[*Nigrinus takes up the Sword*
They come, they come, they come! I hear 'em now.

Plac. A death-like Damp ſits cold upon my Brow,
And miſty Vapours ſwim before my Sight.

Nig. They come not in a Shape to cauſe your Fright

Nakar and Damilcar descend in Clouds, and sing.

Nakar. Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below!

Dam. Let us go, let us go!

Go to relieve the Care

Of longing Lovers in Despair!

Nakar. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the East
Half tipp'd at a Rain-bow Feast.

Dam. In the bright Moon-shine while Winds whistle loud,
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,

All racking along in a downy white Cloud:

And lest our Leap from the Sky should prove too far,

We slide on the Back of a new-falling Star.

Nakar. And drop from above

A Gelly of Love!

Dam. But now the Sun's down, and the Element's red,
The Spirits of Fire against us make head!

Nakar. They muster, they muster, like Gnats in the Air:

Alas! I must leave thee, my Fair;

And to my light Horse-men repair.

Dam. O stay, for you need not to fear 'em to Night;

The Wind is for us, and blows full in their Sight:

And o'er the wide Ocean we fight!

Like Leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down;

And his in the Water ———

Both. And his in the Water and drown!

Nakar. But their Men lye securely intrench'd in a Cloud:

And a Trumpeter-Hornet to Battel sounds loud.

Dam. Now Mortals that spy

How we tilt in the Sky

With Wonder will gaze;

And fear such Events as will ne'er come to pass!

Nakar. Stay you to perform what the Man will have done.

Dam. Then call me again when the Battel is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air

To pity the Lover, and succour the Fair,

That, silent and swift, the little soft God

Here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

[The Clouds part, Nakar flies up, and Damilcar down.

Nig. I charge thee, Spirit, stay; and by the Pow'r

[To Damilcar.

Of

410 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Of *Nakar's* Love, and of this holy Wand
On the North Quarter of my Circle stand.
(Sev'n Foot around for my Defence I take!)
To all my Questions faithful Answers make,
So may'st thou live thy thousand Years in Peace;
And see thy Aery Progeny increase:
So may'st thou still continue young and fair,
Fed by the Blast of pure Ætherial Air.
And, thy full Term expir'd, without all Pain,
Dissolve into thy Astral Source again.

Dam. Name not my hated Rival *Gemroy*,
And I'll speak true whate'er thy Questions be.

Nig. Thy Rival's hated Name I will refrain:
Speak, shall the Emperor his Love obtain?

Dam. Few Hours shall pass before your Emperor shall be
Possess'd of that he Loves, or from that Love be free.

Plac. Shall I enjoy that Beauty I adore?

Dam. She Suppliant-like, e'er long, thy Succour shall find. [plac.]
And thou with her thou lov'st in Happiness may'st live
If she not dies before, who all thy Joys can give.

Nig. Say, what does the *Ægyptian* Princess now?

Dam. A gentle Slumber sits upon her Brow.

Nig. Go, stand before her in a golden Dream:
Set all the Pleasures of the World to show,
And in vain Joys let her loose Spirit flow.

Dam. Twice fifty Tents remove her from your sight
But I'll cut through 'em all with Rays of Light:
And covering other Objects to your Eyes,
Show where intranc'd in silent Sleep she lies.

Damilcar stamps, and the Bed arises with St. Catharine in

Damilcar Singing.

*You pleasing Dreams of Love and sweet Delight,
Appear before this slumb'ring Virgin's Sight:
Soft Visions set her free
From mournful Piety.
Let her sad Thoughts from Heav'n retire;
And let the melancholy Love
Of those remoter Joys above
Give place to your more frightly Fire.*

Let *purling Streams* be in her *Fancy* seen;
 And *flowery Meads*, and *Vales* of *cheerful green*:
 And in the *midst* of *deathless Groves*
 Soft *sighing Wishes* lye,
 And *smiling Hopes* *fast by*,
 And just beyond 'em *ever-laughing Loves*.

A SCENE of a *Paradise* is *discovered*.

Plac. Some *pleasing Objects* do her *Mind* employ;
 For on her *Face* I read a *wandering Joy*.

S O N G.

Dam. *Ah how sweet it is to Love,*
Ah how gay is young Desire !
And what pleasing Pains we prove
When we first approach Love's fire !
Pains of Love be sweeter far
Than all other Pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the Heart :
Ev'n the Tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling Balm, their Smart.
Lovers when they lose their Breath,
Bleed away in easie Death.

Love and Time with reverence use,
Treat 'em like a parting Friend :
Nor the golden Gifts refuse
Which in Youth sincere they send :
For each Year their Price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love like Spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful Vein :
But each Tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again :
If a flow in Age appear,
'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.

412 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

At the end of the Song a Dance of Spirits. After which Amariel, the Guardian-Angel of St. Catharine, descends to furnish Musick, with a flaming Sword. The Spirits crawl off the Stage amazedly, and Damilear runs to a Corner of it.

Amar. From the bright Empire of eternal Day,
Where waiting Minds for Heav'n's Commission stay,
Amariel flies: (A darted Mandate came
From that great Will which moves this mighty Frame,
Bid me to thee, my Royal Charge, repair,
To guard thee from the Dæmons of the Air;
My flaming Sword above 'em to display,
(All keen and ground upon the Edge of Day;)
The Flat to sweep the Visions from thy Mind,
The Edge to cut 'em through that stay behind.)
Vain Spirits, you that shunning Heav'n's high Noon,
Swarm here beneath the Concave of the Moon,
What Folly, or what Rage your Duty blinds,
To violate the Sleep of holy Minds?
Hence, to the Task assign'd you here below:
Upon the Ocean make loud Tempests blow:
Into the Wombs of-hollow Clouds repair,
And crush out Thunder from the bladder'd Air.
From pointed Sun-beams take the Mists they drew,
And scatter 'em again in pearly Dew:
And of the bigger Drops they drain below,
Some mould in Hail, and others stamp in Snow.

Dam. Mercy, bright Spirit, I already feel
The piercing Edge of thy immortal Steel:
Thou, Prince of Day, from Elements art free;
And I all Body when compar'd to thee.
Thou tread'st th' Abyfs of Light!
And where it streams with open Eyes canst go:
We wander in the Fields of Air below:
Changelings and Fools of Heav'n: and thence shut out,
Wildly we roam in Discontent about:
Gross-heavy-fed, next Man in Ignorance and Sin,
And spotted all without; and dusky all within.
Without thy Sword I perish by thy sight,
I reel, and stagger, and am drunk with Light.

Amar. If e'er again thou on this Place art found,
Full fifty Years I'll chain thee under Ground;

The Damps of Earth shall be thy daily Food:
 All swoln and bloated like a dungeon Toad:
 And when thou shalt be freed, yet thou shalt lye
 Gasping upon the Ground, too faint to fly;
 And lag below thy Fellows in the Sky.

3

Dam. O pardon, pardon this accursed Deed,
 And I no more on Magick Fumes will feed;
 Which drew me hither by their pow'rful Steams.

Amar. Go expiate thy Guilt in holy Dreams. [*Ex. Dam.*
 But thou, sweet Saint, henceforth disturb'd no more

[*To S. Cath.*

With Dreams not thine, thy Thoughts to Heav'n restore.

[*The Angel ascends, and the Scene shuts.*

Nig. Some holy Being does invade this Place,
 And from their Duty does my Spirits chase.
 dare no longer near it make Abode:

No Charms prevail against the Christian's God. [*Exit.*

Plac. How doubtfully these Specters Fate foretell
 In double Sense, and twi-light Truth they dwell:
 Like fawning Courtiers for Success they wait,
 And then come smiling, and declare for Fate.

*Enter Maximin and Porphyrius, attended by Valerius
 and Guards.*

But see, the Tyrant and my Rival come:
 Like the Fiends, will flatter in his Doom:
 None but a Fool distastful Truth will tell,
 So it be new and please, 'tis full as well.

[*Plac. whispers with the Emperor, who seems pleas'd.*

Max. You Charm me with your News, which I'll re-
 ly Hopes we are for coming Joys prepar'd: [*ward:*
 possess her Love, or from that Love be free —
 Heav'n speaks me fair: If she as kind can prove,
 I shall possess, but never quit my Love.

So, tell me when she wakes — [*Exit Plac.*

[*Porphyrius seems to beg something of him.*

——— *Porphyrius,* no;

He has refus'd, and I will keep my Vow.

Por. For your own sake, your cruel Vow defer;
 The time's unsafe, your Enemies are near.

And to displease your Men when they shou'd fight —

Max. My Looks alone my Enemies will fright;

414 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

And o'er my Men I'll set my careful Spies,
To watch Rebellion in their very Eyes.
No more, I cannot bear the least Reply.

Por. Yet, Tyrant, thou shalt perish e'er she die. [*Aside*]

Enter Valeria.

Valeria here! how Fortune treats me still
With various Harms, magnificently Ill!

Max. *Valeria*, I was sending to your Tent, [*To Val.*]
But my Commands your Presence does prevent.
This is the Hour, wherein the Priest shall join
Your holy Loves, and make *Porphyrus* mine.

Val. Now hold, my Heart, and *Venus* I implore,
Be Judge if she he loves deserves him more. [*Aside*]

Por. Past Hope! and all in vain I would preserve
My Life, not for my self, but her I serve. [*Aside*]

Val. I come, great Sir, your Justice to demand.

[*To the Emperor*]

Max. You cannot doubt it from a Father's Hand.

Por. Sir, I confess; before her Suit be known;
And, by my self condemn'd, my Crime I own.
I have refus'd —

Val. — Peace, peace, while I confess
I have refus'd thee for Unworthiness.

Por. I am amaz'd.

Max. — What Riddles do you use?
Dare either of you my Commands refuse?

Val. Yes, I dare own howe'er 'twas wisely done
T' adopt so mean a Person for your Son:
So low you should not for your Daughter chuse:
And therefore, Sir, this Marriage I refuse.

Max. You lik'd the Choice when first I thought it fit

Val. I had not then enough consider'd it.

Max. And you have now consider'd it too much:
Secrets of Empire are not safe to touch.

Por. Let not your mighty Anger rise too high;
'Tis not *Valeria* merits it, but I.
My own Unworthiness so well I knew,
That from her Love I consciously withdrew.

Val. Thus rather than endure the little Shame
To be refus'd, you blast a Virgin's Name.

You to refuse, and I to be deny'd!

Learn more Discretion, or be taught less Pride.

Por. O Heav'n, in what a Lab'rinth am I led!

I could get out, but she detains the Thread!

Now must I wander on till I can see,

Whether her Pity or Revenge it be! [*Aside.*]

Max. With what Child's Anger do you think you play?

I'll punish both, if either disobey.

Val. Since all the Fault was mine, I am content

Porphyrius should not share the Punishment.

Por. Blind that I was till now, that could not see

'Twas all th' effect of Generosity.

She loves me, ev'n to suffer for my sake;

And on her self would my Refusal take. [*Aside.*]

Max. Children to serve their Parents Int'rest live.

Take heed what Doom against your self you give. [*To Val.*]

Por. Since she must suffer, if I do not speak,

'Tis time the Laws of Decency to break.

She told me, Sir, that she your Choice approv'd:

And (tho' I blush to own it) said she lov'd.

Lov'd me desertless, who, with Shame, confess

Another Flame had seiz'd upon my Breast.

Which when, too late, the generous Princess knew,

And fear'd your Justice would my Crime pursue,

Upon her self she makes the Tempests fall,

And my Refusal her Contempt would call.

Val. He raves, Sir, and to cover my Disdain,

Unhandsomely would his Denial feign.

And all Means failing him, at last would try

T' usurp the credit of a Scorn, and die.

But——let him live:——his Punishment shall be

The Grief his Pride will bring for losing me.

Max. You both obnoxious to my Justice are;

And, Daughter, you have not deserv'd my Care.

'Tis my Command you strictly guarded be,

Till your fantastick Quarrel you agree,

Por. Sir——

Max. I'll not hear you speak, her Crime is plain,

She owns her Pride, which you perhaps may feign.

She shall be Prisoner till she bend her Mind

To that which is for both of you design'd.

416 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Val. You'll find it hard my Free-born Will to bound.

Max. I'll find that Pow'r o'er Wills which Heav'n ne'er
Free-will's a Cheat in any one but me: [found.

In all but Kings, 'tis willing Slavery.

An unseen Fate which forces the Desire:

The Will of Puppets danc'd upon a Wyre.

A Monarch is

The Spirit of the World in every Mind;

He may match Wolves to Lambs, and make it kind.

Mine is the Business of your little Fates:

And though you War, like petty wrangling States,

You're in my Hand; and when I bid you cease,

You shall be crush'd together into Peace.

Val. Thus by the World my Courage will be priz'd; [*Aside*
Seeming to scorn, who am, alas, despis'd:

Dying for Love's fulfilling Honour's Laws;

A secret Martyr while I own no Cause. [*Exit Val.*

Max. *Porphyrius*, stay; there's something I would hear:
You said you lov'd, and you must tell me where.

Por. All Heav'n is to my sole Destruction bent. [*Aside.*

Max. You would, it seems, have leisure to invent.

Por. Her Name in pity, Sir, I must forbear,
Lest my Offences you revenge on her.

Max. My Promise for her Life I do engage.

Por. Will that, Sir, be remember'd in your Rage?

Max. Speak, or your Silence more my Rage will move;
'Twill argue that you Rival me in Love.

Por. Can you believe that my ambitious Flame
Should mount so high as *Berenice's* Name?

Max. Your Guilt dares not approach what it would hide;
But draws me off, and (Lapwing-like) flies wide.

'Tis not my Wife, but Mistress, you adore:

Though that affront, yet this offends me more.

Who courts my Wife——

Does to my Honour more injurious prove;

But he who courts my Mistress, wrongs my Love.

Por. Th' *Egyptian* Princess ne'er could move my Heart.

Max. You could not perish by a nobler Dart.

Por. Sir, I presume not Beauties to compare;
But in my Eye, my Princess is as fair.

Max.

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Max. Your Princess! then it seems, though you deny
Her Name you love, you own her Quality.

Por. Though not by Birth or Title so; yet she
Who rules my Heart, a Princess is to me.

Max. No, no——

'Tis plain that Word you unawares did use,
And told a Truth which now you would excuse.
Besides my Wife and Mistress, here are none
Who can the Title of a Princess own.

Por. There is one more——

Your Daughter, Sir: Let that your doubt remove.

Max. But she is not that Princess whom you love.

Por. I nam'd not Love, though it might doubtful seem;
She's fair; and is that Princess I esteem.

Max. Go, and to Passion your Esteem improve,
While I command her to receive your Love. [*Exit Por.*]

Enter St. Catharine.

S. Cath. I come not now, as Captive to your Pow'r,
To beg; but as high Heav'n's Embassador,
The Laws of my Religion to fulfil:
Heav'n sends me to return you good for ill.
Your Empress to your Love I would restore;
And to your Mind the Peace it had before.

Max. While in another's Name you Peace declare,
Princess, you in your own proclaim a War.
Your too great Pow'r does your Design oppose;
You make those Breaches which you strive to close.

S. Cath. That little Beauty which too much you prize,
Seeks not to move your Heart, or draw your Eyes:
Your Love to *Berenice* is due alone:

Love, like that Pow'r which I adore, is one.
When fixt to one, it safe at Anchor rides,
And dares the Fury of the Winds and Tides:
But losing once that Hold, to the wide Ocean born;
It drives away at will, to every Wave a Scorn.

Max. If to new Persons I my Love apply,
The Stars and Nature are in fault, not I:
My Loves are like my old Prætorian Bands,
Whose Arbitrary Pow'r their Prince commands:
I can no more make Passion come or go,
Than you can bid your *Nilus* ebb or flow.

418 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

'Tis Lawless, and will Love, and where it list:
And that's no Sin which no Man can resist:
Those who impute it to me as a Crime,
Would make a God of me before my Time.

S. Cath. A God, indeed, after the *Roman* stile,
An Eagle mounting from a kindled Pile:
But you may make your self a God below:
For Kings who rule their own Desires, are so.
You roam about, and never are at Rest;
By new Desires, that is, new Torments, still possess.
Qualmish and loathing all you had before:
Yet with a sickly Appetite to more.
As in a fev'rish Dream you still drink on;
And wonder why your Thirst is never gone.
Love, like a ghostly Vision haunts your Mind;
'Tis still before you what you left behind.

Max. How can I help those Faults which Nature made?
My Appetite is sickly and decay'd,
And you forbid me change (the sick Man's ease)
Who cannot cure, must humour his Disease.

S. Cath. Your Mind should first the Remedy begin;
You seek without, the Cure that is within.
The vain Experiments you make each Day,
To find Content, still finding it decay,
Without attempting more, should let you see
That you have sought it where it ne'er could be.
But when you place your Joys on things above,
You fix the wand'ring Planet of your Love:
Thence you may see
Poor human Kind all daz'd in open Day,
Err after Bliss, and blindly miss their Way:
The greatest Happiness a Prince can know,
Is to love Heav'n above, do Good below.

To them Berenice and Attendants.

Ber. That Happiness may *Berenice* find,
Leaving these empty Joys of Earth behind:
And this frail Being, where so short a while
Th' Unfortunate lament, and Prosp'rous smile.
Yet a few Days, and those which now appear
In Youth and Beauty like the blooming Year,

In life's swift Scene shall change; and Cares shall come,
And heavy Age, and Death's relentless Doom. [would shun;

S. Cath. Yet Man, by Pleasures seeks that Fate which he
And, suck'd in by the Stream, does to the Whirl-pool run.

Max. How, Madam, are you to new ways inclin'd?
I fear the Christian Sect perverts your Mind. [To Ber.

Ber. Yes, Tyrant, know that I their Faith embrace,
And own it in the midst of my Disgrace.

That Faith, which abject as it seems to thee,

Is nobler than thy Purple Pageantry;

A Faith, which still with Nature is at strife;

And looks beyond it to a future Life.

A Faith which vicious Souls abhor and fear,

Because it shows Eternity too near.

And therefore every one——

With seeming Scorn of it the rest deceives:

All joining not to own what each believes.

S. Cath. O happy Queen! whom Pow'r leads not astray;

Nor Youth's more pow'rful Blandishments betray.

Ber. Your Arguments my Reason first inclin'd,

And then your bright Example fix'd my Mind.

Max. With what a holy Empress am I blest,

What scorn of Earth dwells in her heav'nly Breast!

My Crown's too mean; but he whom you adore,

Has one more bright, of Martyrdom, in store.

She dies, and I am from the Envy freed:

[*Aside.*

She has, I thank her, her own Death decreed.

No Soldier, now, will in her Rescue stir;

Her Death is but in complaisance to her.

I'll haste to gratifie her holy Will;

Heav'n grant her Zeal may but continue still.

Tribune, a Guard to seize the Empress strait, [To Val.

Secure her Person Pris'ner to the State. [Exit Max.

Val. Going to her. Madam, believe 'tis with regret I come

To Execute my angry Prince's Doom.

Enter Porphyrius.

Por. What is it I behold! Tribune, from whence

Proceeds this more than barbarous Insolence?

Val. Sir, I perform the Emperor's Commands.

Por. Villain, hold off thy sacrilegious Hands,

Or

420 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Or by the Gods——retire without Reply:
And, if he asks who bid thee, say 'twas I.

[Valerius retires to a distance.

Ber. Too generously your Safety you expose,
To save one Moment her whom you must lose.

Por. 'Twixt you and Death ten thousand Lives there stand;
Have Courage, Madam, the Pretorian Band
Will all oppose your Tyrant's Cruelty.

S. Cath. And I have Heav'n implor'd she may not die,
As some to witness Truth Heav'n's Call obey;
So some on Earth must, to confirm it, stay.

Por. What Faith, what Witness is it that you name?

Ber. Knowing what she believes, my Faith's the same.

Por. How am I cross'd what way so e'er I go!
To the Unlucky every thing is so.

Now, Fortune, thou hast shown thy utmost spight:
The Soldiers will not for a Christian fight.
And, Madam, all that I can promise now,
Is but to die before Death reaches you.

Ber. Now Death draws near, a strange Perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die:
Courage, uncertain Dangers may abate;
But who can bear th' Approach of certain Fate?

S. Cath. The wisest and the best some Fear may show;
And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.

Ber. As some faint Pilgrim standing on the Shore,
First views the Torrent he would venture o'er;
And then his Inn upon the farther Ground,
Loath to wade through, and loather to go round:
Then dipping in his Staff do's Tryal make,
How deep it is; and, sighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes resolv'd to fetch his Leap: And then,
Runs to the Bank, but there stops short again;
So I at once——

Both heav'nly Faith, and human Fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest Voyage I with Joy prepare;
Yet am ashamed to be a Stranger there.

S. Cath. You are not yet enough prepar'd to die:
Earth hangs too heavy for your Soul to fly.

The ROYAL MARTYR. 421

Por. One way (and Heav'n I hope inspires my Mind)
I for your Safety in this straight can find:
But this fair Queen must farther my Intent.

S. Cath. Name any way your Reason can invent.

Por. to Ber. Though your Religion (which I cannot blame,
Because my secret Soul avows the same)

Has made your Life a Forfeit to the Laws,
The Tyrant's new-born Passion is the Cause.
Were this bright Princess once remov'd away,
Wanting the Food, the Flame would soon decay.
And I'll prepare a faithful Guard this Night
T' attend her Person, and secure her Flight.

[freed,

Ber. to S. Cath. By this way I shall both from Death be
And you unforc'd to any wicked Deed.

[strife;

S. Cath. Madam, my Thoughts are with themselves at
And Heav'n can witness how I prize your Life:

But 'tis a doubtful Conflict I must try
Betwixt my Pity, and my Piety.

Staying, your precious Life I must expose:

Going, my Crown of Martyrdom I lose.

Por. Your equal Choice when Heav'n does thus divide,
You should, like Heav'n, still lean on Mercy's side.

S. Cath. The Will of Heav'n, judg'd by a private Breast,
Is often what's our private Interest.

And therefore those, who would that Will obey,
Without their Int'rest must their Duty weigh.

As for my self, I do not Life despise;
But as the greatest Gift of Nature prize.

My Sex is weak, my Fears of Death are strong;
And whate'er is, its Being would prolong.

Were there no sting in Death, for me to die,
Would not be Conquest, but Stupidity.

But if vain Honour can confirm the Soul,

And sense of Shame the fear of Death controul,

How much more then should Faith uphold the Mind;

Which, showing Death, shows future Life behind?

Ber. Of Death's Contempt, Heroick Proofs you give:
But, Madam, let my weaker Virtue live.

Your Faith may bid you, your own Life resign;

But not when yours must be involv'd with mine.

Since,

422 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Since, then, you do not think me fit to die,
Ah, how can you that Life I beg, deny!

S. Cath. Heav'n does in this my greatest Tryal make,
When I, for it, the Care of you forsake.

But I am plac'd, as on a Theatre,
Where all my Acts to all Mankind appear,
To imitate my Constancy, or Fear.
Then, Madam, judge what course I should pursue,
When I must either Heav'n forsake, or you.

Por. Were saving *Berenice's* Life a Sin,
Heav'n had shut up your Flight from *Maximin*. [we sound,

S. Cath. Thus, with short Plummets Heav'n's deep Will
That vast Abyss where human Wit is drown'd!
In our small Skiff we must not launch too far;
We here but Coasters, not Discov'ers, are.
Faith's necessary Rules are plain and few;
We, many, and those needless, Rules pursue:
Faith from our Hearts into our Heads we drive;
And make Religion all Contemplative.
You, on Heav'n's Will may witty Glosses feign;
But that which I must practise here, is plain:
If the All-great decree her Life to spare,
He will the Means, without my Crime, prepare [Ex. *S. Cath.*

Por. Yet there is one way left! it is decreed
To save your Life that *Maximin* shall bleed.
'Midst all his Guards I will his Death pursue,
Or fall a Sacrifice to Love and you.

Ber. So great a Fear of Death I have not shown;
That I would shed his Blood to save my own.
My Fear is but from human Frailty brought,
And never mingled with a wicked Thought.

Por. 'Tis not a Crime, since one of you must die;
Or is excus'd by the Necessity.

Ber. I cannot to a Husband's Death consent;
But, by revealing, will your Crime prevent:
The horror of this deed——

Against the Fear of Death has arm'd my Mind;
And now less Guilt in him than you I find:
If I a Tyrant did detest before,
I hate a Rebel and a Traitor more:
Ungrateful Man——

Remember

Remember whose Successor thou art made,
And then thy Benefactor's Life invade.
Guards to your Charge I give your Pris'ner back:
And will from none but Heav'n my Safety take.

[Exit with Valerius and Guards.]

Por. solus. 'Tis true, what she has often urg'd before;
He's both my Father, and my Emperor!
O Honour, how can'st thou invent a way
To save my Queen, and not my Trust betray!
Unhappy I that e'er he trusted me!
As well his Guardian-Angel may his Murd'rer be.
And yet — let Honour, Faith, and Virtue fly,
But let not Love in *Berenice* die:
She lives! —

That's put beyond Dispute, as firm as Fate:
Honour and Faith let Argument debate.

Enter Maximin and Valerius talking, and Guards.

Max. 'Tis said; but I am loth to think it true, [To Por.]
That my late Orders were condemn'd by you:
That *Berenice* from her Guards you freed.

Por. I did it, and I glory in the Deed.

Max. How, glory my Commands to disobey!

Por. When those Commands would your Renown betray.

Max. Who should be Judge of that Renown you name,
But I?

Por. — Yes, I, and all who love your Fame.

Max. *Porphyrius*, your Replies are insolent.

Por. Sir, they are just, and for your Service meant.

If, for Religion you our Lives will take;

You do not the Offenders find; but make.

All Faiths are to their own Believers just;

For none believe, because they will, but must.

Faith is a Force from which there's no Defence;

Because the Reason it does first convince.

And Reason Conscience into Fetters brings;

And Conscience is without the Pow'r of Kings.

Max. Then Conscience is a greater Prince than I:

At whose each erring Call a King may die.

Who Conscience leave to its own free Command,

Puts the worst Weapon in a Rebel's Hand.

Por.

424 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Por. Its Empire, therefore, Sir, should bounded be;
And, but in acts of its Religion, free:
Those who ask civil Pow'r and Conscience too,
Their Monarch to his own Destruction woo.
With needful Arms let him secure his Peace;
Then, that wild Beast he safely may release.

Max. I can forgive these Liberties you take,
While but my Counsellor your self you make:
But you first act your Sense, and then advise:
That is, at my Expence you will be wise.
My Wife, I for Religion do not kill;
But she shall die——because it is my Will.

Por. Sir, I acknowledge I too much have done;
And therefore merit not to be your Son:
I render back the Honours which you gave;
My Liberty's the only Gift I crave.

Max. You take too much——but, e'er you lay it down,
Consider what you part with in a Crown:
Monarchs of Cares in Policy complain,
Because they would be pity'd while they reign;
For still the greater Troubles they confess,
They know, their Pleasures will be envy'd less.

Por. Those Joys I neither envy nor admire;
But beg I from the Troubles may retire.

Max. What Soul is this which Empire cannot stir!
Supine and tame as a Philosopher!
Know then, thou wert adopted to a Throne,
Not for thy sake so much as for my own.
My Thoughts were once about thy Death at strife;
And thy Succession's thy Reprieve for Life.

Por. My Life and Death are still within your Pow'r:
But your Succession I renounce this Hour.
Upon a bloody Throne I will not sit;
Nor share the Guilt of Crimes which you commit.

Max. If you are not my *Cæsar*, you must die.

Por. I take it as the nobler Destiny.

Max. I pity thee, and would thy Faults forgive:
But thus presuming on, thou canst not live.

Por. Sir, with your Throne your Pity I restore;
I am your Foe; nor will I use it more.

The ROYAL MARTYR: 425

Now all my Debts of Gratitude are paid,
I cannot trusted be, nor you betray'd.

[*Is going.*]

Max. Stay, stay! in threat'ning me to be my Foe,
You give me warning to conclude you so.
Thou to succeed a Monarch in his Seat!

Enter Placidius.

No, Fool, thou art too honest to be great!

Placidius, on your Life this Pris'ner keep:

Our Enmity shall end before I sleep.

Plac. I still am ready, Sir, when e'er you please, [*To Por.*]

To do you such small Services as these.

Max. The sight with which my Eyes shall first be fed.

Must be my Empress and this Traitor's Head.

Por. Where-e'er thou standst, I'll level at that Place

My gushing Blood, and spout it at thy Face.

Thus, not by Marriage, we our Blood will join:

Nay more, my Arms shall throw my Head at thine.

[*Exit guarded.*]

Max. There, go Adoption: I have now decreed

That *Maximin* shall *Maximin* succeed:

Old as I am, in Pleasures I will try

To waste an Empire yet before I die:

Since Life is fugitive, and will not stay,

I'll make it fly more pleasantly away.

[*Exit.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Valeria and Placidius.

Val. If, as you say, you silently have been
So long my Lover, let my Pow'r be seen:

One Hour's Discourse before *Porphyrius* die,

All I ask, and you too may be by.

Plac. I must not break

The Order, which the Emperor did sign.

Val. Has then his Hand more Pow'r with you than mine?

Plac. This Hand, if given, would far more pow'rful be

Than all the Monarchs of the World to me:

But 'tis a Bait which would my Heart betray:

And, when I'm fast, will soon be snatcht away.

426 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Val. O say not so; for I shall ever be
Oblig'd to him who once obliges me.

Plac. Madam, I'll wink, and favour your Deceit:
But know, fair Coz'ner, that I know the Cheat:
Though to these Eyes I nothing can refuse,
I'll not the Merit of my Ruin lose:
It is enough I see the Hook, and Bite:
But first I'll pay my Death with my Delight.

[*Kisses her Hand, and Exits.*]

Val. What can I hope from this sad Interview!
And yet my brave Design I will pursue.
By many signs I have my Rival found:
But Fortune him, as deep as me, does wound:
For, if he loves the Empress, his sad Fate
More moves my Pity, than his Scorn my Hate.

To her Placidius with Porphyrius.

Plac. I am, perhaps, the first
Who forc'd by Fate, and in his own Despight,
Brought a lov'd Rival to his Mistress fight.

Val. But, in revenge, let this your Comfort be,
That you have brought a Man who loves not me.
However, lay your causeless Envy by;
He is a Rival, who must quickly die.

Por. And yet I could with less Concernment bear
That Death of which you speak, than see you here.
So much of Guilt in my Refusal lyes,
That Debtor-like, I dare not meet your Eyes.

Val. I do not blame you, if you love elsewhere:
And, would to Heav'n, I could your Sufferings bear;
Or once again could some new Way invent,
To take upon my self your Punishment:
I sent for you, to let you know that still
(Though now I want the Pow'r) I have the Will.

Plac. Can all this Ocean of your Kindness be
Pour'd upon him, and not one Drop on me?

Val. 'Tis pour'd; but falls from this ungrateful Man,
Like drops of Water from a rising Swan.
Upon his Breast no sign of wet remains;
He bears his Love more proudly than his Chains.

Por. This thankless Man his Death will soon remove
And quickly end so undeserv'd a Love.

Val. Unthankful as you are, I know not why,
But still I love too well to see you die.

Placidius, can you love, and see my Grief,
And for my sake not offer some Relief?

Plac. Not all the Gods his Ruin shall prevent;
Your Kindness does but urge his Punishment.
Besides, what can I for his Safety do?

He has declar'd himself your Father's Foe.

Val. Give out he is escap'd, and set him free:
And, if you please, lay all the Fault on me.

Por. O do not on those Terms my Freedom name:
Freed by your Danger I should die with Shame.

Plac. I must not farther by your Prayers be won:
All I could do, I have already done. [To her.

Val. To bring *Porphyrius* only to my sight,
Was not to show your Pity, but your Spight:
Would you but half oblige her you adore?
You should not have done this, or should do more.

Plac. Alas, what hope can there be left for me,
When I must sink into the Mine I see?
My Heart will fall before you, if I stay;
Each word you speak saps part of it away.—
—Yet all my Fortune on his Death is set:
And he may love her, tho' he loves not yet.
He must—and yet she says he must not die.
O, if I could but wink, I could deny.

To them *Albinus*.

Alb. The Emperor expects your Pris'ner strait:
And, with Impatience, for his Death does wait.

Plac. Nay, then it is too late my Love to weigh.
Your Pardon, Madam, if I must obey. [Exit Alb.

Por. I am prepar'd, he shall not long attend.

Val. Then hear my Pray'rs, and my Submissions end.
Placidius know, that Hour in which he dies,
My Death (so well I Love) shall wait on his.

Plac. O, Madam, do not fright me with your Death!

Val. My Life depends alone upon his Breath.

But, if I live in him, you do not know

How far my Gratitude to you may go.

I do not promise—but it so may prove,

That Gratitude, in time, may turn to Love.

Try me—

Plac.

428 TYRANNICK LOVE: Or,

Plac. —Now I consider it, I will: [*Musing a little.*]
'Tis is your Pow'r to save him or to kill.

I'll run the hazard to preserve his Life,
If, after that, you vow to be my Wife.

Val. Nay, good *Placidius*, now you are too hard:
Would you do nothing but for meer Reward?
Like Usurers to Men in Want you prove,
When you would take Extortion for my Love.

Plac. You have concluded then that he must die.
[*Going with Porphyrius.*]

Val. O stay, if no Price else his Life can buy,
My Love a Ransom for his Life I give:
Let my *Porphyrius* for another live.

[*Holding her Handkerchief before her Face.*]
Por. You too much value the small Merchandise:
My Life's o'er-rated, when your Love's the Price.

Enter Albinus.

Alb. I long have listen'd to your generous Strife,
As much concern'd for brave *Porphyrius*' Life.
For mine I to his Favour ow'd this Day;
Which with my future Service I will pay.

Plac. Least any your intended Flight prevent,
I'll lead you first the back-way to my Tent:
Thence, in disguise, you may the City gain,
While some Excuse for your Escape I feign.

Val. Farewel, I must not see you when you part:
[*Turning her Face away.*]
For that last Look would break my tender Heart.
Yet——let it break——I must have one Look more:
[*Looking on him.*]

Nay, now I'm less contented than before.
For that last Look draws on another too;
Which sure I need not, to remember you.
For ever——yet I must one Glance repeat:
But quick and short as starving People eat.
So much Humanity dwells in your Breast,
Sometimes to think on her who loves you best.

[*Going, he takes her Hand and kisses it.*]

Por. My wandring Steps where-ever Fortune bear,
Your Memory I in my Breast will wear.
Which, as a precious Amulet, I still
Will carry, my Defence and Guard from Ill.

Tho

Tho' to my former Vows I must be true,
I'll ever keep one Love entire for you.
That Love which Brothers with chaste Sisters make:
And by this holy Kifs, which now I take
From your fair Hand——

This common Sun which absent both shall see,
Shall ne'er behold a Breach of Faith in me.

Val. Go, go, my Death will your short Vows restore:
You've said enough, and I can hear no more.

[Exit *Val.* one way, and *Por.* and *Alb.* another.]

Plac. Love and good Nature, how do you betray!
Mis-leading those who see and know their way!
I, whom deep Arts of State could ne'er beguile,
Have sold my self to Ruin for a Smile.

Nay, I am driv'n so low, that I must take
That Smile, as Alms, giv'n for my Rival's sake.

Enter Maximin talking with Valerius.

Max. And why was I not told of this before?

Val. Sir, she this Evening landed on the Shore.
For with her Daughter being Pris'ner made,
She in another Vessel was convey'd.

Max. Bring hither the *Ægyptian* Princess's strait. [To *Plac.*
And you, *Valerius*, on her Mother wait. [Exit *Val.*

Plac. The Mother of th' *Ægyptian* Princess here!

Max. *Porphyrius'* Death I will a while defer.

And this new Opportunity improve
To make my last Effort upon her Love.— [Exit *Plac.*
Those who have Youth, may long endure to court;
But he must swiftly catch whose Race is short.

I in my Autumn do my Siege begin;
And must make haste, e'er Winter comes, to win.
This Hour——no longer shall my Pains endure:
Her Love shall ease me, or her Death shall cure.

Enter at one Door Felicia and Valerius, at the other
St. Catharine and Placidius.

S. Cath. O, my dear Mother!

Fel. ——With what Joy I see

My dearest Daughter from the Tempest free.

S. Cath. Dearer than all the Joys vain Empire yields,
Or than to youthful Monarchs conquer'd Fields.
Before you came——my Soul

430 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

All fill'd with Heav'n did earthly Joys disdain:
But you pull back some part of me again.

Plac. You see, Sir, she can own a Joy below.

Max. It much imports me that this Truth I know.

Fel. How dreadful Death does on the Waves appear!
Where Seas we only see, and Tempests hear.

Such frightful Images did then pursue
My trembling Soul, that scarce I thought of you.

Plac. All Circumstances to your Wish combine:
Her fear of Death advances your Design.

Fel. But to that only Pow'r we serve I pray'd,
Till he, who bid it rise, the Tempest laid.

Max. You are a Christian then! [To Felicia]

For Death this very Hour you must prepare:
I have decreed no Christian's Life to spare.

Fel. For Death! I hope you but my Courage try:
What ever I believe, I dare not die.

Heav'n does not, sure, that Seal of Faith require;
Or, if it did, would firmer Thoughts inspire.

A Woman's Witness can no Credit give
To Truths Divine, and therefore I would live.

Max. I cannot give the Life which you demand:
But that and mine are in your Daughter's Hand:
Ask her, if she will yet her Love deny;
And bid a Monarch, and her Mother die.

Fel. Now, mighty Prince, you cancel all my Fear:
My Life is safe, when it depends on her.

How can you let me languish thus in pain! [To S. Cath.]
Make haste to cure those Doubts which yet remain.
Speak quickly, speak and ease me of my Fear.

S. Cath. Alas, I doubt it is not you I hear.
Some wicked Fiend assumes your Voice and Face,
To make frail Nature triumph over Grace.
It cannot be——

That she who taught my Childhood Piety,
Should bid my riper Age my Faith deny:
That she who bid my Hopes this Crown pursue,
Should snatch it from me when 'tis just in view.

Fel. Peace, peace, too much my Age's Shame you show
How easie 'tis to teach! how hard to do!

My lab'ring Thoughts are with themselves at strife:
I dare not die, nor bid you save my Life.

Max. You must do one, and that without delay;
Too long already for your Death I stay.

I cannot with your small Concerns dispence;
For Deaths of more Importance call me hence.

Prepare to execute your Office strait. [To his Guards.]

Fel. O stay, and let 'em but one Minute wait.
Such quick Commands for Death you would not give,
If you but knew how sweet it were to live.

Max. Then bid her Love.

Fel. ——— Is Duty grown so weak, [To S. Cath.]
That Love's a harder Word than Death to speak?

S. Cath. Oh!

Fel. Mistake me not, I never can approve
A thing so wicked as the Tyrant's Love.
I ask you would but some false Promise give,
Only to gain me so much time to live,

[Privately to S. Cath.]

S. Cath. That Promise is a Step to greater Sin:
The Hold once lost, we seldom take again.
Each bound to Heav'n we fainter Effays make.
Still losing somewhat till we quite go back.

Max. Away, I grant no longer a Reprieve.

Fel. O do but beg my Life, and I may live. [To S. Cath.]
Have you not so much Pity in your Breast?
He stays to have you make it your Request.

S. Cath. To beg your Life——

Is not to ask a Grace of *Maximin*:

It is a silent Bargain for a Sin.

Could we live always, Life were worth our Cost;

But now we keep with Care what must be lost.

Here we stand shiv'ring on the Bank, and cry,

When we should plunge into Eternity.

One Moment ends our Pain;

And yet the shock of Death we dare not stand,

By Thought scarce measur'd, and too swift for Sand:

'Tis but because the Living Death ne'er knew,

They fear to prove it as a thing that's new.

Let me th' Experiment before you try,

I'll show you first how easie 'tis to die.

Max.

432 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Max. Draw then that Curtain, and let Death appear,
And let both see how easie 'twill be there.

The S C E N E opens, and shews the Wheel.

Fel. Alas, what Torments I already feel!

Max. Go, bind her Hand and Foot beneath that Wheel;
Four of you turn the dreadful Engine round;
Four others hold her fasten'd to the Ground:
That by degrees her tender Breasts my feel,
First the rough razings of the pointed Steel:
Her Paps then let the bearded Tenters stake,
And on each Hook a gory Gobbet take.
Till th' upper Flesh by piece-meal torn away,
Her beating Heart shall to the Sun display.

Fel. My dearest Daughter, at your Feet I fall; [*Kneeling.*]
Hear, oh yet hear your wretched Mother's Call.
Think, at your Birth, ah think what Pains I bore,
And can your Eyes behold me suffer more?
You were the Child which from your Infancy
I still lov'd best, and then you best lov'd me.
About my Neck your little Arms you spread,
Nor could you sleep without me in the Bed;
But sought my Bosom when you went to Rest,
And all Night long would lie across my Breast.
Nor without Cause did you that Fondness show:
You may remember when our Nile did flow,
While on the Bank you innocently stood,
And with a Wand made Circles in the Flood,
That rose, and just was hurrying you to Death,
When I, from far, all pale and out of Breath
Ran and rush'd in——
And from the Waves my floating Pledge did bear,
So much my Love was stronger than my Fear.
But you——

Max. Woman, for these long Tales your Life's too short;
Go, bind her quickly, and begin the Sport.

Fel. No, in her Arms my Sanctuary's plac'd,
Thus I will cling for ever to her Waste.

[*Running to her Daughter.*]

Max. What, must my Will by Women be controu'd?
Haste, draw your Weapons, and cut off her Hold.

S. Cath.

S. Cath. Thus my last Duty to you let me pay:
[Kissing her Mother.

Yet, Tyrant, I to thee will never pray.
Tho' hers to save I my own Life would give,
Yet by my Sin, my Mother shall not live.
To thy foul Lust I never can consent;
Why dost thou then defer my Punishment?
I scorn those Gods thou vainly dost adore:
Contemn thy Empire, but thy Bed abhor.
If thou would'st yet a bloodier Tyrant be,
I will instruct thy Rage, begin with me.

Max. I thank thee that thou dost my Anger move:
It is a Tempest that will wreck my Love.
I'll pull thee hence, close hidden as thou art,

[Claps his Hand to his Breast.

and stand with my drawn Sword before my Heart.
Yes, you shall be obey'd, though I am loath;
So, and while I can bid you, bind 'em both,
So, bind 'em e're my Fit of Love return:
We shall quench Fire, and Anger Love shall burn.
Thus I prevent those Follies I should do;
And 'tis the nobler Fever of the two.

Fel. Torn piece by piece, alas what horrid Pains!

S. Cath. Heav'n is all Mercy, who that Death ordains,
And that which Heav'n thinks best, is surely so:

Not bare and naked, Shame to undergo,
Is somewhat more than Death!

Expos'd to lawless Eyes I dare not be,
My Modesty is sacred, Heav'n, to thee.
Let not my Body be the Tyrant's Spoil;
Nor Hands nor Eyes thy Purity defile.

Uriel descends swiftly with a flaming Sword, and strikes at
the Wheel, which breaks in pieces, then he ascends again.

Max. Is this th' Effect of all your boasted Skill?
These brittle Toys to execute my Will?

Puppet-show of Death I only find,
Where I a strong and sinewy Pain design'd.

What weak Infant was this Engine wrought?

Val. From Bilbilis the temper'd Steel was brought;

Not more tough the Anvil ne'er did beat,
Nor, from the Forge, did hissing Waters heat.

434 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Plac. I saw a Youth descend all Heav'nly fair,
Who in his Hand a flaming Sword did bear,
And, Whirlwind-like, around him drove the Air.
At his rais'd Arm the rigid Iron shook;
And, bending backwards, fled before the Stroke.

Max. What! Miracles, the tricks of Heav'n to me?
I'll try if she be wholly Iron free.

If not by Sword, then she shall die by Fire;
And one by one her Miracles I'll tire.

If proof against all kind of Death she be,
My Love's Immortal, and she's fit for me.

S. Cath. No, Heav'n has shewn its Pow'r, and now
Thee to thy former Fury to remit. [thinks fit]

Had Providence my longer Life decreed,
Thou from thy Passion hadst not yet been freed.
But Heav'n, which suffer'd that, my Faith to prove,
Now to its self does vindicate my Love.
A Pow'r controuls thee which thou dost not see;
And that's a Miracle it works in thee.

Max. The Truth of this new Miracle we'll try;
To prove it, you must take the Pains to die.
Bring me their Heads——

Fel. That Mercy, Tyrant, thou deny'st to me,
At thy last Breath may Heav'n refuse to thee.
My Fears are going, and I Death can view:
I see, I see him there thy Steps pursue,
And with a lifted Arm, and silent Pace,
Stalk after thee, just aiming in his Chace.

S. Cath. No more, dear Mother; ill in Death it shows
Your Peace of Mind by Rage to discompose:
No streak of Blood (the Relicks of the Earth)
Shall stain my Soul in her immortal Birth;
But she shall mount all pure, a white, and Virgin Mind
And full of all that Peace, which there she goes to find.

[*Exeunt St. Catharine and Felicia, with Valerius
and Guards. The Scene shuts.*]

Max. She's gone, and pull'd my Heart-strings as she
Were Penitence no shame, I could repent. [weeps]
Yet 'tis of bad Example she should live;
For I might get th' ill Habit to forgive.

Thou soft Seducer of my Heart, away——
 Who ling'ring would'st about its Confines stay
 To watch when some Rebellion would begin;
 And ready at each Sigh to enter in.
 In vain; for thou
 Dost on the outside of the Body play,
 And when drawn nearest, shalt be whirl'd away.
 What ails me, that I cannot lose thy Thought!
 Command the Empress hither to be brought; [To Plac.
 In her Death shall some Diversion find,
 And rid my Thoughts at once of Woman-kind.

Plac. 'Tis well he thinks not of *Porphyrius* yet. [*A'side. Exit.*

Max. How hard it is this Beauty to forget!
 My Stormy Rage has only shook my Will:
 She crept down lower, but she sticks there still.
 Fool that I am to struggle thus with Love!
 Why should I that which pleases me remove?
 True, she should die, were she concern'd alone;
 But I love, not for her sake, but my own.
 Our Gods are Gods, cause, they have Pow'r and Will;
 Who can do all things, can do nothing ill.
 'Tis Rebellion 'gainst some higher Pow'r:
 The World may Sin, but not its Emperor.
 My Empress then shall die, my Princess live;
 If this be Sin, I do my self forgive.

To him Valerius.

Val. Your Will's obey'd; for mighty Emperor,
 The Princess and her Mother are no more.

Max. She is not dead!

Val. —Great Sir, your Will was so.

Max. That was my Will of half an Hour ago;
 But now 'tis alter'd; I have chang'd her Fate,
 She shall not die.

Val. —Your Pity comes too late.
 Betwixt her Guards she seem'd by Bride-men led,
 Her Cheeks with cheerful Blushes were o'erspread,
 When, smiling, to the Ax she bow'd her Head.
 Just at the Stroke——
 Ætherial Musick did her Death prepare;
 Like joyful Sounds of Spousals in the Air.

436 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

A radiant Light did her crown'd Temples gild,
And all the Place with fragrant Scents was fill'd,
The Balmy Mist came thick'ning to the Ground,
And sacred Silence cover'd all around,
But when (its work perform'd) the Cloud withdrew,
And Day restor'd us to each others view,
I sought her Head to bring it on my Spear;
In vain I sought it, for it was not there.
No part remain'd; but from afar our Sight
Discover'd in the Air long Tracks of Light;
Of charming Notes we heard the last rebounds,
And Musick dying in remoter Sounds.

Max. And dost thou think

This lame Account fit for a Love-sick King?
Go — from the other World a better bring.

[Kills him, then sets his Foot on him, and speaks on.]

When in my Breast two mighty Passions strove,
Thou had'st err'd better in obeying Love.

'Tis true, that way thy Death had follow'd too.

But I had then been less displeas'd than now.

Now I must live unquiet for thy sake;

And this poor Recompence is all I take. *[Spurns the Body.]*

Here the SCENE opens and discovers Berenice on a Scaffold, the Guards by her, and amongst them Porphyrius and Albinus, like Moors, as all the Guards are. Placidius enters, and whispers the Emperor whilst Porphyrius speaks.

Por. From Berenice I cannot go away;

But, like a Ghost, must near my Treasure stay.

Alb. Night and this Shape secure us from their Eyes.

Por. Have Courage then for our bold Enterprize.

Duty and Faith no tie on me can have,

Since I renounc'd those Honours which he gave.

Max. The time is come we did so long attend, *[To Ber.]*

Which must these Discords of our Marriage end.

Yet Berenice, remember you have been

An Empress, and the Wife of Maximin.

Ber. I will remember I have been your Wife;

And therefore, dying, beg from Heav'n your Life:

Be all the Discords of our Bed forgot,

Which, Virtue witness, I did never spot.

What

What Errors I have made, though while I live,
You cannot pardon, to the dead forgive.

Max. How much she is to Piety inclin'd!
Behold her while she's in so good a Mind.

Por. Stand firm, *Albinus*, now the time is come
To free the Empress.

Alb. ——— And deliver *Rome*.

Por. Within I feel my hot Blood swell my Heart,
And generous Tremblings in each outward Part.
'Tis done——Tyrant, this is thy latest Hour.

[*Porphyrus and Albinus draw, and are making at the Emperor.*]

Ber. Look to your self, my Lord the Emperor:
Treason, help, help, my Lord!

[*Maximin turns and defends himself, the Guards set on
Porphyrus and Albinus.*]

Max. Disarm 'em, but their Lives I charge you spare.
[*After they are disarm'd.*]

Unmask 'em, and discover who they are.

Good Gods, is it *Porphyrus* whom I see!

Plac. I wonder how he gain'd his Liberty.

Max. Traitor!

Por. ——— Know, Tyrant, I can hear that Name
Rather than Son, and bear it with less Shame.

Traitor's a Name, which, were my Arm yet free,

The *Roman* Senate would bestow on thee.

Ah, Madam, you have ruin'd my Design,

[*To Ber.*]

And lost your Life; for I regard not mine.

Too ill a Mistress, and too good a Wife.

Ber. It was my Duty to preserve his Life.

Max. Now I perceive

[*To Por.*]

In what close walk your Mind so long did move:

You scorn'd my Throne, aspiring to her Love.

Ber. In Death I'll own a Love to him so pure,

As will the Test of Heav'n it self endure.

A Love so chaste, as Conscience could not chide;

But cherish it; and kept it by its side.

A Love which never knew a hot Desire,

But flam'd as harmless as a lambent Fire.

A Love which, pure from Soul to Soul might pass,

As Light transmitted through a Crystal Glass.

438 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Which gave *Porphyrius* all without a Sin;
Yet kept entire the Right of *Maximin*.

Max. The best return that I to both can make,
Shall be to suffer for each others sake.

Por. Barbarian, do not dare her Blood to shed,
Who from my Vengeance sav'd thy cursed Head.
A flight no Honour ever reach'd before;
And which succeeding Ages will adore.

Ber. Porphyrius, I must die!
That common Debt to Nature paid must be;
But I have left a Debt unpaid to thee.
To *Maximin*

I have perform'd the Duty of a Wife;
But, saving his, I cast away thy Life.
Ah, what ill Stars upon our Loves did shine,
That I am more thy Murd'rer than he mine.

Max. Make haste.

Por. So hasty none in Execution are,
But they allow the Dying time for Pray'r.
Farewel, sweet Saint, my Prayer shall be to you:
My Love has been unhappy, but 'twas true.
Remember me! Alas what have I said?
You must die too!

But yet remember me when you are dead.

Ber. If I die first, I will
Stop short of Heav'n, and wait you in a Cloud;
For fear we lose each other in the Crowd.

Por. Love is the only Coin in Heav'n will go:
Then take all with you, and leave none below.

Ber. 'Tis want of Knowledge, not of Love, I fear.
Lest we mistake when Bodies are not there,
O, as a mark that I could wear a Scroul,
With this Inscription, *Berenice's* Soul.

Por. That needs not, sure, for none will be so bright,
So pure, or with so small Allays of Light.

Max. From my full Eyes, fond Tears begin to start;
Dispatch, they practise Treason on my Heart.

Por. Adieu: This farewel Sigh, I as my last bequeath,
Catch it, 'tis Love expiring in a Breath.

Ber. This Sigh of mine shall meet it half the way,
As pledges giv'n that each for other stay.

Enter

Enter Valeria and Cydon.

Val. What dismal Scene of Death is here prepar'd!

Max. Now strike.

Val. They shall not strike till I am heard.

Max. From whence does this new Impudence proceed,
That you dare alter that which I decreed?

Val. Ah, Sir, to what strange Courses do you fly,
To make your self abhor'd for Cruelty!

The Empire groans under your bloody Reign,

And its vast Body bleeds in ev'ry Vein.

Gasping and pale, and fearing more, it lyes;

And now you stab it in the very Eyes:

Your *Cæsar* and the Partner of your Bed!

Ah, who can wish to live when they are dead?

If ever gentle Pity touch'd your Brest——

I cannot speak——my Tears shall speak the rest.

[Weeping and sobbing.]

Por. She adds new Grief to what I felt before,

And Fate has now no room to put in more.

Max. Away, thou shame and slander of my Blood.

[To Valeria.]

Who taught thee to be pitiful or good?

Val. What hope have I

The Name of Virtue should prevail with him,

Who thinks ev'n it, for which I plead, a Crime?

Yet Nature, sure, some Argument may be;

If then you cannot pity, pity me.

Max. I will, and all the World shall judge it so:

I will th' excess of Pity to you show.

You ask to save

A dangerous Rebel, and disloyal Wife,

And I in Mercy——will not take your Life.

Val. You more than kill me by this Cruelty,

And in their Persons bid your Daughter die.

Honour *Berenice's* Virtue much;

But for *Porphyrius* my Love is such,

Cannot, will not live when he is gone.

Max. I'll do that Cure for you, which on my self is done.

You must, like me, your Lover's Life remove;

But off your Hope, and you destroy your Love.

If

440 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

If it were hard, I would not bid you try
The Med'cine: But 'tis but to let him die:
Yet since you are so soft, (which you call good)
And are not yet confirm'd enough in Blood
To see his Death;
Your Frailty shall be favour'd with this Grace,
That they shall suffer in another Place.
If after they are dead, their Memory
By any chance into your Mind be brought,
Laugh, and divert it with some other thought.
Away with 'em.

[*Exeunt Ber. Por. and Alb. carried off by Guards.*]

Val. Since Pray'rs nor Tears can bend his cruel Mind,
[*Looking after Por.*]

Farewel; the best and bravest of Mankind;
How I have lov'd Heav'n knows: but there's a Fate,
Which hinders me from being fortunate.
My Father's Crimes hang heavy on my Head,
And like a gloomy Cloud about me spread;
I would in vain be Pious, that's a Grace
Which Heav'n permits not to a Tyrant's Race.

Max. Hence to her Tent the foolish Girl convey.

Val. Let me be just before I go away:

Placidius, I have vow'd to be your Wife;
Take then my Hand, 'tis yours while I have Life.
One moment here, I must another's be:
But this, *Porphyrius*, gives me back to thee.

[*Stabs her self twice, and then Placidius wrests the Dagger from her.*]

Plac. Help, help, the Princess, help!

Max. What rage has urg'd this act which thou hast done?

Val. Thou, Tyrant, and thy Crimes have pull'd it on.
Thou who canst Death with such a Pleasure see,
Now take thy fill, and glut thy sight in me.
But—— I'll th'Occasion of my Death forget;
Save him I love, and be my Father yet:
I can no more——*Porphyrius*, my Dear——

Cyd. Alas, she raves, and thinks *Porphyrius* here.

Val. Have I not yet deserv'd thee now I die?
Is *Berenice* still more fair than I?

Porphyrius

Porphyrius, do not swim before my Sight;
Stand still, and let me, let me aim aright.
Stand still, but while thy poor *Valeria* dies,
And sighs her Soul into her Lover's Eyes. [Dies.]

Plac. She's gone from Earth, and with her went away
All of the Tyrant that deserv'd to stay:
I've lost in her all Joys that Life can give;
And only to revenge her Death would live—— [Aside.]

Cyd. The Gods have claim'd her, and we must resign.

Max. What had the Gods to do with me or mine?

Did I molest your Heav'n?——

Why should you then make *Maximin* your Foe,
Who paid you Tribute, which he need not do?
Your Altars, I with smoke of Gums did crown:
For which you lean'd your hungry Nostrils down,
All daily gaping for my Incense there,
More than your Sun could draw you in a Year.
And you for this these Plagues on me have sent;
But by the Gods, (by *Maximin*, I meant)
Henceforth I, and my World,

Hostility with you and yours declare,
Look to it, Gods; for you th' Aggressors are.
Keep you your Rain and Sun-shine in your Skies,
And I'll keep back my Flame and Sacrifice.
Your Trade of Heav'n shall soon be at a stand,
And all your Goods lye dead upon your Hand.

Plac. Thus, Tyrant, since the Gods th' Aggressors are,

[Stabbing him.]

Thus by this stroke they have begun the War.

[*Maximin* struggles with him, and gets the Dagger from him.]

Max. Thus I return the Strokes which they have giv'n;

[Stabbing *Placidius*.]

Thus, Traytor, thus, and thus I would to Heav'n.

[*Placidius* falls, and the Emperor staggers after him, and sits down upon him, the Guards come to help the Emperor.]

Max. Stand off, and let me, e're my Strength be gone,
Take my last Pleasure of Revenge, alone.

Enter a Centurion.

Cen. Arm, arm; the Camp is in a Mutiny:
For Rome and Liberty the Soldiers cry.

Porphy-

442 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Porphyrius mov'd their Pity, as he went
To rescue *Berenice* from Punishment,
And now he heads their new-attempted Crime.

Max. Now I am down, the Gods have watch'd their
You think [time]

To save your Credit, feeble Deities;
But I will give my self the strength to rise.

[He strives to get up, and being up, staggers]

It wonnot be——

My Body has not pow'r my Mind to bear.
I must return again—— and Conquer here.

[Sits down upon the Body]

My Coward Body does my Will controul;
Farewel thou base Deserter of my Soul.
I'll shake this Carcass off, and be obey'd;
Reign an Imperial Ghost without its aid.
Go, Soldiers, take my Ensigns with you, fight,
And vanquish Rebels in your Sovereign's Right:
Before I die——

Bring me *Porphyrius* and my Empress dead,
I would brave Heav'n, in my each Hand a Head.

Plac. Do not regard a dying Tyrant's Breath.
He can but look Revenge on you in Death.

[To the Soldiers]

Max. Vanquish'd, and dar'st thou yet a Rebel be?
Thus——I can more than look Revenge on thee.

[Stabs him again]

Plac. Oh, I am gone!

[Dies]

Max. ——And after thee, I go,
Revenging still, and following ev'n to th' other World
my Blow. [Stabs him again]

And shoving back this Earth on which I sit,
I'll mount——and scatter all the Gods I hit. [Dies]

Enter *Porphyrius*, *Berenice*, *Albinus*, *Soldiers*. *Porphyrius*
looks on the Bodies entring, and speaks.

Por. 'Tis done before, (this mighty Work of Fate!)
And I am glad our Swords are come too late.
He was my Prince, and tho' a bloody one,
I should have conquer'd, and have Mercy shown.
Sheath all your Swords, and cease your Enmity;
They are not Foes, but *Romans* whom you see.

Ber. He was my Tyrant, but my Husband too;
And therefore Duty will some Tears allow.

Por. *Placidius* here!

And fair *Valeria* new depriv'd of Breath?
Who can unriddle this dumb-show of Death?

Cyd. When, Sir, her Father did your Life deny,
She kill'd her self, that she with you might die.

Placidius made the Emp'r's Death his Crime;
Who, dying, did revenge his Death on him.

[*Porphyrius kneels and takes Valeria's Hand.*]

Por. For thy dear sake, I vow each Week I live,
One Day to Fasting and just Grief I'll give:
And what hard Fate did to thy Life deny,
My Gratitude shall pay thy Memory.

Cen. Mean time to you belongs th' Imperial Pow'r:
We with one Voice salute you Emperor.

Soldiers. Long live *Porphyrius* Emperor of the *Romans*.

Por. Too much, my Country-men, your Love you show,
That you have thought me worthy to be so.
But, to requite that Love, I must take care
Not to ingage you in a Civil War.

Two Emperors at *Rome* the Senate chose,
And whom they chuse, no *Roman* should oppose.
In Peace or War, let Monarchs Hope or Fear;
All my Ambition shall be bounded here.

[*Kissing Berenice's Hand.*]

Ber. I have too lately been a Prince's Wife,
And fear th' unlucky Omen of the Life.
Like a rich Vessel beat by Storms to Shoar,
'Twere Madness should I venture out once more.
Of glorious Troubles I will take no part,
And in no Empire reign, but of your Heart.

Por. Let to the Winds your golden Eagles flye,

[*To the Soldiers.*]

Your Trumpets sound a bloodless Victory:
Our Arms no more let *Aquileia* fear,
But to her Gates our peaceful Ensigns bear.
While I mix Cypress with my Myrtle Wreath:
Joy for your Life, and mourn *Valeria's* Death.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Ellen, when she was to be
carried off dead by the Bearers.

To the Bearer.

HOLD, are you mad? You damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind Gentlemen, strange News to tell ye,
I am the Ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet Ladies, be not frightened, I'll be civil,
I'm what I was, a little harmless Devil.
For after Death, we Sprights have just such Natures
We had for all the World, when human Creatures;
And therefore I that was an Actress here,
Play all my Tricks in Hell, a Goblin there.
Gallants, look to't, you say there are no Sprights;
But I'll come dance about your Beds at Nights.
And Faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprize you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk because I die
Out of my Calling, in a Tragedy.
O Poet, damn'd dull Poet, who could prove
So senseless! to make Nelly die for Love;
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-Term, in Tart and Cheese-Cake time!
I'll fit the Fopp; for I'll not one Word say
T' excuse his godly out-of-fashion Play.
A Play, which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But, farewell Gentlemen, make haste to me,
I'm sure e'er long to have your Company.
As for my Epitaph when I am gone,
I'll trust no Poet, but will write my own.

Here Nelly lies, who, though she liv'd a Slatter'n,
Yet dy'd a Princess, acting in St. Cathar'n.

The End of the Second Volume.